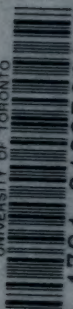


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INTIMATE MEMOIRS
OF NAPOLEON III
VOL. II



The Empress Eugénie.
from the Collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.

INTIMATE MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON III

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF
THE MAN AND THE EMPEROR

BY THE LATE
BARON D'AMBÈS

EDITED AND TRANSLATED BY
A. R. ALLINSON, M.A.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE
COLLECTION OF A. M. BROADLEY

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II

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PART III

THE EMPIRE—1852-1860

CHAPTER I

MARRIAGE OF THE EMPEROR

Opening of a new era—"The Belly and the Members"—Relief of the poor—St. Geneviève returns to the Panthéon—Matrimonial negotiations and disappointments—Gossip, calumny; a rain of pamphlets—The Imperial marriage officially announced—Delagrange comments; "The Fox and the Grapes"—The wedding solemnities—The Empress's generosity—Rachel; early struggles—The Empress's Household.

January 1st, 1853.—I underline the date. My hand trembles as I write; for with the establishment of the Empire—a new era begins. This morning I saw from my window a flock of doves pass in undeviating flight over the Tuileries towards the east. A good omen? The sky was clear, without a cloud. Was that too a favourable sign? I notice that the people in the streets are quiet—a sure indication of a general tranquillity of mind.

The new reign is opening in an atmosphere of public confidence. Paris grounds its hopes on the promises of the Emperor—promises which he will not fail to keep. Already their fulfilment has begun in the amazing commercial prosperity. Stray echoes of prophecy linger in my ears; for example, who was it who said the other day that the universe has at last swung over to the better side, and that we are about to see the budding of a universal spring?

I know that Napoleon III. looks forward to realizing forthwith one of his great dreams. He would fain, by the wave of a magician's wand, make of Paris the supreme city of the world, the capital of Europe, beautiful and magnificent beyond all reach of rivalry. It is a dream

sure of fulfilment, for it wants but the magician, and he is already found, and will be summoned in good time.

Not only is there this charm to be worked, but at the same time an end is to be put, finally and for ever, to all unsettling influences ; the secret of this twofold undertaking has been confided to me. The narrow, insanitary streets are to be pulled down, and broad, open roads made in their place. New boulevards will be laid out which will act as lungs to the city. The new arteries will form a strategic network within which barricades will be impossible—and without barricades disturbances will cease. Paris will be more healthy and more peaceful as well as more beautiful. By the extension of the boundary the city will be enlarged—in fact its area will be doubled by the inclusion of the extra-mural communes, which naturally will mean an addition to the municipal budget. “That,” said Napoleon to me, “is my plan.”

He is a determined man, and he will carry it out. The question remains, do the Parisians like it? That is far from certain, for your Parisian is nothing if not critical (is essentially a fault-finder), and does not invariably show much gratitude even to those who work for him. He even sets himself to oppose the very people who are devoting themselves to his interests and advantage. He is an *enfant terrible*, who must be benefited in spite of himself, and who, as often as not, bites the hand that feeds him. Napoleon III. knows this perfectly, and is content with the rôle of the benefactor who expects neither reward nor gratitude.

For Paris I predict a future of greatness, wealth and peace ; and the future of Paris is the future of France ; for France is the body of which Paris is the centre of sustenance. Menenius Agrippa showed sound sense in his apologue to the Roman people, assembled in revolt on the Aventine : “When the stomach is all right, everything is all right.” Paris is the stomach of France—the Departments are the rest of the body politic.

* * *

January 3rd.—Yesterday Napoleon III. received, as

a New Year's gift, the blessings of the poor. The Emperor had given from his privy purse the sum of 200,000 francs for distribution among poor families, to enable them to bring home again the children whom poverty had compelled them to send to the public institutions. I cannot but see in this act the inexhaustible tenderness of the author of *L'Extinction du Paupérisme*.

* * *

Same date.—The great bell of Notre Dame has sounded the term of the exile of St. Geneviève. The patron Saint of Paris is once more in the Panthéon, restored to its sacred uses and consecrated by the Archbishop. The relics of the Saint were solemnly conveyed from the Cathedral to the chapel where they are to remain, guarded by the clergy and by the whole people. Paris is devoutly faithful to the cult of her glorious liberator, and thousands of people followed the procession. A never-to-be-forgotten sight!

* * *

January 5th.—They say that the Emperor, when showing the crown jewels to Mlle de Montijo, took the diadem in his hands and placed it on the brow of the beautiful Spaniard.

* * *

January 6th.—Gossip of every sort current. I pick up all I hear. Some say that, even before the Empire was officially proclaimed, Napoleon had recognized the obligation of marriage in order to assure the future of the dynasty. The matter was the subject of several interviews between the Emperor and his Ministers and advisers: Persigny, Drouin de Lhuys, Abbaticci, Fortoul, Bineau, Troplong, Fould, Walewski, Fleury, Morny, Saint-Arnaud, Edgar Ney. Fould was anxious that they should avoid the great mistake of Napoleon I., holding that an Imperial dynasty could be founded only on an alliance with a reigning house, and that there was no other way of cementing the relations of the Empire with the

Powers. Most of the Ministers agreed with this ; only Fleury, Saint-Arnaud, and Ney insisting that the Emperor must not sacrifice the liberty of his affections. At first Napoleon inclined to the view, which those about him regarded as founded on reasons of state, and allowed negotiations to be entered upon in London and Berlin. As for St. Petersburg, he knew beforehand that the hostility of Nicholas I. towards him and towards France was such as to leave no hope of success. Walewski, Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, mentioned the name of the Princess Adelaide of Hohenlohe, niece of Queen Victoria. For answer he was told that the religious incompatibility between the Protestant Princess and the Catholic Emperor was insuperable ; also there were other reasons which were not explained. Louis Napoléon's residence in England, before and after the captivity of Ham, especially the liaison with Miss Howard, provided ground for objections, and the project was soon abandoned. Comte Tascher de la Pagerie, a relative of the Empress Joséphine, and father of the Comtesse Stéphanie, was entrusted to hold *pourparlers* regarding German princesses with Queen Elizabeth of Prussia, the Archduchess Sophia of Austria, and Queen Marie of Saxony. He too got nothing but refusals. Fleury had been sent on a mission to ask the hand of Princess Carola Frederica Wasa, granddaughter of the dethroned King of Sweden, Gustavus IV. The grandmother of this Princess was a Beauharnais, cousin-german of Queen Hortense, and married to the Grand-Duke of Baden. Princess Carola declined the offer of the Imperial throne, on the plea of being betrothed to the Hereditary Prince Albert of Saxony. Fould was confident that in spite of all obstacles the negotiations would issue favourably in one or another of the European Courts—the fact had to be accepted that the difficulties were exceptional, arising chiefly from the lack of confidence in the stability of the Empire. Napoleon did not conceal from his Court the feelings aroused in him by these repeated refusals, nor, on the other hand, did he conceal from himself the fact that the country was impatient for a settlement. Fleury and Pélistier urged him to cut the

situation short. It was known that for a long time he had been attracted by Mademoiselle de Montijo. She was never absent from his thoughts. He had met her at the Élysée, at Saint-Cloud, at Fontainebleau; and ever since his first meeting with her at a hunting-party at Compiègne her beauty had fascinated him. He heard her name on every lip, some praising her charms, others attacking her. Spiteful tongues declared that she showed herself wherever he went, simply that she might be observed, and that she and her mother together were weaving a subtle design. Pamphleteers did not hesitate at calumny, attributing to her adventures not merely clandestine, but scandalous. Anonymous scribblers in Brussels distilled their venom from willing pens. At Stockholm (whence they were secretly sent to France) brochures were hawked about, describing the new Capreæ and comparing what they thought fit to call the "débauches" of the Man of December to those of Tiberius, even naming those who were said to be the companions of his orgies, among whom were enumerated various exalted personages, including the Andalusian whose matrimonial apotheosis they anticipated. It was whispered in the ante-chambers that Miss Howard, who now felt herself about to be supplanted, knew a good deal about this literature, which went to pay off a score against her Imperial lover. Mlle de Montijo was thrown unreservedly to the sharks. Seeds of ill-feeling against her were sown both among the bourgeoisie and the aristocracy. Alarming ideas concerning the wedding settlements sprang up on the Exchange. Nothing was left undone to poison the public mind. The panic-mongers declared that if the Emperor, in spite of all this disapproval, persisted in marrying the upstart, he would invite the Powers to refuse him recognition, to turn their backs upon him, and reduce France to a position of isolation.

But Napoleon III. had taken his final resolution. He would accept the guidance of his own judgment, and obey the call of love even at the risk of public disaffection.

In reality all that was said and written against Mlle de Montijo was suggested by envy alone. She had the

women against her because her beauty reached that point of ideal perfection which jealousy cannot forgive. She upset all the calculations of diplomacy. She had, besides, aroused a whole group of undeserved antipathies in various social sets, such as that of the Princesse Mathilde, who did not forget that it was she who was to have married her cousin-german. The Bonapartists too could not but see that this marriage put, in all probability, an end to their hopes of succeeding to the throne announced in the decree of December 18th, 1852.

The newspapers, whether ill-informed or wilfully inaccurate, continued to mislead the public by publishing incorrect genealogies of Mlle de Montijo. The gossip-journalists, always eager to know everything, drew on their imaginations, and, having invented, built upon their inventions. I have read some tolerably amazing lucubrations ; even that the Countesses of Montijo, the Duchess of Alva and her sister, were merely illegitimate daughters of Queen Christina of Spain, who had, with the complicity of her so-called mother, concealed the fact of their birth from her too trusting husband, Ferdinand VII. !

The supreme reproach that her sex had against Mlle de Montijo was her twenty-seven years. Every one would have liked to see a young Empress on the throne of France, and fears were even expressed regarding the possibility of descendants. Youth alone can evoke the willing sympathy of the masses in any country. Now, Mlle de Montijo was only four years younger than Joséphine at the coronation of 1804, while Marie Louise had not been twenty when she became Empress of the French. Then people began to wonder whether this Spaniard would not introduce influences from Madrid or Seville, or somewhere else on the other side of the Pyrenees, and thus create an anti-national current. In a word, there was every kind of supposition, mostly insidious and evil-minded. There were even people who thought themselves genuinely patriotic when they insisted that the Emperor ought to submit his choice to a *plébiscite* ! . . .

Napoleon III. let them talk, and opponents and

prophets of evil notwithstanding, he announced that his will should prevail.

* * *

January 14th.—The decision is finally made, and now everybody accepts it—everybody, that is, except Miss Howard, who is furious. Her dream of being the Pompadour of the Empire is shattered. She has disdainfully refused all conciliatory suggestions, and if care be not taken, there will be a scandal. Mocquart has definite instructions, and if necessary he will carry off the offended English lady *manu militari*, and put her on board ship at Calais or Dieppe.

* * *

January 22nd.—To-day at noon there was a meeting of the great constitutional departments: the Senate, the Legislative Body, and the Council of State. I succeeded in slipping in among those present at the Tuileries. It was an historic occasion. The Emperor in the following words intimated his decision regarding his marriage:

“In coming to announce to you my marriage, I respond to the wish often expressed by the country.

“The alliance which I am about to contract is not in accordance with the old school of political tradition; and in this lies its advantage.

“France, by her repeated revolutions, has again and again separated herself sharply from the rest of Europe; any wise government must desire to secure her re-entrance into the circle of the ancient monarchies; but this result will be far more surely attained by an honourable and straightforward policy, by faithfulness to engagements than by Royal alliances which only serve to create false safeguards and too often substitute family for national interests. Besides, the circumstances of the past have left their traces in the superstitions of the people, who cannot forget that for seventy years foreign Princesses have mounted the throne only to see their race scattered and proscribed by war or by revolution. One woman alone has apparently brought happiness and lived more

than others in the memory of the people, and that woman, the modest and excellent wife of General Bonaparte, was not of Royal blood.

“It must, however, be recognized that, in 1810, the marriage of Napoleon I. with Marie Louise was a great event. It was a promise for the future, a true satisfaction to the national pride, that the ancient and illustrious House of Austria, which had so long been at war with us, should ask for an alliance with the elected Head of a new Empire. Under the last reign, on the contrary, was not the self-respect of the country injured when the heir to the throne sought in vain for several years an alliance with a reigning house, and obtained at last a Princess, accomplished certainly, but only of inferior rank and of an alien religion?

“When, in spite of older Europe, any one is raised by the might of a new principle to the level of the ancient dynasties, it is not by giving an appearance of age to his coat of arms and attempting to force himself into the families of kings that he will win acceptance; but rather by ever remembering his origin, maintaining his proper character, and taking frankly in the face of Europe the position of a *parvenu*—a glorious title when he has risen by the free suffrages of a great people.

“Therefore, since I am obliged to disregard precedents hitherto followed, my marriage becomes my private concern; the only question comes to be that of personal choice. The lady whom I have chosen is of distinguished birth. French by predilection, by education, by the memory of her father’s blood shed in the cause of the Empire, she yet, as a Spaniard, has the advantage of having no family in France to make continual claims on gifts of honours and dignities. Endowed with all qualities of mind, she will adorn the throne, which in time of danger she would courageously uphold. A devout Catholic, she will address to Heaven the same prayers as myself for the happiness of France. Gracious and good, she will, I am firmly persuaded, revive, in the same position, the virtues of the Empress Joséphine.

“I am come therefore, Gentlemen, to say to France

that I have preferred a woman whom I love and respect to an alliance with a stranger, which would bring sacrifices along with its advantages. Without disrespect to any, I have yielded to my heart, but only after having consulted my reason and my convictions. In a word, by placing independence, qualities of heart, and domestic happiness above dynastic prejudices and ambitious schemes, I shall not be the less strong in being the more free.

"Soon, at Notre Dame, I shall present the Empress to the people and to the Army ; the confidence which they have placed in me assures me of their sympathy towards her whom I have chosen ; and you, Gentlemen, as you come to know her better, will be convinced that yet once more I have been guided by Heaven."

* * *

Same date.—Delagrangé, as usual, buttonholed me as I was coming out of the Palace of the Tuileries.

"Well," he said, banteringly, "there you are, radiant: Empire, Emperor, Empress, everything complete. I did not hear the speech, but I can guess what it was like. Besides, we'll all read it ; these documents are always handed to the Press, even before the words have been uttered."

We walked as far as the Palais-Royal. He was quite right ; I had but to hold out my hand. All the newspapers had had an early copy ; Delagrangé bought one and glanced over it.

"I was sure of it," he cried. "Audacity and presumption ! Always the same man. Always the style of Strassburg and Boulogne. It remains to be seen how other countries will take his impertinence. He knows his La Fontaine, this Prince of yours, and has given a capital rendering of 'The Fox and the Grapes.' Everybody knows that his ambassadors to the European Courts were simply bowed out, and here he is sneering at Royal alliances which create false safeguards, as if his would have been enough to safeguard both the Old World and the New ! He is not particularly polite to the foreign Princesses, this wooer turned to the right-about ! The

only one he has any respect for is the widow Beauharnais, who has now, after many ups and downs, turned into 'the modest and excellent wife,' as our orator has it, with his ingenuous voice and a tear in his eye! Oh, the crocodile, to take Joséphine for his ideal! I pity him if Eugénie chooses her for her model! And the fine taste, the delicate tact, of speaking of the Duchesse d'Orléans as belonging to an inferior rank! And the reference to the marriage of Louis Philippe's eldest son after so many vain quests! What about himself? Where is there a Princess even of inferior rank who hasn't turned her back on him with the contempt he deserves! A nice story when he pretends that he hasn't done everything he knew to force himself into the families of kings. Ask Walewski; ask Fleury. There is only one true word in the whole thing, and that is when he admits that he is a *parvenu*. He brags of it, no doubt; but in the name of folly, who is taken in by that?"

I shrugged my shoulders. Delagrange is always as mad as a hatter.

* * *

January 31st. Marriage of the Emperor at Notre Dame.—I jot down things I noticed with my own eyes. From early in the morning an immense crowd had collected on the pavements of the streets through which the procession was to pass from the Tuileries to Notre Dame, where the religious ceremony was to be performed. People had been pouring in since the evening before. From all parts of France crowds of sightseers were arriving, societies of working-men with banners, old soldiers, companies of young girls.

Same date.—The religious ceremony took place yesterday in the Church of Notre Dame. All the resources of art were displayed in the decoration of the building. In the middle of the transept, on a stage covered with ermine, were placed the seats for the Emperor and Empress; the Imperial arms were embroidered on the backs of the chairs, on the faldstools, and on the hassocks. . . . Above was a canopy of red velvet embroidered with bees, and surmounted with an eagle with outspread

wings. The Cathedral was illuminated by fifteen thousand candles.

The Empress had been escorted from the Élysée Palace to the Tuileries with the same ceremonial as on the previous day.

The Emperor and Empress received a magnificent ovation from the moment when they left the Tuileries. Throughout their entire progress they were greeted by the enthusiastic demonstrations of the people, the Army, and the workmen's corporations of the city and outskirts. At one o'clock their Majesties arrived at Notre Dame, where the Archbishop of Paris, accompanied by his clergy, approached in procession to meet the two Sovereigns. The Emperor was dressed as on the preceding day; the Empress wore a dress of white silk, covered with lace, with a girdle of diamonds. To her diadem, also of diamonds, was attached a long veil of *point d'Angleterre* surmounted with orange-blossoms.

Every one being in his place according to the prescribed ceremonial, the Archbishop addressed their Majesties in these words: "You have come here to be joined together in matrimony in the presence of Holy Church?" Their Majesties answered, "Yes, sir."

Then the Bishop of Nancy, Senior Chaplain, presented on a silver-gilt salver the pieces of gold and the ring, which the Archbishop blessed. Next, the Archbishop addressed the Emperor in the following words: "Sire, you declare and acknowledge before God and in the presence of Holy Church that you now take for your wife and lawful spouse Madame Eugénie de Montijo, Comtesse de Téba, here present?" The Emperor answered, "Yes, sir."

The Archbishop proceeded: "You promise and swear to remain faithful to her in all things which a faithful husband owes to his wife according to the commandment of God?" The Emperor again replied, "Yes, sir."

The Archbishop then addressed the Empress: "Madam, you declare and acknowledge before God and in the presence of Holy Church that you now take for your husband and lawful spouse the Emperor Napoleon III.,

here present?" The Empress answered, "Yes, sir." The Archbishop then handed to the Emperor the pieces of gold and the ring, and his Majesty first presented the pieces of gold to the Empress, saying: "Receive the sign of the matrimonial agreement made between you and me." The Emperor then placed the ring on the finger of the Empress, saying, "I give you this ring in token of our marriage."

The Emperor and Empress having knelt, the Archbishop extending his hand over the husband and wife pronounced the sacramental words, and the prayer, *Deus Abraham, Deus Isaac, etc.* After the prayers their Majesties returned again to their throne, and the nuptial mass was immediately begun. The wax candles for the offering were first presented to the Emperor by Prince Napoleon, and then to the Empress by Princess Mathilde. The Bishop of Nancy, Senior Chaplain, and the Bishop of Versailles held the canopy over their Majesties' heads.

After the mass, and while the *Te Deum* was being sung, the Archbishop, accompanied by the Curé of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, the parish in which the Tuileries is situated, approached their Majesties and presented for their signature the register in which the record of the religious marriage is kept.

The witnesses were—For the Emperor: Prince Jérôme Napoléon and Prince Napoleon; for the Empress: the Marquis de Valdegamas, envoy-extraordinary and minister-plenipotentiary of Spain; the Duc d'Ossuna and the Marquis de Bedmar, grandees of Spain; the Comte de Galve and General Alvarez Toledo.

The ceremony over, the Archbishop and his chapter escorted their Majesties, while the full choir and instruments rendered the *Urbs beata* of Lesueur.

The Sovereigns were welcomed with the same enthusiasm as on their arrival, and returned to the Tuileries, this time by way of the *quais* as far as the Place de la Concorde, reaching the Palace by the gardens.

The carriage used by the Emperor and Empress was the same one as had been used by Napoleon I. and Joséphine at their coronation.

Both the people and the army acclaimed all this magnificence, proud that the majesty of France should be worthily represented.

The Emperor had already presented the Empress to the Army and people on the balcony of the Pavillon de l'Horloge towards the Place du Carrousel, but on entering the Palace he showed himself with her on the balcony overlooking the courtyard and on that overlooking the garden, where the people and the troops received them with the same enthusiasm. In the garden of the Tuileries their Majesties received deputations; young girls presented flowers; the workmen hailed their Sovereigns with warm acclamations. The Emperor reviewed the troops massed in the Place du Carrousel.

The weather favoured the great occasion. The sky was of an almost ideal clearness, and the temperature very mild. Not a single accident saddened this wonderful day.

By the Emperor's wish all the expenses of his marriage festival were borne by his own Civil List.

* * *

February 10th.—Yesterday I saw Rachel in *Lady Tartufe*, by Mme de Girardin. She is as great in comedy as in the plays of Racine and Corneille. She looks amazingly young, though indeed she is barely over thirty, having been born in 1821. Audebrand gave me a most fascinating biography of her. As for her birth-place, nobody seems to know it for certain. Some make it Lorraine, some Alsace; others again say she is a German from Frankfurt-am-Main. Those who profess to be particularly well informed maintain that she is Swiss, from the Canton of Aargau. It is at all events certain that she is a Jewess. Her father, a small tradesman, settled in France about 1830. She used to sing in the streets of Lyons; and one day Choron, who had been Director of the Paris Opera and who founded the School of Music, heard her, and was amazed at the voice.

"What is your name, little one?" he asked kindly.

"Élisabeth Rachel, monsieur."

"Rachel. That name would scarcely please the lovers of religious music who come to our concerts. Would you like to take part in them? You would be simply Élisabeth. . . ."

A flash of joy sprang into the child's eyes. She nodded her assent.

"You will only be able to sing Italian music?"

She protested. Choron went to see her father. The family moved to Paris, and the little singer soon found her true sphere. The actor Saint-Aulaire saw her at Choron's house and advised her to study declamation. He himself was her teacher. Like Adrienne Lecouvreur, she was early on the boards. They gave her little parts, for which she got two francs a night. Then she got an engagement at the Théâtre Molière, where people warmly applauded the little Élisabeth. Poirson, an actor at the Gymnase, said to her;

"Élisabeth all by itself on a bill looks silly. Haven't you got another name?"

"Yes, of course. Rachel."

"Rachel! Capital! After this you shall be called Rachel. With a Scriptural name like that, you'll succeed. Don't you know that on the stage the name is half the battle! People don't realize how much depends on the choice of a name. Rachel, I make my bow to you. Study, my dear. I'll recommend you to Samson."

Samson was the king of declamation, the master supreme and undisputed. At the Conservatoire people fought for his lessons; for his knowledge and his experience made his pupils' success a certainty. Rachel listened to him with the utmost docility, and accepted no engagement but what he approved.

Samson had the highest opinion of her; but Provost, who was both actor and professor, and entitled to his own opinion, was very severe.

"My poor child," he said, with an air of commiseration, "you would do far better to go and sell flowers on the boulevards."

She did not forget the bantering speech, and waited her opportunity for reprisals. One night at the Théâtre

Français she was playing Hermione as an understudy. The theatre was full—the élite of the fashionable world in the boxes ; there were thunders of applause—a recall. The curtain was raised, and Rachel appeared with Provost. She picked up one of the bouquets thrown to her, and, dropping a curtsy to Provost, offered him the flowers :

“I have taken your advice and am selling flowers. Will you buy some ?”

He bent to kiss her, and peace was sealed.

In 1838 Samson secured her definite admission to the Théâtre Français, and she made her début there on June 12th as Camille in *Les Horaces*. Soon she was the idol of Paris. Janin and Merle celebrated her gifts. The story went round of her past, her sufferings, her courage. Artists, painters, designers, lithographers, sculptors, vied with one another for the honour of reproducing her features. Patrons of the arts poured invitations upon her ; all the rich foreigners then in Paris wanted her for their parties. At the Abbaye-aux-Bois no gathering was complete without Rachel. She was the intimate friend of Mme de Récamier, and Châteaubriand, usually grudging of praise, poured flatteries without stint upon her.

She had won not merely fame, but fortune ; a *pensionnaire* of the Théâtre Français, she had grown very rich, but all that she earned went to her father. He it was who persuaded, who even compelled, her to make tours through all the towns in France, which brought her in colossal sums. Véron protested against the over-fatigue ; but she answered, laughing : “ Travelling keeps me well.” Soon France grew too small for her, and she travelled abroad, where she was applauded to the skies. The Emperor several times invited her to the Tuileries, and the Empress never mentioned her but with enthusiasm.

* * *

April 15th.—I note one or two details regarding the Empress's household. They have an interest of their own, being, as it were, the *asides* of history. The Mistress of the Household is the Princesse d'Essling, daughter of General Debelle. The families of Masséna, d'Essling,

de Rivoli owe their titles to Napoleon I. and the vine-dresser's son, that spoilt child of victory. The Princesse Anne married Duc Victor in 1823, and her eldest son is now seventeen. She will fill with all suitable dignity the high position in which she is placed, and which, incidentally, is a good deal envied, on account of its emolument of 40,000 francs. The Mistress of the Household is fifty-one, an age which commands respect. She is one of those blondes whose beauty survives even the snows of autumn. She has a most dignified manner, which at first seems somewhat frigid. Those about her say she is severe. Her position, however, almost compels such an appearance. She has charge of all the receptions, the official ceremonies, banquets, presentations, so that her task is no sinecure. In this she is assisted by the first *dame d'honneur*, the Duchesse de Bassano, wife of the second duke, who is Grand Chamberlain. The Bassano family are the descendants of Maret, whose devotion Napoleon I. rewarded in 1809 with a patent of nobility. Maret had made his fortune in journalism, a career which leads to everything if one knows when to leave it, and in his case it led to diplomacy. He was sincerely attached to the Emperor, whose house-mate he had been during the Revolution.

Besides the *grande-maitresse* and the *grande-dame d'honneur* there are the six *dames du Palais*, who accompany the Empress when she goes out and assist her at receptions. They take turns for being on duty at the Palace, and are, week by week, *dame de grand service* or *dame de petit service*. Among these I may mention the Comtesse de Montebello, whose husband is a General Officer and has occupied various diplomatic posts. The Comtesse is a great friend of the Duchess d'Alve, sister of the Empress, and is a woman of great elegance. The Baronne de Pierres, another *dame du palais*, has married the chief equerry to the Empress. She is an American, daughter of a millionaire. . . . She is an admirable horse-woman, and in this accomplishment has no rival. I must not forget the lovely blonde, the Marquise de Las Marismas ; the Comtesse Feray, daughter of Marshal Bugeaud ;

the Marquise de Latour-Maubourg, granddaughter of Marshal Mortier, tall, pretty, witty, and devoted to her husband ; the Comtesse de Lourmel, the lady of the emeralds, as she is called by certain malicious persons who will have it that her jewels are paste. It is said that these spiteful stories came to the ears of the Empress, and that, in order to put an end to them, she directed that the *dames du palais* should wear no ornament whatever except a locket of blue enamel, with or without a monogram in diamonds. This locket, surmounted by the Imperial crown in brilliants, is suspended from the neck by a blue and white ribbon.

Comte Tascher de la Pagerie is Master of the Household to the Emperor, and his son Charles, Grand Chamberlain—two much envied posts, since the one is worth 40,000 francs a year, and the other 30,000. The Comte hails from Martinique and is related to the Empress Joséphine. He fought at Eylau and in Portugal with Junot, and afterwards was attached to the person of Eugène de Beauharnais.

The Chamberlains of the Empress are the Comte de Lezay-Marnesia, the Marquis de Piennes, and the Comte Artus de Cossé-Brissac. This last is of an illustrious family : four of his ancestors were Marshals of France, and others have been grand-almoners and grand-falconers. The Comte Artus attracts everybody by his amiability. He has married a Lamothe-Houdancourt, of a nobility as illustrious as his own.

CHAPTER II

BLACK CLOUDS ON THE HORIZON

June—December, 1853

Plots and plotters—Hot-beds of conspiracy—Napoleon III. to be assassinated—Mazzini and the Mazzinists—London: the Commune Révolutionnaire—Theatres—Funeral of François Arago—Delagrangé bound for the Australian goldfields—Anecdote of Boulay de la Meurthe—The Baron d'Ambès at Compiègne.

June.—It is several weeks since I wrote last in my journal. My time has been taken up with personal affairs, and in any case there has been no important event to record. We are living in an atmosphere of perfect calm. That formidable volcano, Salvandy, is transformed into a waveless sea, ruffled by no disturbing breath. Yet I am told this is only on the surface, and that down below there are stirrings of ill-will. Notwithstanding the vigilance of Maupas and Piétri, the secret societies, which were so active under Louis Philippe and in 1848, are still busy. I know that they have several rendezvous in Paris and are divided into various carefully organized groups. There are the "Consuls du Peuple," the "Cordon Sanitaire," the "Deux Cents," the members being either old Republicans or students of the Quartier Latin. Quite lately the various groups had a general meeting. Their one common aim is to get rid of the new Emperor; but the plans for accomplishing this vary. Some would take a hint from Shakespeare, and secure a Cassius to assassinate Cæsar; others are opposed to the idea of violence, and would be content to seize Napoleon III. and force him to

sign his abdication. Maupas is informed of everything, and is biding his time.

* * *

June 7th.—Two men called Ruault and Lux have just been arrested at the house of a Moldavian refugee, as being concerned in plots against the Emperor. Compromising papers and a secret printing-press were found and taken possession of. The Moldavian is called Bratiano; he is a member of the Comité Central Révolutionnaire, the headquarters of which are in London. The conspirators were to have assassinated Napoleon to-day during the performance at the Hippodrome.

* * *

Undated.—The conspirators have a great number of centres throughout Europe. That Italy should be the chief of these is not surprising, for the Italians, apart from their temperament, have collectively a disposition to foment revolutions. They must have some passion: formerly it was music; now it is politics. These secret leagues permeate every class of society. I have already referred to the Carbonari in 1830, and to Louis Napoléon's and his brother's connection with them, as well as to the part played by Arese. The Emperor recently declared in the hearing of several members of his Court that all that has been written concerning his share in the movement is inaccurate.

"I never was a Carbonaro," he declared, "and I never assisted the Carbonari. My name has got confused with my brother's."

Yet Arese assured me that the Carbonari are indignant at the defection of Louis Napoléon, and are studying their revenge. He, however, does not disturb himself about it.¹

At present the most active conspirators are the

¹ Was Louis Napoléon a Carbonaro? The question is much disputed and no document exists to prove that he was. Émile Ollivier (vol. ii. of the *Empire Libéral*) totally denies it. Count Orsi, on the other hand, has no doubt. Also Lebey. See, as to this, the *Mémoires du Préfet de Police Gisquet*, published in 1840. (Simond, Poinso.)

Mazzinists, and their aim is well known—an Italian Republic. Their organization is powerful, but it is founded on a most severe discipline: silence, passive obedience, terrorization. No fear of betrayal. If an initiate—a foreigner—happens by any accident to light on a thread of the plot, he is forthwith disposed of by the daggers of those who watch in the shadow. There is no escape but in leaving the country. Another thing that helps to secure secrecy is that the organization extends in a multitudinous network of tiny groups, each consisting of somewhere about fifteen members. When the police discover one of these groups, only that handful of men is compromised—that is, if the initiate who belongs to the group and knows the other branches contrives to hold his tongue, which they always do, even in face of the scaffold. It would be much more effective if they could light on the central committee of a district, though even then they would not be on the track of the main source. In these circumstances it is practically certain that the organization eludes all vigilance, especially as the Grand Council does not have its headquarters in Italy, but abroad, changing its location so continually that it is almost impossible to know where it is at any given moment. Mazzini is mostly in London, where he is surrounded in his headquarters by agents devoted to him body and soul, who help him with his enormous correspondence, and organize with him the interchange of intelligence. The central office in London is in constant communication with the secret bureaux at Malta, Corfu, Geneva, Cagliari, and Paris.

The power wielded by the Mazzinists is formidable, in that they have behind them large pecuniary resources. It is not uncommon for a great capitalist to contribute secretly to the revolutionary funds; it acts as a kind of insurance for his person and property. Mazzini enjoys an absolute and unquestioned authority. He expresses his orders in sibylline phraseology. His appeals for subscriptions are constant and never fail of a response, not only in hard cash, gold and silver, but even in the form of jewels, diamonds, pearls, etc. Sometimes it

happens that the police get information and seize these ; but Mazzini is never discouraged when the party receives a check of the kind, and goes on unwearyingly weaving his plots. He himself, of course, is perfectly safe in London. When he leaves England for other countries he knows how to secure false passports and effective disguises, so that he runs not the slightest risk of arrest. Besides, it is never known exactly where he is at any given day and hour. When he is supposed to be at his headquarters in London, he is actually in hiding in Lausanne, and when you go there to look for him, he is already off to Geneva or Malta. Moreover, they are at pains to spread all sorts of rumours about him so as to throw the *sbirri* and even the smartest police-spies off the scent. There are even some members of the society, who happen to resemble the great chief in personal appearance, who allow themselves to be taken when they know him to be in danger, and then the police are dumbfounded to find that they have been tricked.

* * *

During the rest of June our diarist devotes himself to recording certain decrees of the Emperor defining his personal authority over the members of his family, and to describing the efforts made to control the sale of undesirable literature. Later he returns once more to the subject of plots and conspiracies.

* * *

July 6th.—I have had the opportunity of seeing a pamphlet emanating from the "Commune Révolutionnaire" organized in London, and written by Félix Pyat, Boichot, and Caussidière. It is an open attack on the Emperor, the Empress, and the Empire. Pyat is an inveterate conspirator, a man of a heated imagination, a dabbler in politics, and author of socialistic dramas. He pours abuse upon all ordered government and is notorious for his frenzied diatribes. At the Constituent (Assembly) of 1848, and at the Legislative, where his place was at the top of the "Mountain," he lost no opportunity of making

a disturbance. As with Barbès and Blanqui, his revolutionary faith is a fanaticism. His *Lettres d'un Proscrit* are written with a pen dipped in blood ; he would, if he could, have the massacres of September over again. Maupas has often said to me : "He is a dangerous lunatic. If we could get hold of him, we should put him in a cell." Boichot is an example of the tares among the wheat which exist here and there in the Army. This old sergeant-major, who, in a moment of electoral aberration, was made a representative of the people, has allowed his *mandat* to go to his head ; imagining himself a power in the land, he has only succeeded in making himself an outlaw. He is not really very formidable, however, and belongs to the type of club orators who get intoxicated with their own eloquence. Marc Caussidière is a born conspirator, and has been in all the plots. He is of herculean build, has amazing energy, and as an orator has just the gifts to carry a crowd off its feet. At the age of twenty-six he was taking a leading part in the insurrection of 1834 at Lyons, and for that he was condemned to twenty years in prison. An amnesty set him free, and he seized the opportunity to recommence his plots. He was known for a republican and demagogue. In 1848 he was at the barricades, and left them to take possession of the Prefecture of Police, bringing to his work all his own ideas about throwing old ways overboard. His bodyguard, representing every kind of lawlessness, has become legendary. His plan was to create order by means of disorder. Without a doubt he had a hand in the insurrection of June. As a refugee in England, he wrote his *Mémoires*. This pamphlet that he has just issued is a mere leaflet.

* * *

Same date.—The conspirators of the "Deux Cents" and "Cordon Sanitaire" have not abandoned their designs. One of them, a Belgian called De Merens, had planned an attempt on the Emperor and Empress this evening at the Opéra-Comique. Plot discovered—a dozen arrests. In the Quartier Latin they are saying that the whole thing



CRIMEA—GRAND HARBOUR FROM THE MALAKOFF.

From a contemporary photograph.

was an invention of the police. I am not so sure about that.

* * *

Undated.—Another plot. An ex-lieutenant of the French Army arrived in Paris from London, and took up his abode at Montrouge in lodgings already occupied by two Italian refugees. The police traced them, and organized a raid on the quarters of the lieutenant, whose name was Kelch. The Italians made a desperate resistance to the representatives of public safety, and the madmen received several wounds. They will be sent for trial.¹

* * *

Undated.—These attempts—all either abortive or nipped in the bud—have never during the whole year disturbed the serenity of Paris. Nobody thinks of revolutionaries; nobody fears them. People have slept soundly in their beds, or those that have not slept have danced. Social entertainments have gone on literally without a pause. The Empress, ever since her marriage, has been, and is still, the leader of fashion. Her Court is one of intellect and distinction. All the best minds in every department—art, letters, science, politics—are to be found at the Tuileries. It is the same at the house of the Princesse Mathilde. At the theatre Mlle Georges is in full triumph, playing Corneille in the fulness of her powers and of her magnificent Junonian beauty. At the Odéon Ponsard is applauded in *L'Honneur et l'Argent*, George Sand in *Mauprat*. At the Théâtre Français there is the reappearance of Mme Arnould Plessy and the retirement of Arsène Houssaye. "Why should he retire?" asks Dumas. "It is really not worth while, for he is never there." At the Ambigu, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, with floods of tears; at the Vaudeville, applause for Émile Augier's *Le Mariage d'Olympe*, and at the Gymnase for

¹ In reality the case was never tried. The criminals were sent to Cayenne under an order of the Administration. Kelch soon got the benefit of an amnesty and went to China. An *agent*, Griscelli, relates in his *Mémoires* how he killed Kelch at the time of the raid at Montrouge and was handsomely rewarded. An idle boast. (Baron d'Ambès.)

Diane de Lys by Dumas *fils*, of whom people are beginning to say that he is his father's son.

* * *

Undated.—This year the Emperor in person has taken command of the manœuvres of Satory. Camp was struck on September 20th, and the Emperor made a flattering speech to the men in dismissing them.

* * *

October 5th.—I was present to-day at the funeral of François Arago, and accompanied the *cortège* to Père-Lachaise where he was buried. There were fifteen thousand persons present at the funeral.

His praise is on every lip. No Frenchman since d'Alembert has possessed so high a degree of scientific genius; but he was beloved for his personal character as much as admired for his works. He was as celebrated in France as Alexander von Humboldt in Germany. Paris made him the object of a cult, honouring his integrity as much as his knowledge. "He had," said Cormenin, "not only the secret of science, but also the secret of speech and the secret of the heart."

Few human brains could have contained so much knowledge so methodically classified. The Government, the Municipality, Public Assistance, Industry, the working classes, all found in him a counsellor ever ready to help, a clear head always able to cast light on difficult points, an inexhaustible and patient kindness, with an entire disinterestedness—a character rare indeed among our contemporaries.

* * *

October 15th.—"Glad to see you," said somebody, suddenly stopping me on the boulevard. I had been walking with my eyes on the pavement; raising them, I saw Delagrangé. I had not met him for months. Paris has grown so large that two men can live in the same district for years without chancing on each other. My first gesture was of astonishment, he looked so

absolutely changed. The aggressively sententious manner had disappeared, and I saw before me a beaming countenance. He did not give me time to ask questions.

"An unexpected pleasure, Baron. To-morrow it would have been too late."

"I don't understand."

"Quite simple. To-morrow I start for England, to take ship almost immediately for Australia."

I made a gesture of surprise.

"Yes," he continued, "I've had enough of your Paris and your Empire. I don't think them any better as time goes on. Here I vegetate. Business . . ."

"You cannot pretend that things are not prospering?"

"Oh, they are, of course, and I render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and admit he has turned the Seine into a Pactolus ; but the money is all for gamblers on the Bourse like you, while I, as you know, understand nothing of the game. So I'm off to where you have only to stoop to pick it up with both hands."

"In Australia?"

"Of course. I see that you don't know the latest."

We were on the steps of Tortoni's.

"Sit down," suggested Delagrange. "We can talk more comfortably."

Our coffee being brought, he began again :

"If you had, like me, been reading the English newspapers for the last three years, you would know what I am going to tell you. In 1850 a prospector, called Smith, who had been employed by certain capitalists to look for iron, presented himself before the Colonial Council at Sydney and showed them a large nugget of gold, offering to direct them to the bed whence it was taken if he were sufficiently rewarded. They shrugged their shoulders, suspecting a hoax, or at least a mare's-nest. The story got abroad, and there were some who believed it, as well as some who were sceptical. A former Californian gold-digger, one Hargreaves, undertook an exploration at his own expense. When he returned in 1851, he confirmed what Smith had said, and reported numerous auriferous regions. This time people listened,

and Hargreaves was provided with a party and money. He went out again, and returned in a few months with marvellous results. He and his companions had in a short time collected so much gold that they thought it useless to go any farther. Thereupon, there broke out in Sydney a gold fever like that which had caused the rush to California. It was so acute that the authorities strictly forbade the departure of any one not provided with an authorization. The offices where these authorizations were issued were besieged. People sold all they possessed to go off into the unknown, following the mirage. Soon another sensational event added fuel to the fire. The newspapers published a story like *The Thousand and One Nights*. An old native of the South Seas, a Papuan, who was in the service of a doctor living on the outskirts of Bathurst, a town near Sydney, told his master that, once when he was going along a path shut in between rocks, he had seen something bright glittering in a crevice. A few blows of his tomahawk had secured a piece of yellow substance with a metallic lustre. The doctor, whose curiosity was aroused, lost no time in preparing a wagon and some tools, such as pick and mattock, and setting out with his faithful servant to the mysterious spot. It was not a dream; nature had hidden a treasure there. It was a block of quartz weighing several hundredweights and containing gold. The doctor had a valuable mineralogical collection, and would fain have added this specimen, but it was too heavy to carry, and he had to break it in pieces in order to load it on his wagon. The pieces were of every size, the smallest worth 8,000 francs, the largest nearly 150,000. The doctor wished to keep his find a secret, but the native blabbed. Then the master had an original idea. He replaced his treasure on the wagon and went slowly through the town, letting the gold glitter under the eyes of the populace. He took it to the Bank of Australia, where the pieces of quartz were weighed and valued. Then and there the whole population of Sydney made a rush for the Eldorado. Magistrates, priests, journalists, merchants, workmen,

clerks, rich and poor, masters and servants, men and women, every creature who had the use of his limbs, joined in the exodus, leaving everything to hasten to the much desired spot ; and for days and weeks and months they journeyed at random, braving starvation, rains, mosquitoes, and disease. Those who had not the hardihood to persevere to the end returned wan, emaciated, in rags, with aching limbs and shattered health ; but many went on and became rich. The gold was found in small veins in a clayey soil, in pure nuggets of varying size, rounded by the action of water. It was literally true that it was only necessary to stoop and pick it up. The goldfield is in New South Wales and Victoria, and extends over an area as large as Algeria. The real mines of Ophir are round Bathurst where the Turon flows—a real Pactolus, that makes a fool of your poor little Seine that bathes the feet of the beggarly Tuileries. It seems that nobody has any idea of the fortunes to be made over there by any one who can rough it. *The Times* says it is an inexhaustible Paradise. So I'm off. Good-bye !”

He rose, shook hands, and went.

I watched him till he disappeared in the crowd, thinking of the extraordinary dreams that take possession of men who cannot content themselves with the good which is close beside them. “Here is a man,” I said to myself, “who admits that the French Empire is prospering,” and that under Napoleon III. hard work and energy are sufficient to win a fortune for any man, and yet, like a fool, he shuts his eyes to the good fortune which is at his door, and which he could grasp without an effort. He is setting out to travel thousands of leagues, and when he does arrive at his journey's end, what will he find ? Probably nothing at all. Just such as he are the visionaries who refuse the benefits of the Empire and set their hearts on Socialist Utopias.”

* * *

After a paragraph in which M. le Baron dwells on the Emperor's interest in the Army, especially in Artillery, the diary proceeds :

Undated.—When Boulay de la Meurthe was under discussion, some one remarked :

“Can you believe that in 1848 he combined the offices of Vice-President of the Republic and member of the Reading Committee of the Odéon ?”

“The Vice-Presidency certainly left him some time on his hands. . . .”

“And that he lived in the Rue de Vaugirard ? . . . Well, he was a good-natured man and saw genius in everybody. One evening, about eight o'clock, Adolphe Dumas¹ began to read before these gentlemen an immensely long and pathetic play. Midnight found them only at the seventh scene ; there were fifteen. It ought to be mentioned, by the way, that the author read with such passion that after each scene he had to retire behind a screen to change his flannel waistcoat. At the eighth scene, that is to say, at the eighth waistcoat, Adolphe Dumas returned to his place ready to proceed with his declamations and gesticulations, only to find that the Committee had vanished. The members had seized the moment of his withdrawal to beat a discreet retreat. Adolphe Dumas was just about to say something emphatic when he saw that one member had felt it incumbent on him to remain to the end. It was Boulay de la Meurthe. The dramatist hastened to him, to thank him, and also to relieve his feelings with regard to his colleagues. A gentle snore was heard issuing from the arm-chair. Boulay was sound asleep ! Dumas shook him, and Boulay murmured politely :

““I am listening, monsieur—I am listening. You may begin to read your play. . . .””

* * *

COMPIÈGNE, *October 17th.*—Yesterday I dined at the Palace, at Compiègne, where the Emperor and Empress arrived on the 12th.

October 23rd.—I have been at Compiègne all this time, and am one of the party at the Palace every

¹ Minor dramatist (1805—1861). Author of a play, *Mademoiselle de Lavallière*, which was successfully performed in 1842.

evening. The *salle de spectacle* is like fairyland. It holds about seven hundred people. The invitations are for eight o'clock, and the curtain rises at half-past. Sometimes the Emperor and Empress do not arrive till nine, and take their place in the two chairs in the front of the Imperial box. The chief officers of the Imperial Household stand behind them. The first tier of boxes is occupied by the guests invited from the town and neighbourhood, the second tier by servants. Officers up to the rank of Captain occupy the pit, and between that and the Imperial box is an amphitheatre reserved for officers of superior rank, and for magistrates and municipal and civil dignitaries. The performance ends at half-past eleven, and the Emperor and Empress bow to the company as they withdraw.

CHAPTER III

THREATENINGS OF WAR

January—February, 1854

The Baron d'Ambès discusses foreign relations—Diplomatic opinion on the crisis—Nicholas I. and Count Nesselrode—The Russian spider's web—Lord Strafford and the Sultan—Lord Seymour and the Tsar—War imminent—Rage for Russian plays and stories—Death of Lamennais; the man and his work—The Pope and the priest—His funeral.

January 2nd.—I always remember Lamartine's famous phrase describing the part that would devolve on France if the peace of Europe were threatened. I have said already that the Emperor accepts it; he has expressed himself uncompromisingly to that effect ever since his accession. Yes, "L'Empire c'est la paix." But peace does not imply a blameable inaction. If the equilibrium is unsteady, it might become a duty to throw the Imperial sword into the balance. I fear that we have come to some such point as this. The conflict of Russia with Turkey may produce complications in which all the Powers will find themselves involved. Would France have any right to shrink from such obligations as the situation might impose upon her? The situation at present is far from being reassuring.

This morning, while paying a New Year's visit, I had a chat with two diplomatists, one French and the other foreign. Both have had long practice in studying the political skies. They did not hide their opinion that we are on the eve of serious events. They see them ahead,

and are convinced that the storm will burst soon. Each of them has represented his Government alternately at St. Petersburg and Constantinople, and nobody knows better what is going on in the Russian and Ottoman Chancelleries.

"It is nothing new," said the old Austrian Ambassador; "for many a long day the spark has been smouldering under the ashes. I remember on one occasion—I was then Secretary to the Embassy in London—that the Tsar Nicholas I. came to pay a visit to England. He had several confidential interviews with the Queen's Ministers, Wellington, Peel, and Aberdeen, and he made no secret of his views regarding the Black Sea and the Bosphorus. He admitted frankly that for more than fifteen years his attention has been fixed on that part of the map. In his opinion the integrity of Turkey was threatened by the gradual introduction of ideas and institutions alien to the spirit of Islam and to the Mussulman character and traditions. Modern liberal ideas were eating into the Turkish edifice, which was already beginning to show cracks. Turkey could not escape a crisis which would precipitate an upheaval. It was to the interest of Russia and England to anticipate the catastrophe. Each of them ought to have some understanding on the subject."

A Memorandum by Count Nesselrode, then Russian Foreign Minister, defined the Tsar's attitude. It indicated very clearly what was to be the programme, both on the Neva and on the Thames. At bottom, it meant profiting by the Sultan's embarrassments.

The Memorandum stated that Austria had already accepted this plan, and that the Cabinet of Vienna would support that of St. Petersburg when the occasion should arise. As for France, she would have no choice but to join in the alliance. Prussia remained, of course, but she might be regarded as a negligible quantity; all that was required in that direction being to address a note to Berlin.

Nicholas I. desired a partition of Turkey, such as his grandmother Catherine had made of Poland. It was easy to read the Tsar's influence between the lines of

44. INTIMATE MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON III

Nesselrode's Memorandum, which, indeed, he had merely written at his master's dictation. All that was needed in order to carry out Russia's scheme was the consent of the English Cabinet, and that was not given. Nesselrode saw that it was useless to insist. Did he turn to France? Nobody knew, but the relations between St. Petersburg and Paris, which had been very much strained during the greater part of the reign of Louis Philippe, assumed towards 1848 an appearance of good understanding, which suggests an adhesion, if not open, at all events understood, to Nesselrode's proposals. In any case the proposed scheme was adjourned.

The French claims in Palestine brought the Ottoman question again to the front. Of the nineteen sanctuaries conceded to the Powers by the treaty concluded with the Porte in 1740, France in 1850 held only ten, the other nine having fallen into the hands of the Greeks. On May 28th, 1850, the French envoy, General Aupick, submitted the first claims to the Sultan's Government, asking the restitution of the nine sanctuaries. The Porte, acting on the advice of Lord Strafford, the English Ambassador, replied that a Mixed Commission was being appointed to consider the matter. This reply was sent to General Lavalette, General Aupick's successor, by Ali Pacha in June 1851. The affair dragged on indefinitely. Complications arose. Meanwhile the Latin and Greek monks, the former supported by France, the latter by the Tsar as head of the Greek Orthodox Church, displayed their mutual animosities with extreme vivacity on both sides. The Legislative Assembly had supported the Latin Fathers even before the Empire. The representatives (*mandataires*) of the country expressed the opinion of France, and the Emperor had no choice but to confirm their views. He succeeded in making them prevail in Constantinople. The Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid understood that it was to his interest to secure the powerful support of France against the calculations and schemes of Russia. France could not detach herself from a political situation which had given her the capitulations of 1740 in the East. She would have sacrificed her

prestige if she had allowed herself to be supplanted by Russia, who grounded her claims on the firmans granted to the Greek Church subsequently to the capitulations.

It was, however, evident to the whole diplomatic world in Europe that beneath these firmans was hidden the Russian spider, which had been weaving its web ever since the reign of Peter the Great.

Diplomats in Paris and London could not but recognize that Russia's one real object was to lay violent hands on Turkey, and for this end, unavowed but self-evident, to utilize the movement of the Cossacks and the Russian fleet towards Constantinople, for the eventual purpose of seizing the keys of the Ottoman Empire. Now, these movements served at the same time to favour the designs of the Tsar, not only on Eastern Europe, but also beyond, in Asia. There could be no room for doubt when Russia was found striving to shut England out from the Dardanelles, the mouths of the Danube and the shores of the Black Sea. The Cabinet of London fully recognized that the whole policy of Russia was aimed at India, and had no difficulty in seeing through the game of Nicholas I. and Nesselrode.

It was therefore of the first importance to preserve the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. It was the chief concern of the advisers alike of Queen Victoria and Napoleon III. It was also the general view taken by European diplomacy.

* * *

For his share, Lord Strafford induced the Sultan to reject the Russian proposals, whereupon the Tsar recalled Mentchikoff and commenced hostilities against Turkey, alleging as his reason the refusal to consider the claims of the Greek monks. The Russian troops crossed the Pruth and occupied the Danubian Provinces. France and England responded to this threatening move by a simultaneous advance of the French and English squadrons into the Dardanelles. Instantly the Tsar gave the *riposte*. The Russian fleet attacked the Turkish squadron at Sinope, burned the town, and killed several thousand

Turks. This happened on November 30th, 1853. From that moment events moved rapidly.

* * *

The plot thickened, but Nicholas I. still attempted to justify himself in the eyes of Europe. Lord Seymour has repeated a conversation which he had with the Tsar in January 1853 :

“‘We have on our hands,’ said the Russian Sovereign, ‘a sick man ; and it would be a great misfortune—I say it frankly—if one of these days he were to slip through our fingers, especially if all our plans were not made.’

“‘You know,’ he added at a later interview, ‘the dreams and plans in which the Empress Catherine took such delight. They have survived till to-day. At the same time, I myself, though I have inherited her immense territories, have not inherited her visions, or, if you like, her intentions. On the contrary, my Empire is so vast and in all respects so fortunately situated that it would be unreasonable of me to seek more territory or more power than I have ; so far from that, I am the first to recognize that our greatest, perhaps our only, danger would lie in any further extension of an Empire already too wide.

“‘On our frontiers we have Turkey, and, as things are at present, nothing could suit our interests better. The days are past when we have to fear outbreaks of fanaticism or armed attacks from the Turks, and yet the country is still, or has been till now, strong enough to maintain its independence and command the respect of other States.

“‘Well then, in this Empire there are several millions of Christians, whose interests it is my concern to guard, and my right to do this is guaranteed to me by treaties. I can say in all candour that I make a very moderate use of my rights, and I am bound to say they are rights which bring with them duties sometimes rather vexatious. . . . Still, I must not shrink from the performance of any definite duty. Our religion, in the form in which it is established in this country, has come to us from the East, and this involves feelings and obligations which must not be lost sight of.

“ ‘At the present time, Turkey, placed in the position which I have explained, is gradually falling into a state so decrepit that (as I said the other day), no matter how anxious we may be to prolong the sick man’s life (and I must ask you to believe that I desire it as sincerely as you do), he may die on our hands any moment. We cannot raise the dead. If the Turkish Empire falls, it falls never to rise. Do you not think, then, that to prepare for such an eventuality would be better than to risk confusion—chaos, with the certainty of a European war? For that is what will inevitably happen if the catastrophe is allowed to take us unawares and before we have made any plans for the future. This is the point to which I desire to invite the attention of your Government.’

“To this,” said Lord Seymour, “I replied :

“ ‘Sire, your Majesty has been so frank with me that I hope you will permit me to reply with equal frankness. I venture then to suggest to your Majesty that, deplorable as the situation of Turkey may be, it is a country which has existed for a long time in difficulties which to many persons seemed insurmountable. With regard to the question of an understanding, the Queen’s Government, as your Majesty knows, is, as a general rule, indisposed to found engagements upon problematical events in the future, and, in particular, might be disinclined to make any upon this question. If I may so express myself, there is always in England a great reluctance to discount the succession of an old friend and ally.’

“ ‘An excellent principle,’ said the Tsar, ‘sound at all times, but especially in times of change and uncertainty such as the present. Still, it is of the first importance that we should understand each other, and not let events take us by surprise. I am talking to you just now as a friend, and as one man of the world with another ; if we—that is, England and myself—can come to an understanding with each other about this business, I care nothing what any one else thinks or does. Speaking, then, with the utmost frankness, I say bluntly that if England were, one

of these days, to think of establishing herself in Constantinople, I should not allow it ; I do not suppose you have any such idea, but it is as well to be clear about such eventualities. As far as I am concerned, I am equally willing to undertake not to try to establish myself there, I mean of course as owner—as trustee, I don't say ; circumstances might compel me to occupy Constantinople, if nothing is arranged beforehand, and everything is to be left to chance.'

" Later on, the Emperor said to me "—I still quote Lord Seymour—" that in the event of the partition of the Ottoman Empire, it would not be such a difficult matter as was generally supposed, to come to a satisfactory arrangement about the distribution of territory.

" ' The Principalities,' he said, ' are already in fact an independent State under my protection, and they could remain so. Servia might be put in the same position. And Bulgaria also ; I see no reason why she should not form an independent State.

" ' As to Egypt, I perfectly understand her importance to England, and I may say that if, in the event of the break-up of the Turkish Empire, you should take possession of it, I should have no objection to make. I say the same of Crete ; it is an island that might be useful to you, and I see no reason why it should not be part of the British possessions.' "

* * *

The Baron gives in full Mentchikoff's letter to the Tsar setting forth his reasons for thinking that the Porte had no intention of meeting the Russian views, and that diplomatic relations must cease ; also a long letter from the French Emperor to the Tsar, pointing out that the attack on Sinope had amounted to an outrage on the military honour of France, and offering him as an ultimatum either the choice of withdrawing his troops and entering into negotiations with the Sultan, or accepting the arbitrament of war.

* * *

February 10th.—The Tsar's reply leaves no doubt as

to his intentions. War is what he wants. "I am not likely to withdraw on account of threats"—nothing could be more definite. So the lot is cast. France is compelled either to sacrifice her dignity, to see the balance of power in Europe imperilled, or to draw the sword. A formidable alternative! But is it possible to hesitate? Ah! this accursed diplomacy, which only exists to support the ambitions of conquerors and plunge nations into sanguinary conflicts! God grant we may come forth victorious from this struggle into which fate has plunged us. I know that Napoleon III. is heartbroken at having to undertake it, but I know also that he will not fail to carry it through. We have come to a point where duty meets us. The safety of many interests demands that we accept our destiny.

* * *

The reply of Nicholas I. to Napoleon III. is given in full. The Tsar insists that war has been forced upon him against his will by the action of England and France, and, while saying all that is diplomatically proper, refuses the ultimatum.

* * *

February 18th.—The threatenings of war make no difference to the peace of mind of our Parisian friends. This evening there is a ball at the Tuileries with six hundred guests. The night before last at the Opéra-Comique the house was crowded for *L'Étoile du Nord*, by Meyerbeer and Scribe. It was a great success. And yet all the other theatres were turning people away. Still, people are not wholly without interest in public events, though they show it in a curious way. They have taken to reading all the translations of Russian books that they can lay hands on. Booklets are being sold which offer to the credulous a perfect command of the tongue spoken by the Tsar's subjects within the compass of a few pages, and there are simpletons who believe that after six lessons they will know Russian as well as the Tsar himself. The theatrical managers do their part by staging

Russian pieces. We have again *Les Cosaques*, *La Rencontre sur le Danube*, *Les Russes peints par eux-mêmes*, which the Théâtre Porte Saint-Martin is going to present. Théophile Gautier is writing a book on Constantinople, which will appear soon, and other publications are in preparation. I expect an avalanche of print. We do not yet know authoritatively whether we are to have a war or not, but no one has any practical doubt about it. We are going to fight ; France owes civilization her blood. Such is the theme of all the newspapers. For my part, I am not so absolutely convinced of the necessity of this tribute as many seem to be, but when I suggest this to people they shrug their shoulders. The bag of Æolus is burst. The raging winds are let loose over the Black Sea, and the storm will be felt throughout the whole of Europe. The one idea that fevers every imagination is military glory. The Emperor was acclaimed because he promised peace. It was not so certain that such a promise came from the heart. At the bottom of his soul every Frenchman cherishes a weakness for waving the banner ! I have heard officers, good-natured enough fellows in other respects, say, " My sword is rusting in its sheath," as if there were no specific for removing the rust but Russian blood.

* * *

February 27th.—In the midst of the misfortunes which threaten us, death has snatched from us the most large-hearted of the people's friends. Lamennais has just succumbed to the illness which had long been threatening him. His was a warm and noble heart. Even those who could not share his opinions could not but recognize their sincerity. He had the faith of a Breton, which cannot separate religion from the public weal. His controversies with the Church arose simply from his own earnestness. He could not understand indifference on any question whatever, and he was its determined enemy wherever he met it. A Malouin, he was of the same race as those bluff, sturdy sailors, born to face storm and tempest. A priest, he had yet something of Jacques



CRIMEA—INTERIOR OF THE REDAN.
From a contemporary photograph.

Cartier, Duguay-Trouin, Surcouf about him. Like his fellow-countryman, Porcon de la Babinais, he was ready to back his word with his life. Like Chateaubriand, another Malouin, he had a brilliant intellect. There were two brothers Lamennais, both in orders. The elder, who was Vicar-General of Saint-Brieuc, and who has been a little cast in the shade by his brother's literary fame, is still alive. He is a man of a most cultured mind and has devoted himself to educational questions. He founded the Institut des Frères de l'Instruction Chrétienne, and has written an important work on mutual instruction. The brother who has just died was before everything a disciple of Jean Jacques Rousseau. He owed his intellectual development entirely to himself. He felt himself born to be an apostle, and prepared himself from the very first with an exemplary patience. Once he had found his vocation, he shrank from none of the obligations which it brought with it. He believed, when he took up the cause, that France was to be, before everything, Catholic; but he did not understand by Catholicism a narrow sect closed to all modern ideas. Looking upon the Church as the guardian of truth, he supposed her to be free from the suggestions of personal interest. He believed her capable of a passion for liberty, and it was in that belief that he gathered around him all the finest spirits among our young men. His manor of La Chesnaie was at one time the centre of all lofty idealism.

He was miserable because the public refused to listen to him, and the contradictions in his own thought troubled him. It was painful to him that he could not bring them into accord with the development of French affairs. To me he seems an example of a very high order of genius, embittered by disillusion. As a priest he honestly believed that salvation lay, and must lie, in the Church, but he had seen the Church and its workings at close quarters, and been compelled to recognize with despair the impossibility of reconciliation. Then this champion of ecclesiastical authority turned to free thought and remained there.

In the newspaper obituary notices I find more blame than praise. Posterity will rectify the balance. Meanwhile, I have always believed in Lamennais, and for that reason I regret his loss.

* * *

February 28th.—This morning I attended his funeral. An impressive occasion. He had wished to have a pauper's hearse and a pauper's grave. Only two carriages followed the coffin : in the one, Carnot, Henri Martin, Montanelli ; in the other, Forgues, Barbet and myself. But the working men that followed were many and reverent.

CHAPTER IV

CRIMEAN WAR

1854

War inevitable—Loan of 250 millions—War declared—Saint-Arnaud; Lord Raglan—Bombardment of Odessa—Canards and calumnies—Varna; Silistria—The Emperor reviews the Baltic Fleet at Boulogne—Capture of Bomarsund—Landing in the Crimea—Battle of the Alma—Death of Saint-Arnaud—A letter from Barbès.

March 2nd.—There is no room left for doubt. The Emperor, in opening the Parliamentary session, has announced that France is going to Constantinople in alliance with her ancient rival, England. It was quite inevitable. If the negotiations with the Tsar do not issue in an agreement on the Turkish question—and this seems to me very unlikely—it will not be possible to stop at sending a fleet to the Levant. Assuredly Napoleon III. has not taken this course heedlessly. He knows that the country desires peace, and up to the last moment he will use all the means at his command to avoid a rupture.

* * *

March 7th.—The Government must use exceptional means to meet the expenses of the war, and a few days ago it presented to the Chamber a Bill to authorize a loan of 250 millions. The Emperor wished that the whole of France should share in it, and France, as usual, has responded to the appeal of the man of her choice. The loan has been subscribed several times over.

* * *

March 25th.—The loan has been marvellously suc-

cessful. Every stocking has contributed its mite of savings. France is contented with the *régime*, and associates herself with the words of the Imperial manifesto.

March 27th.—The die is cast. We are at war with Russia. The message of Queen Victoria to the English Parliament, and that of the Emperor to the Legislature and the Senate, have announced the momentous decision. The two allied Powers will protect Turkey against her dangerous neighbour, whose encroachments are a menace not only to Constantinople, but to the whole of Europe.

* * *

April 10th.—The treaty of alliance between France and England is signed. A treaty with the Sultan will be arranged in a day or two.

* * *

April 11th.—The Tsar has issued his declaration of war. To-day the Emperor introduced Lord Raglan, Commander-in-Chief of the English army, to Marshal de Saint-Arnaud, called to the supreme command of the French army. I had an opportunity of meeting Lord Raglan in London. He is a soldier of tried courage. He was not yet seventeen when he made his first acquaintance with war, in Portugal with Wellington, whose niece he afterwards married. He distinguished himself notably at Waterloo. Then he laid aside his sword to take up diplomacy, and discharged missions successively at Paris, Verona, Madrid, and St. Petersburg. The death of Wellington two years ago gave him the command of the English Artillery. There is no question of his energy, his untiring activity and his high military qualifications.

* * *

April 22nd.—Hostilities have begun in the Black Sea on the part of the French and English fleets. An English frigate was cruising off Odessa for the purpose of taking on board any French or English residents who wished to leave the town. The frigate and her boat

were flying the white flag. The Russians took no notice of the flag of truce, but fired seven cannon-shots at the frigate. The response was not long in coming. Twelve English and French frigates, commanded by Admirals Dundas and Hamelin, bombarded the military port of Odessa. The town and the trading port were not touched. The bombardment lasted several hours. Fifteen Russian ships were sunk or set on fire. The powder-magazine at Odessa blew up, and the naval establishments are destroyed.

* * *

Undated.—It rains false news. Calumny and ill-will abound. Saint-Arnaud is the chief victim. He is represented as an incapable blunderer. If the disseminators of scandal are to be believed, it was the Marshal who fomented the misunderstanding between Omer Pacha, who commands the Ottoman army, and Lord Raglan. They say—what is certainly not true—that he wants to be generalissimo of the whole campaign, and regards Lord Raglan and Omer Pacha as simply subordinates to carry out his plans. Nothing could be more contrary to the facts, but these reptiles of the Press are totally indifferent to the consequences of their poisonous machinations.

* * *

June 10th.—The two armies are carrying out their movement on Varna. There is no disagreement whatever between the Generals in command.

* * *

June 22nd.—The Russians are raising the siege of Silistria.

* * *

Undated.—The Turks have driven back the invaders. Nicholas is much cast down by the reverse. The defeat at Silistria, followed by that of Guergéva, has overwhelmed him. The Russians are evacuating the Danu-

bian Principalities. Peace would almost seem within sight. England, it appears, would like some further guarantee beyond these early successes.

I have lighted on a copy of *The Times* of June 15th. I read there that the Cabinet in London demands the destruction of Sebastopol and the annihilation of the Russian fleet. Napoleon III. does not agree with this.

* * *

July 28th.—A conference of the Generals has been held at Varna. Lord Raglan insisted on the invasion of the Russian province, and his view prevailed.

* * *

July 12th.—Napoleon III. has just reviewed at Boulogne the Baltic Expeditionary Force, commanded by Baraguey d'Hilliers.

* * *

July 19th.—The Emperor and Empress are about to snatch a few weeks of retirement at Biarritz. This watering-place, a few miles from Bayonne, is now, after long neglect, the favourite summer retreat of the two Sovereigns. In a place lately inhabited only by a few poor fisherfolk there have sprung up, as if under a magician's wand, magnificent hotels and luxurious villas. A marvellous transformation this little corner of the earth has seen. The view of the sea is nowhere finer than here. It was the Empress who discovered this spot, and to her it owes its embellishments.

* * *

August 15th.—The Emperor went to Bayonne to be present at the national religious festival in honour of the Sovereign, "la Saint-Napoléon," and was received ceremoniously by Bishop and clergy.

* * *

The news of the taking of Bomarsund has come. This is the Emperor's fête-day, and Paris has celebrated

it with the highest enthusiasm. The success of our arms in the Crimea redoubles the attachment of France to the Empire, which has restored its military prestige.

* * *

September 4th.—The French army is embarking for the Crimea. May God protect our arms! Cholera has made many a vacancy in our ranks. This frightful scourge has spared none. It has raged so terribly I positively shudder at the descriptions I hear of its ravages. Officers and men have been alike attacked, and have died by thousands.

* * *

September 14th.—The first landing-boats have touched the shore. To-morrow and the day after, 30,200 French, 7,000 Turks, and 27,000 English will bivouac at the mouth of the Alma. Mentchikoff has had the country fortified by adding defence-works to the natural entrenchments provided by the hills and the ravines which score the slopes. The Russians have only 39,000 men and 108 guns. We have 128.

* * *

September 21st.—A great victory! Paris is reading with delight Saint-Arnaud's despatch to the Emperor: "Sire, your Majesty's guns have spoken! . . . We have gained a complete victory. It is a glorious day, Sire, to add to the military annals of France, and your Majesty will have one more victorious name to place upon the banners of the French Army—the name of the Battle of the Alma."

* * *

September 27th.—A piece of sorrowful intelligence strikes across our rejoicings at the victory of the Alma. Saint-Arnaud is dead. The disease which threatened him has shown no mercy, and has cut him off at the age of fifty-six. I have already described his career. The Emperor had found in him one of his most valuable

supporters. His share in the work of Louis Napoléon entitled him to be regarded as one of the founders of the Empire. He will be regretted by all who could appreciate his great merits. The Emperor was prepared for this loss. He had foreseen the death of the Marshal, whose impaired health offered little chance of recovery, and he had sent privately to Canrobert his brevet as Commander-in-Chief.

* * *

September 30th.—The Emperor never allows himself more than a few days' rest. This morning he was at Boulogne-sur-Mer, addressing the troops.

A camp had been formed on the north coast, where a large part of the home army was stationed for convenience in case of joint embarkation with English troops.

* * *

Undated.—The newspapers publish a letter of the Emperor's to the Minister of the Interior, which proves that Napoleon III. has an amnesty much at heart. It will convince misguided persons that the very people who persuade them to misunderstand the wishes of the Nation are in fact themselves merely spreading calumny, while the true friends of the country set patriotism above party feeling, and, when the time comes, can understand the part that France has to play. Here is the Emperor's letter :

“MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE,

“The following extract from a letter of Barbès has been shown to me. A prisoner who, in spite of prolonged punishment, retains sentiments so patriotic cannot, under my reign, remain in prison. Will you therefore kindly set him at liberty at once and unconditionally.

“NAPOLÉON.”

Barbès is under detention at Belle-Isle. He had written to a friend :

“I am very glad to know that you hold the opinions you express. If you are tainted with Chauvinism because

you do not pray for the Russians, I am still more of a Chauvinist, for I desire victory for the French. Yes, yes, let them beat the Cossacks, and that will be so much won for civilization and the world. Like you, I could have wished that we had not had a war, but once the sword is drawn, it must not be sheathed ingloriously."

I have never admired Barbès. He is a visionary who runs about the streets with a blazing torch in his hand and will not be content till everything about him is in flames. I doubt if he will be any wiser when he comes out of prison, and I am afraid he will soon have to be treated like any other madman who cannot be trusted with his liberty. Still, I cannot but think the Emperor was right to pardon him.

* * *

December 26th.—This insatiable War devours not only men, but money. The 250 millions generously supplied to the Treasury by the loan are not enough. They are all spent. Fresh sacrifices are called for. Therefore the Emperor has summoned an Extraordinary Sitting of the Legislature, and opened the Session with a speech in which he enlarged on the successes of the allied armies, the advantages of the *entente* with England, and the prospect of further alliances suggested by Austria's defection from Russia. He went on to say that, while asking for authority to float a fresh loan, he was resolved that the War expenses should be met entirely from the loan, and that there would be no deficit in the ordinary budget. Trade was generally good, and new outlets for industry were being opened up to make good the inevitable rise in the price of food.

CHAPTER V

CRIMEAN WAR

1855

The New Year : East and West—The Imperial Guard ordered to the Crimea—Suicide of Gérard de Nerval—A remarkable prediction—Death of Nicholas I.—The new Tsar—A letter from the front—The Emperor and Empress in England—Reception at Windsor—The Crystal Palace—L'Exposition Universelle—Pianori attempts the Emperor's life; account by an eye-witness—Pélissier, new Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea—Queen Victoria visits Paris—Another attempt on the Emperor's life—*Te Deum* at Notre Dame in celebration of the taking of Sebastopol—Pélissier : Algeria ; the Kantara ; plain speaking—Closing of the Exposition ; imposing ceremony.

January 1st.—The coming year presents a twofold aspect. Yonder, in the East, our arms still uphold gloriously the honour of France. All eyes are turned from afar upon our gallant soldiers who are shedding their blood for a just and worthy cause. At home, in France, we are preparing for the Exposition Universelle, which is to illustrate the peaceful evolution of civilization. Thus there is graven on the minds of the Nations sympathy, and, at the same time, gratitude for our efforts. They do us the justice to recognize that we can make great sacrifices in order to sustain the struggle to which international justice has compelled us, and at the same time to invite the Nations in friendly fashion to another and a calmer rivalry on the field of labour, industrial activity, and progress. Greeting and good luck to the year which is to be so occupied !

* * *

January 9th.—Detachments of the Imperial Guard are

gazetted to join the army in the East. The Emperor reviewed them in the courtyard of the Tuileries, and afterwards addressed the soldiers.

* * *

January 25th.—I have this moment heard of the suicide of Gérard de Nerval. He was found hanging from an iron railing in the Rue de la Vieille Lanterne. Was it really suicide? As to that, several stories are going the rounds. Some say it was a case of personal revenge, others a murder by footpads. The authorities have instituted an inquiry, but it is doubtful if the truth will ever be brought thoroughly to light. Poor Gérard, who never harmed a soul, had, they say, enemies. . . . It is difficult to believe it. He was such an affectionate creature. Those who knew him merely by sight had the kindest feeling toward him. He lived only for poetry, art and literature, and desired nothing but affection. He was a born dreamer, careless, happy, when he had the chance, incapable of hurting a fly. His whole happiness consisted in the society of men of intellect. His master passion was for the beautiful. He adored it; he made a cult of it in true Romantic fashion; he was in love with the ideal. His travels in Germany, Italy and Greece had given him the opportunity of seeing marvellous landscapes, and had furnished him with recollections which haunted his dreams. His plays—sometimes in collaboration with Dumas, sometimes with Méry—his novels, several of which will live after him, his newspaper articles, with their exquisite writing and delicately polished style, opened the door of fame to him, but not of fortune. I know that he was poor, no doubt through his heedlessness, and it is not impossible that he may have put an end to his life in financial desperation. For some time he had been betraying symptoms of hallucinations. Insanity was threatening him, if it had not already seized him. He was one of those whom the gods never leave long on the earth, and whom they summon home in the flower of manhood. He has died at the age of forty-seven. He

will be regretted, for I believe that posterity will remember him. He will be buried at the public expense.

* * *

Undated.—Yesterday, at a meeting of friends, we were again discussing events in the Crimea—there is no other subject of conversation at present. The Comtesse Stéphanie de Tascher de la Pagerie related this curious circumstance. It happened last year at the Tuileries, where the Empress was entertaining some privileged friends. After dinner there was an exhibition of hypnotism. The hypnotist proposed to send one of the company into the hypnotic sleep. Lots were drawn, and the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne was chosen. He was put to sleep, and questions were asked of him, which he answered.

“What do you see on the horizon?”

“Armies meeting in battle with great bloodshed. Look, there is the Officer in command. He is pale.”

The Emperor, much disturbed, came forward and put questions.

“Will he return?”

“No.”

“Will he be wounded?”

“No.”

“Killed?”

“No—neither; but he will die. I see him distinctly. He is on horseback; his face shows traces of suffering. No human power will save him from that disease.”

The prediction came true.

* * *

March 2nd.—The newspapers publish this despatch: “The Emperor Nicholas is dead.”

The news reached M. Billault, who at once communicated it to Napoleon III., who was at the moment at the camp at Boulogne. The Tsar was struck down as an oak falls riven by a thunderbolt. Nobody had the slightest expectation of such an event. The imposing stature of Nicholas I. and his robust constitution

offered no suggestion of so sudden an end. I had seen him in St. Petersburg. He was like a man carved in granite. I can still see his strongly marked features and his superb flashing eyes. His glance reflected his thought. You knew at once that you were in the presence of an iron will which would crush every obstacle. He was known to be the declared enemy of all new ideas, all new-fangled aspirations. His people submitted to his prestige. His Army adored him. He was its generalissimo ; it was he who drew up its plan of campaign. Therefore he deeply felt its reverses. The defeats of the Alma and Inkerman struck him to the heart.

I am told that he succumbed to an affection of the lungs which had threatened him for some time. His death had been predicted two years ago by spiritualism. Some Russian ladies told me the circumstance. At a spiritualistic séance somebody had indiscreetly asked of the turning table how long the Tsar would live—this was in 1853—and the answer was two knocks.

Another prophecy fulfilled ! Must we begin to believe in occultism ?

* * *

Same date.—In Russia, Alexander II. succeeds to Nicholas I. The new Tsar on mounting the throne of Peter the Great said : “ May that Providence who has called us to this high mission, grant that, guided and protected by it, we may be enabled to raise and confirm Russia in the highest degree of power and glory ; that through us may be accomplished the desires and purposes of our illustrious predecessors, Peter, Catherine, Alexander the Beloved, and our august father of imperishable memory.”

To these declarations I add only one wish more : “ May Providence grant that under the new reign Russia may enter upon a new course, and that the new Tsar may set free the serfs ! ”

* * *

March (no day of the month).—I have had an account

of the War given me to read. It is a letter written to a friend by an eye-witness the day after the attack on the Malakoff by the Russians, who failed to carry it. Here is a striking extract :

"The siege-works have just taken another new development. The attack on the fortification of the Malakoff had been decided upon ; that decision had involved the construction on our right of fortified trenches as numerous as those on our left. The approach to these trenches is something very marvellous. Picture a stupendous ravine buried between precipices up which you climb by steep stairs to the rugged ground above, crowned by our men and guns. I have been in the ravine at all hours of the day and night, and each time I have been moved to a new astonishment. One night, especially, I saw the place under an aspect of majesty so wild and unearthly it seemed a scene set for poet or painter. Above my head, between the frowning walls of the abyss through the depths of which I was walking, I saw a gloomy sky. A moon, like some veiled and terrible divinity, was dimly visible through a cloud of a transparent blackness like a veil of crape. That nothing might be lacking to the gloomy desolation of the scene, some night-birds flapped their wings against the splintered flanks of the precipices. Out of the depths of this Tartarus, I saw something approaching me. It was a handcart bearing a dead body. After a few minutes' walk through this valley of mourning, the climbing path is reached which leads to our fortifications. On this path, in a chamber hollowed out of the rock, the officer in command of the trenches was living. When the fire from the fort was hot, splinters of shells fell about the threshold of this anchorite's cell.

"Bullets, indeed, had become commoner than stones in the ravines of Sebastopol—these ravines, which, by some strange law of what I am tempted to call a poetic providence, were in such striking harmony with all that was passing within them. It was more particularly behind our batteries that these ravines became choked with projectiles. Of the hurtling masses of iron dis-

charged from the position, a part would plunge into these deep gorges, where we had perforce to go up and down continually. Sometimes, when men were following the paths at the bottom of the rocky valleys at night, the shells gave a welcome light.

"The radius to which our activities were limited, rigidly fixed as it really was, yet at certain times seemed illuminated and extended by brilliant and sudden spectacular effects. One evening—I do not remember at what time, but it was just at the moment of the blasting operations with gunpowder, by means of which the trenches were opened, the *tunnels*, as the men appropriately called them—we might have supposed ourselves transported into such a scene as those beheld by the sublime seers of Sacred Scripture. The explosions of our mines, our guns in action, the firing from the town setting all the cannon thundering, produced a man-made hurricane as terrible as the storms of heaven. The earth trembled with the incessant detonations, and the whole landscape—that landscape without tree or house, that visible kingdom of destruction—was pierced through all its vast spaces by lightnings at which the horses reared and fled, mad with terror.

"I am not as a rule apt to be impressed by the grandeur of natural objects. The light of an ardent soul aglow in features lit by some lofty emotion strikes me more powerfully than the glare of a conflagration on the marble walls of a palace. It seems to me that it is not easy for inanimate objects, even the most stupendous, to attain to the level to which man is raised by even the least of his thoughts. And yet I cannot but admit that, on that evening, fire and powder seemed to me to deserve profoundest homage from mankind. They had the grandeur of living beings, nay, rather of supernatural beings, for they revealed themselves invested with that terrible splendour which, in biblical times, surrounded the angel-ministers of the wrath of God."

* * *

April 3rd.—There was a moment's talk of the Emperor's starting for the Crimea. Napoleon III. would

prefer, like Napoleon I., to be with his Army and share its perils. It was his opinion that the presence of the Sovereign on the theatre of war would cement the understanding between the Allies. There had been a hint of friction between Lord Raglan and Saint-Arnaud, which might arise again with Canrobert. The Emperor, by taking over the supreme command himself, would have put an end to such possibilities. His mind was made up; but the Empress set her face against it. She was apprehensive, and her fears were encouraged, I hear, by a fortune-teller, whose cards she secretly consulted. She brought her influence to bear on the Cabinet, and the Ministers represented to the Emperor that his departure was undesirable. Might not the absence of the Head of the State mean a fresh outburst of audacity among the mischief-makers? Besides, the death of Nicholas I. promised a speedy conclusion of peace. The Emperor allowed himself to be over-persuaded. He did not go to the Crimea; he went to England instead.

* * *

April 16th.—The Emperor and Empress left yesterday for Boulogne, whence they crossed to England. Queen Victoria received them at Windsor, surrounded by her children. The English gave Napoleon III. an enthusiastic welcome. It is the prelude to an alliance, not only of governments, but of hearts.

I happen to know that this journey has made a great impression on the Emperor. It has awakened many memories, and brought the past vividly before him. And it has shown him the truth of what I said to him in London itself twenty years ago: "Trust your star." Here we are, in Dumas's phrase, "Twenty Years After," and the star is more brilliant than ever.

An English newspaper gives this detailed account of the journey: "Their Majesties arrived at Calais¹ on the fifteenth at a quarter to nine in the evening, and spent the night there. The next morning the authorities, who

¹ Has the English newspaper made a blunder, or is the Baron d'Ambès mistaken? The first says Calais, the second Boulogne.



MARRIAGE OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III. AND THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

were on the alert, had all arrangements completed in good time before the hour of starting. The English Admiralty cutter *Vivid* arrived from Dover with Vice-Admiral Evan and Sir Robert Peel on board. Admiral de Chabannes received them, and the packets were soon ready to set out. The Emperor and the Empress travelled on board the *Pelican*, preceded by the steamship *Queen*, specially chartered to convey a deputation sent by the Paris Municipal Council to the City Corporation. Their Majesties were saluted as they left the harbour by the guns of the French warships stationed at Calais for the Imperial reception, and the *Pelican* left the shores of France amid much smoke and shouting of 'Vive l'Empereur ! Vive l'Impératrice !' The crossing would have been very agreeable had not a thick fog come up, which, however, caused no accident. Guided by her pilot, the *Pelican* entered Dover harbour under the anxious eyes of many spectators, who had been alarmed by the delay. At the moment of arrival the band played 'Partant pour la Syrie.' The Emperor and Prince Albert, who met him at Dover, greeted each other ; the troops presented arms, and the crowd welcomed the exalted visitors with hearty cheers. As soon as the formal courtesies were over, Prince Albert and his illustrious visitors withdrew to the Lord Warden Hotel, where a suite of rooms, magnificently decorated for the occasion, had been prepared. Everywhere on the way from the harbour to the hotel, people from the town and neighbourhood cheered enthusiastically.

"Later, after luncheon, and various presentations, including that of the Mayor and Corporation of Dover, His Royal Highness Prince Albert escorted their Majesties to the railway station, which is close to the hotel. The decorations of the station with pennons and flags of all colours, the troops of the line forming a guard of honour, the cheering crowd, provided a spectacle which greatly impressed their Majesties. The Emperor and Empress, Prince Albert, Lord A. Paget, General Grey, and Colonel Seymour took their places in the Royal train. The Countess Walewski, wife of the French

Ambassador, and the ladies of the Empress's suite occupied the second carriage. All along the way the most delightful surprises had been arranged, and the whole journey from Dover to London was a continuous ovation. At the Bricklayers' Arms Station in London the eyes of the visitors were charmed by the incredible masses of flowers, which perfumed the air and gave to the railway platforms the appearance of a magnificent *jardin anglais*. As the train entered the station the band played 'Partant pour la Syrie,' while the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, the Manager of the Railway Company and the various officials approached to meet the distinguished guests.

"Six open carriages were in waiting to receive their Majesties and their numerous suite. Prince Albert handed the Empress into the first of these, and took his place with his back to the horses, leaving the seat opposite for the Emperor and Empress. The enthusiasm of the crowd was beyond all bounds, but the line of carriages passed in perfect order through the midst of more than a million people, including the most distinguished of the London aristocracy, who all with one voice acclaimed their Majesties, thanking them for their presence and giving them welcome. The cortège, followed by an immense crowd, passed by Charing Cross, Cockspur Street, Pall Mall, St. James's Street, Piccadilly, Hyde Park, all the way through the midst of cheering crowds.

* * *

"The reception at Windsor was most brilliant. The arrival of the French Sovereigns was again greeted with cheers. The Queen, with the Royal family, received the illustrious visitors. Taking the Emperor's arm, while Prince Albert offered his to the Empress, the Queen led the way into the Throne Room, where the presentations were made. These over, the Emperor and Empress retired to their own apartments. In the evening Her Majesty held a State Dinner, at which there were present the Emperor and Empress, the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Cambridge, and the personages of highest rank among the guests and at home. Immediately upon the

entrance of the distinguished company the band of the Grenadier Guards played the famous air, 'Partant pour la Syrie,' followed during dinner by the favourite airs of the Emperor and Empress."

* * *

Tuesday Morning.—From this time onwards there was a continual round of festivities. While the ceremonies in connection with the presentation of addresses were being held, the Queen and Prince Albert saw the troops being paraded for review in the magnificent park at Windsor. Impossible to describe the enthusiasm of the soldiers and of the crowd assembled in the roads, it is enough to say that from the moment their Majesties arrived at Dover till they returned again to France England was *en fête*.

* * *

The day after the review the Queen held a meeting of the Knights of the Garter at three o'clock, in order to install the Emperor as a member of the Order.

* * *

On Friday the Emperor and Empress, with the Queen and Prince Albert, drove in an open carriage to Sydenham to visit the Crystal Palace. The weather was perfect. Their Majesties passed by way of the galleries to the Queen's private apartments, where luncheon was served. The inner doors of the Palace were then opened and admission was given to season-ticket holders, subscribers, and such visitors as had paid £1 for this single occasion. The crowd poured into the Palace in every direction and extended through the whole length of the Grand Gallery in a dense mass, which the police had some difficulty in regulating.

* * *

April 22nd.—The Emperor and Empress are on their way back to Paris. The Queen of England has promised to return the visit. She will come for the Exposition.

* * *

April 28th.—This evening a wretched miscreant fired two pistol-shots at the Emperor, but without hitting him. It was at five o'clock, when the Emperor was riding in the Champs-Élysées near the Château des Fleurs. The assassin was arrested. He is an Italian called Pianori—no doubt a member of that *camorra* which has vowed hatred to the death against the man who devoted himself so generously to the cause of Italy. I have already described more than once what the two sons of Queen Hortense did at that time.

* * *

May 2nd.—To-day I dined at the Princesse Mathilde's. There was some talk of Pianori, who has been condemned to death. Edgar Ney described how the affair happened ; he was with the Emperor. A man came towards them, apparently an ordinary pedestrian, his looks perfectly calm and inoffensive. He had his hand in his pocket, and all at once he drew it out. The Emperor thought he had some petition to present, and was reaching out his hand to take it, when he found himself covered by the muzzle of a pistol, which was instantly fired. He was not touched.

He gave a slight contemptuous shrug of the shoulders, and Ney turned to ride down the assassin, who again took aim and fired. The bullet struck a tree. Just then a police-agent who had heard the first shot ran up to seize the criminal, but a passing vehicle got in his way, so that the would-be-assassin had time to fire his second shot. After his arrest, the Italian did not deny that the attack had been premeditated. If the Emperor had been alone, or if Ney had not thrown himself in front of him, there would probably have been a tragedy. There is no doubt that the outrage had been planned abroad. Political disaffection in Italy, possibly in league with disloyalty in France, is still armed. There is a danger of such attempts being repeated. The police are on the alert, but the bold criminal sometimes succeeds in escaping the utmost vigilance. Some one repeated to me what the Emperor said after the event : " I have not the slightest fear of the

attacks of assassins. There are lives which exist simply as instruments of the decrees of God. As long as my task is unfinished, I have no danger to fear." That divine mission is not concerned merely with public policy either at home or abroad ; it touches equally social evolution.

* * *

May 15th.—The Exposition Universelle was opened to-day, by the inauguration of the Palais de l'Industrie. The Presidency of the Imperial Commission charged with the general arrangements for the opening had been entrusted by the Emperor himself to Prince Napoleon.

* * *

May 20th.—Canrobert has resigned the command of the army in the Crimea. He gives as his reason the unsatisfactory state of his health, but the true cause is that he cannot get on with the English Commander-in-Chief. His letter to the Emperor makes this quite evident.

The letter in question speaks of lack of co-operation on the part of the English, and asks that the chief command may be given to General Péliissier, and that the writer may remain in the army in some less responsible position. Péliissier was appointed, and Canrobert took over his command. Péliissier has celebrated his promotion by two successes, the taking of the Mamelon Vert and of the Carenage. These two important positions have fallen into the hands of our army, while the English have made themselves masters of the Quarries.

* * *

August 18th.—The Queen of England arrived in Paris by the Strasbourg Station. The Gare du Nord was at first decided upon, even as early as last year, but the approaches present an appearance most unworthy of distinguished visitors. Everywhere there are unfinished buildings, disorderly heaps of building materials, dust, rubbish. It would have been impossible to permit the Queen to enter Paris through such a labyrinth of refuse.

To obviate this inconvenience, the railway of the Est has been connected with the Nord after passing the fortifications. The Boulevard de Strasbourg is finished, and will be decorated in a manner worthy of the august beholders.

* * *

August 20th.—A great blow has been struck in the Crimea. The Russians have been driven from the Plateau which they were occupying.

* * *

The Queen of England went straight to Saint-Cloud by the Great Boulevards. The population of Paris and the outskirts had gathered in crowds at an early hour over the whole length of the route from the Station to the Bois de Boulogne and beyond. The infantry of the line and the National Guard lined the route. Evening approached and it began to grow dark, but, thanks to the illuminations, it was still possible to see the decorations on houses and public buildings. Everywhere English and French flags were draped together, with appropriate emblems and inscriptions. Every balcony bore the gracious word "Welcome!" Between the Rue de Richelieu and the Boulevard des Italiens a great triumphal arch rose to the height of the fourth-story windows. The general effect was magical. In the interior of the arch a magnificent effect was produced by draperies of purple, embroidered, besprinkled with golden bees. On the summit of the arch, eagles with outstretched wings held in their talons scutcheons bearing the combined monograms of the Emperor, Empress, and Queen. On the Boulevard in front of the Opéra stood a pedestal draped with flags, on which was placed an allegorical statue. Behind the Opéra-Comique an obelisk had been erected representing the Palais de l'Industrie. In front of the Madeleine two other statues symbolize France and England. The reception at Saint-Cloud recalled that of the Emperor at Windsor.

* * *

August 24th.—Gala performance at the Opéra-Comique in honour of the Queen of England. A perfect flower-garden of beauty, English and French. I was present, and never saw so many lovely shoulders.

* * *

August 25th.—Fête at Versailles. Fireworks representing Windsor Castle. More than a hundred thousand spectators on the marble steps. A wonderful sight!

* * *

August 27th.—The Queen of England has left Paris. Smith, whom I met by chance in the thick of the crowd, enthusiastically shook me by the hand, saying: "If Napoleon I. were to come to life he would be amazed at what these days have seen. Paris and Albion making friends! What a dream!"

* * *

September 10th.—The assassins persevere. Daggers are sharpened in the dark and pistols are pointed at the Emperor. To-day, as he was leaving his carriage to enter the Théâtre Italien, a criminal, no doubt a madman, fired two shots at him without hitting him. The man's name is Delmare, possibly an accomplice of the man Pianori who was executed on May 15th, at the time of the opening of the Exposition Universelle.

* * *

September 13th.—A thanksgiving service at Notre Dame for the taking of Sebastopol. The *Te Deum* was magnificent. This evening the Opéra Comique is giving a free performance. They are giving the *Victoire* cantata specially composed for the occasion by Adolphe Adam.

* * *

Undated. Pélissier.—This is a convenient place for a portrait. I can give it the more accurately that I have known him well, both as man and soldier, for a long time.

He was twenty when he entered the Artillery School of La Flèche in 1814. The following year he was admitted to Saint-Cyr, which he left as sub-lieutenant of Artillery. He was gazetted to the 57th of the line, which took no part in the events of the Hundred Days. The return of Louis XVIII. deprived him of active duty; a short time after he was put on the general staff. From 1819 to 1823 he was a lieutenant in the Hussars de la Meurthe. He went through the Spanish campaign, and won the Cross. In 1828 he accompanied General Durrieu to Greece, which brought him fresh decorations. In 1830 Bourmont took him with him to Algeria, where he distinguished himself. Recalled to France, he was made an Officer of the Legion of Honour. He returned to Algeria in 1839 and remained there for fourteen years. It was during that time, in 1845, when commanding a regiment on an expedition to Dakra, that he shut up a thousand Arabs in a cave. The incident has been often described, but I know the actual facts. Dakra is a vast plain diversified by frowning elevations, at the foot of which vegetation is abundant, especially vines and cereals. The inhabitants are a diligent and fairly prosperous people. Two of these heights are connected by nature by means of a great rock in which there is a crevasse of great depth, called the Kantara. It forms a famous cave, into which the tributary Arabs under the Ottoman Government sometimes retreat to escape the exactions of the Sultans. The Kantara has on one side two entrances one above the other, on the other side a narrow opening. Colonel Péliissier pitched the camp of his column not far off. The Arabs received the French with a sustained fusillade, which was replied to by a discharge of shell. Péliissier's men were ordered to gather faggots and make up bundles of straw. The Colonel had conceived the idea of stifling the enemy with smoke or burning them alive. This was carried out and the fire was kept up till nightfall. This happened on June 18th, 1845. Next morning the Arabs came out of the cave to hold a parley. They were brought into the camp, where they saw combustible materials heaped up and soldiers waiting, match in hand,

to set them alight. Pélissier dictated terms to them, which they considered too hard. They returned to their refuge, declaring that they preferred to die with their wives and children. The fire was relit. It burned the whole of the day and far into the night. The cries of the Arabs were frightful, and the troops had orders to give no quarter. A column of flame rose, raging and terrible, from the cave. On the morning of the 20th no voice was to be heard, and nothing was visible but a glowing mass. It was decided to examine the interior of the cave when the fire had burnt itself out. The scene was beyond description. Horses and camels, seized with madness, had, in their efforts to escape, trodden and mangled whatever came in their way. Men and women were lying in heaps, suffocated; some were burnt to a cinder. The men had to climb over corpses to make a way for themselves. They found more than a thousand. Some of the wretched creatures still breathed. At the back of the cave, bodies were found pressed hard, standing upright as they were, against the rifts, in the effort to avoid suffocation. There were some sixty Arabs still alive, but when they were brought into the open air they expired immediately. Others had been crushed under masses of rock detached by the heat. Many grasped yataghans in their hands; and many bore signs of terrible wounds which they had inflicted upon one another in their vain efforts to escape.

The newspapers blamed Pélissier; but Bugeaud, then Governor-General of Algeria, took his part, declaring that the death of the Arabs was due to the fanaticism of some of their own number. The yataghan wounds showed clearly that there had been a sanguinary conflict. A number had wished to come out and submit to the conqueror, but they had not been allowed to. The loss of life was due to these fanatics. That explanation did not satisfy persons of sensibility, and Pélissier remained, in the eyes of many, a type of the appalling, but often unavoidable, cruelties of war.

In 1848 Pélissier was made a General of Brigade and in 1850 a General of Division. Three times he acted as

interim Governor-General in Algeria, and twice he was wounded in encounters with the enemy. His most brilliant exploit was the taking of Laghouat by assault. With a handful of men he took possession of the position, and was able to address to the Emperor this despatch, which bespeaks the remorseless man of war: "Our infantry has massacred the defenders of the place to the last man; the cavalry sabred all who attempted to flee. Not one of these fanatics has escaped us. I do not know what has become of the Shereef, but he will be found." He was found—among the dead.

Pélissier is a soldier of the school of Bugeaud, a great hero with the men, because of his courage and energy, which fear nothing and dare everything, but not popular with his officers, whom he treats with an almost brutal severity. He has occasionally met his match with natures as hard as his own.

One day one of his aides-de-camp, whom he had bullied beyond endurance, said to him boldly:

"I do my duty, and I allow nobody to pick quarrels with me. You, or any other general, if you treat me with injustice, I shall break your head."

This tone suited him, and from that moment they were the greatest of friends.

"He's a damned fine fellow," said Pélissier. "We get on excellently together."

Such he is as man and soldier; the two must be taken together. For him an enemy is simply an obstacle to be got out of the way, and he crushes him, and enjoys doing it, without shrinking from the necessary methods. His maxim is that in war you must not think, but act.

* * *

October.—The taking of Sebastopol could not be the last act of the War. It was necessary to prevent the Russians from threatening the Levant. Accordingly, the Allies did not rest on their laurels. On September 24th a new expedition set out for the Sea of Azof, and took possession of several important positions. The French and English squadrons were to meet before Odessa and

to proceed to Kinburn, stoutly defended by General Kokonowitch. The position yielded to the bombardment. This success was in great part owing to the use of floating batteries—an invention of the Emperor's.

* * *

November 15th.—Close of the Exposition Universelle. The great international fête now ending will leave a record in every memory. The results that have been attained by this appeal to the whole civilized world have been extraordinary. This peaceful Congress of Civilization has shown that, notwithstanding certain military ambitions which still survive, humanity is steadily moving towards a unity of purpose far beyond what might have been hoped, and tending only to progress.

* * *

The whole of France, in the persons of her most distinguished representatives, was present at the closing ceremony. I saw there all who by rank or intellect stand high in the country's estimation—legislators, statesmen, magistrates, men notable in commerce and manufacture, in science, in literature and art, and many working men who wished to express by their presence the confidence of the people. The Emperor, who was enthusiastically received, was delighted. I could read in his face what was passing in his mind. I could easily see, while he was speaking, that the thoughts he had so often expressed to me were being confirmed in his mind. Yes, although he was forced to permit the shedding of brave blood upon the field of battle, he is as truly the arbiter of peace among Nations as the sword-bearer in defence of Europe against those who would have sown mischief. He waged war only to secure peace. As he said to me, he was forging arms for the latter as well as for the former. Shortsighted persons cannot understand that a Sovereign who holds the world's destinies in his hands must accept this twofold task, which circumstances show to be not, after all, contradictory. But those whose judgment is just and sane approve without reserve. It was not only

those present who hung upon the Emperor's words in the midst of the general emotion, but all Nations—and I can easily account for its being so—who gave their sanction to the action of Napoleon III. in the midst of events so perplexing and entangled.

I saw in the eyes of the English present the gleam of hope for a definite alliance. It was an historic day. It will mark an important epoch.

* * *

December 29th.—The troops of the Imperial Guard and of the line have this day returned from the Crimea. The Emperor met and addressed them in the Place de la Bastille.

CHAPTER VI

APOGEE OF THE EMPIRE

1856

"The master of the hour"—An apophthegm of Goethe—The Emperor, accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge, reviews the troops—Birth of an Heir—The cannon of the Invalides; an untoward slip—The Pope's dilemma—Congratulations—Peace with Russia signed—Disastrous floods in the South—Baptism of the Prince Imperial; scene in Notre Dame—"The Golden Rose"—Leverrier and a new star—Peace abroad and prosperity at home; the glass at "set fair."

January 10th.—The year has dawned in splendour; the fortunes of the Empire have attained their apogee. Fate smiles upon it. It is, to use the Arab phrase, "the master of the hour." This war in the Crimea, which has ended so successfully for our arms, has added to the Imperial crown the glittering jewel of glory. Paris is now the pharos of the world. All hopes converge on her. There is but one word on every lip: Peace. And all repeat that the Emperor has kept the promise made at Bordeaux before his accession. Peace! He has always desired it, he desires it still, let the brawlers who misrepresent thoughts as well as facts say what they will. Peace is not the inactivity of a log. When she is attacked, she knows how to defend herself, to make herself the mistress of any who would imperil her. Public policy has duties which must not be sacrificed. The Emperor has accomplished these duties with firmness. Who says otherwise? A few madmen always eager for misrepresentation, who, if they held the reins of government, would drive it to destruction. News-

papers hostile to the Empire and to the Emperor hope to bring about a change of opinion. They only strengthen the general loyalty to the established government. I am continually brought back to Goethe's apophthegm—"Wasps attack only good fruit."

* * *

January 15th.—The Emperor, accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge, reviewed, in the court of the Tuileries and in the Place du Carrousel, the troops returned from the Crimea. All who took part in the War received the commemorative medal presented by the Queen of England. The Generals and superior officers received other decorations. The Emperor has promoted to the Legion of Honour various officers and even privates of the English Army who have been through the campaign. The Queen of England is going to create a special order of merit to reward these heroes.

* * *

March 16th.—It is four o'clock in the morning. I am suddenly awakened by the firing of cannon from Les Invalides. I count the guns. A son! The Emperor has an heir! I am as happy as he must be himself. Since yesterday evening the news has been anxiously awaited. I am going out to hear how the people are taking it. . . .

General enthusiasm. Large crowds. Numbers of interested people gathered at the approaches to the Tuileries. I see the orderly officers hurrying past, carrying the good news to the Luxembourg, the Palais-Bourbon, and the Hôtel-de-Ville.

Everybody is in great spirits; every face beaming. At last the prayers of France are answered. Twice our hopes have been disappointed, and there was always the fear lest it might be so again. And even if the expected child was born, there was still the question, Would it be a boy? A girl? A girl would have upset all dynastic calculations, for the Constitution has provided for the maintenance of the Salic Law. A girl would

have reawakened the hopes of King Jérôme. Our prayer was for a boy, and the prayer is answered.

I have been, like everybody else, to see the *layette* exhibited in the Rue Vivienne. I had an opportunity of seeing at the house of Froment-Meurice the cradle presented by the City of Paris. It is a reproduction of the traditional ship which forms part of the arms of the City, with a statue of solid silver at the stern, symbolizing the Capital, and above the ship a silver crown. At the foot of the statue are two marine deities looking towards the interior of the cradle in an attitude of protection, and at each corner are sirens. At the prow there is a golden shield with the device, *Fluctuat nec mergitur*. Below the shield is a golden eagle with outspread wings, and on each side of the hull of the ship, which is of rose-wood inlaid with silver, are medallions of blue enamel representing Prudence, Force, Vigilance, and Justice. The inside of the cradle is lined with blue satin, and the curtains, cushions, pillow, and coverlet trimmed with costly lace.

The widow of Admiral Bruat has been appointed *gouvernante des Enfants de France* (governess to the children of France); the widows of General Bizot and Colonel de Brancion, both killed before Sebastopol, are to be *sous-gouvernantes*. The nurse of the Prince Imperial is an Englishwoman, Mrs. Shaw.

I have heard an amusing story. The Pope has accepted the position of godfather, with the Queen of Sweden for godmother. The Holy Father wished to give another *layette* as his present, but the Vatican found itself in a dilemma. What are the component parts of a *layette*? Neither Pius IX. nor any of his Cardinals knew anything about it. A member of the Sacred College went to a baby-linen shop to inquire, but got no satisfaction. Fortunately he had a married sister who came to the rescue.

The Prince Imperial is to be named Napoléon Eugène Louis Jean Joseph, the last two names being those of his godfather and godmother.

I hear that while the crowd was waiting impatiently on the Place du Carrousel, all at once two lights appeared at one of the windows of the Palace. It was the signal agreed upon to indicate that a Prince was born. A salute of a hundred and one guns confirmed the announcement. But there was one terrible moment! At the twenty-first gun the firing stopped. Twenty-one guns meant a girl. What had gone wrong? Nothing dreadful. A veteran with a wooden leg, told off to fire the gun, had slipped and fallen. Hence a slight delay! The bad moment was soon over.

* * *

March 18th.—The Corps Diplomatique has offered congratulations to the Emperor, who has also received the Senate, the Corps Législatif, and the Conseil d'Etat. The poets have linked the chords of the lyre to the general voice. Théophile Gautier has greeted the Heir-Apparent to the Imperial Throne in moving strains, and so also has Camille Doucet.

* * *

March 20th.—It is the Emperor's will that this day of joy for him should be for all a day of peace and happiness. He has given leave to all proscribed persons to return to France on the one condition that they submit to the Government and make a declaration of loyalty. Moreover, he and the Empress take under their protection all children born in wedlock in France on the same day as the Prince Imperial. There are some 4,000.

* * *

March 30th.—The treaty of peace has been signed by the plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Paris. At the request of the Empress the signatures were written with a pen made from a feather taken from an eagle in the Jardin des Plantes. The pen, which was decorated with emblems by the Crown jeweller, has been presented to the Empress.

* * *

April.—The floods in the South have caused terrible

disasters. The Emperor has gone to the scene, and has personally distributed relief, in addition to the million francs (£40,000) collected in England.

* * *

June 14th.—The baptism of the Prince Imperial has just taken place. I was present at the ceremony in Notre Dame. An immense crowd, acclamations, dazzling uniforms. I took careful note of the details; however, they are given in the newspapers, and I have only to copy them:

“The centre of the church at the crossing was surrounded by ranges of seats rising in steps, interrupted only by passages leading from the nave and to the altar. Above this central space was an immense canopy depending from a great gold crown and lined with a material resembling ermine, and looped back to the four columns of the transepts. The floor was covered with a magnificent carpet. On the right, the tiers of the staging and the tribunes beside them in the spaces between the columns were occupied by the Corps Diplomatique and distinguished guests. On the left were seated the Corps Législatif, the Conseil d’État, the Court ladies who were not on duty, the wives of high officials and such distinguished foreigners as had not a place in the procession. Behind the altar the tiers were occupied by the Archbishops and Bishops who had come from all parts of France. A barrier of crimson velvet breast-high fenced off all these tribunes and tiers of seats.

“Within the circle, directly under the canopy and in the middle of the cross, stood a platform, ascended by two steps, and covered with crimson velvet and a carpet of ermine. Two chairs side by side facing a *prie-dieu*, formed a throne, and at a little distance, somewhat nearer the altar, stood two tables draped with velvet and rich guipure, on one of which was placed a bowl of metal damascened in the Persian style of the twelfth century. The tradition is that this bowl was brought home from the Crusades by Saint Louis and was used afterwards at the baptism of his children. Below the velvet barriers

enclosing the tribunes were seats and benches for the Ministers and other officials, Marshals, Admirals, Generals, Grand Crosses ; also chairs with kneeling-cushions for the six Cardinals. Opposite the seats reserved for Cardinals was a *fauteuil* for Monseigneur the Archbishop of Paris. To right and left of the nave itself stands had been erected for all the military officers, magistrates, administrators from Paris and the provinces ; behind and above sat the invited guests.

" By three o'clock in the afternoon the vast building was filled with all the most distinguished people in France.

" A cannon boomed. The clergy, with the Archbishop at their head, advanced to receive Monseigneur Patrizi, sent *a latere* by the Holy Father to represent him at the ceremony. Chants sounded, accompanied on the great organ, while the representative of the Supreme Pontiff took his place on the throne prepared for him behind the altar at the foot of the tiers, where in due order sat the prelates in their robes.

" Group by group the Princes and Princesses of the Imperial House arrived. Especially remarked were Prince Oscar of Sweden with the Grand Duchess Stéphanie of Baden, representing the Queen of Sweden and Norway, godmother of the Prince Imperial.

" At a quarter past six, word was given that the Imperial cortège was at hand. The clergy moved out with the nuptial canopy to receive them. All eyes were centred on the Prince Imperial, carried by his *gouvernante*, Mme Bruat. He was covered in laces set off with blue ribbons. The Papal Legate, who by this time had assumed his official robes, walked in front of the Sovereigns as far as the steps of the choir, where he intoned the first prayers, The Emperor wore the uniform of a Lieutenant-General, with the collar of the Legion of Honour over the *grand-cordon*, and the badge of the order of Pius IX. The Empress was dressed in blue and white, her veil falling from a magnificent crown. Her pallor betrayed an emotion which she could barely restrain.

" The ceremony before the altar took place at once.

When they took off the Imperial babe's cap, those present remarked his lovely head covered with nut-brown hair. His nurse, dressed like a peasant of the Bourbonnais, anxiously followed the various stages of the ceremony. Round the central group stood the ladies of the Court, carrying the ceremonial articles—the chrism cap, the basin, the ewer, the salt-cellar, the napkin.

“The ceremony completed, the Imperial child was carried to the Empress, who had maintained throughout an attitude of rapt devotion. Her emotions were too much for her strength, and she was unequal to her most agreeable duty of all, the most gratifying of all to her pride as mother and as Empress—that of showing her son to France, represented there by the flower of her people. The Emperor, therefore, taking his son in his arms and lifting him up, showed him to all present. As he did so, there was one great united shout of acclamation.

“The Archbishop of Paris brought two registers, one of them that of the church of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, the Royal parish. The Emperor and Empress signed, followed by the members of the Imperial family. The Legate signed at the altar.

“The Legate withdrew behind the altar, the procession left the church, and outside an immense crowd took up the acclamations.

“The Emperor and Empress proceeded later to the Hôtel-de-Ville, where a banquet awaited them. They were received by the municipal authorities. The Hôtel-de-Ville and the neighbouring streets were brilliantly illuminated.”

* * *

Undated.—A subscription has been opened in Paris for the purpose of presenting to the Empress and the Prince Imperial some token of gratitude. In order that all may take part, the Committees formed under the various Mayors have decided to limit the amount of a single subscription to a sum between five and twenty-five centimes. There are six hundred thousand subscriptions, producing a total of eighty thousand francs. The Minister of the Interior has replied in the name of the

Empress to the Subscription Committee. The money was eventually devoted to a scheme for the boarding-out of orphans of the working class, under the patronage of the Prince Imperial.

* * *

June 19th.—The Pope is sending the “Golden Rose” to the Empress. The ceremonial of presentation was made in the chapel at Saint-Cloud by Cardinal Patrizi, the Papal Legate.

The pontifical gift takes the form of a golden rose-tree covered with roses in bloom, chief among which is the consecrated rose. The rose-tree is set in a pot, also of solid gold, and the pot stands on a pedestal of lapis-lazuli bearing the arms of the Pope and of the Emperor in mosaic. On the golden flower-pot are two bas-reliefs, representing, respectively, the Birth of the Virgin, and the Presentation in the Temple.

After the ceremony the Cardinal-Legate presented to the Emperor, in the name of the Pope, a picture in mosaic of very fine workmanship representing St. John Baptist in the Desert, after Guido Reni. Finally, Monseigneur Patrizi presented for the Son of France a magnificent reliquary ornamented with enamels and engraved jewels, containing a relic of the Holy Cradle.

* * *

Undated.—Leverrier has discovered a planet. That is his business. When a man is Director of the Observatory, he has nothing else to do but observe what is going on in the heavens. But Leverrier also keeps an eye on the earth. He knows just as well what is going on down here as up there. Therefore Leverrier has revealed his planet. But he is in a great difficulty; he does not know what to call it. He had thought of calling it Eugénie, but it is whispered that perhaps the Empress was not willing to be coupled with Berenice. Then the father of Neptune¹ had a brilliant idea. He wrote to Marshal Vaillant:

“Will you accept *Lætitia*? That keeps it in the

¹ Leverrier's famous discovery of the planet Neptune was made September 23rd, 1846.

family, and besides, *Letitia* means joy, and we are living in the midst of joy this year."

That astronomer has the tongue of a courtier.

The Emperor, to whom it was all repeated, smiled.

"He has given us a planet," he said. "That is worth a big star to him."

* * *

Undated.—Truly this year has no history. It is happy after the fashion of the Nations which have no annals. . . . A year of peace and content. I can prove it by the receipts of the theatres. They have never been more brilliant. We are overwhelmed. Authors and actors unite to charm us. Dumas, Ponsard, George Sand, d'Ennery, outdo each other in fertility. Mélingue and Ristori interpret them to admiration. Rachel has appeared again, back from Havana ; has been forgiven for her flight, and is once more the idol. Augustine Brohan is younger than ever in mind and body. Music is in equally high favour. Aubert and Scribe are still the stars. Berlioz, who succeeded at the Institute that poor Adolphe Adam who disappeared so quickly, is fanning the ashes of symphonic quarrels. And Offenbach, king of light music, shrugs his shoulders to see the Opéra-Comique taking to itself Carvalho as director.

This year—1856—is above all things literary. A bouquet of masterpieces—Victor Hugo's *Les contemplations*, Michelet's *Oiseau*, the last volume of Thiers's *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*.

* * *

Undated.—In the midst of the general rejoicing at the birth of the Prince Imperial there are, alas, many sad faces to be seen. The flood has proved a terrible disaster, claiming thousands of victims. The accounts from the Departments watered by the Rhone, the Saône, the Loire, the Allier, are heartrending. The harm done is beyond calculation. Whole villages have disappeared. I have already mentioned that the Emperor went in person to distribute relief. At Lyons the people called down blessings on his presence. They crowded round his

horse, and the poor women to whom he gave generous gifts of gold and silver kissed his hands in gratitude. He is visiting Valence, Arles, Avignon, Orleans, Tours, Angers, Nantes, giving from his privy purse more than 600,000 francs, while the Empress sent 20,000 francs in her own name and 10,000 in the name of the Prince Imperial. The number of sufferers is so great that the twelve millions voted by the Corps Législatif will not be enough to make good the loss. The general subscription amounts to fifteen millions, counting the contributions from abroad.

A long letter from Napoleon III. to the Minister of the Interior, in which the Emperor outlines a method of preventing similar disasters in future. He points out that it is impossible in practice to bank all the rivers, on account of the constant supervision and constant repair which such embankments require. He suggests rather that dams be constructed across the upper reaches of rivers and affluents, which would form reservoirs, rising and falling in level according to the rainfall and the fulness of the mountain streams, while permitting only a certain maximum flow to pass through to the plains. He points out that nature has formed just such a reservoir in the Lake of Geneva between the Upper and Lower Rhone. The collecting of alluvium by these dams would help to keep the channels clear, and render the rivers more easily navigable in their lower courses, while it would in many cases increase the fertility of the upland valleys. He desires that this and certain other systems of hydraulic engineering shall be carefully studied by the Department, and also that the whole responsibility for the care of French rivers shall be put into the hands of one man, who will control the entire system, and therefore be in a position to act promptly in emergency.

* * *

Undated.—That the Emperor desires nothing but peace in Europe is proved by the straightforwardness and honesty of the Imperial Government in its dealings with other countries. An occasion offered for giving proof

of this honourable attitude when Prussia accepted French mediation in her dispute with Switzerland about Neuchâtel. Napoleon III. exhibited in that matter a notable spirit of wisdom and equity. Switzerland eventually agreed to listen to moderate counsels, and Prussia obtained such satisfaction as made an arrangement possible.

Other incidents also make it evident that Europe regards France and the Emperor personally with great confidence. Canrobert, who was sent on a diplomatic mission to the court of Sweden, was received at Stockholm with the most cordial enthusiasm. At the same time Prince Napoleon, when on his scientific expedition to the North Sea, was received at the University of Upsala amid the acclamations of students and townspeople, who honoured the memory of Napoleon I. as the man who brought freedom to the Northern Nations.

Napoleon III. gave another proof of his pacific attitude in sending to Russia for the coronation of Alexander II. the Comte de Morny, to convey his greetings to the new Tsar, and to express the wish of France that yesterday's quarrels should be forgotten and friendly relations established. Alexander II., though successor to Nicholas I., did not consider himself bound by the policy of his predecessor. He understood that it was to Russia's best interests to open the door to liberal ideas, and that it was his duty to cultivate relations with the Power that might be regarded as the pilot of the West, and had shown itself to be no less concerned for the future of the East. The exchange of messages between the Sovereigns, as well as the official words of their Ambassadors, made it clear that the bonds of peace were drawn still closer.

* * *

December 8th.—For a long time my journal has had nothing but blank pages. Day after day there was nothing to write but the same words: Set fair. This recalls the honest chronicler of the Middle Ages who wrote, "This year nothing happened," and summed up his annals by adding, "which means peace in the soul and peace in the home." I share his view.

CHAPTER VII

YEAR 1857

Archbishop Sibour assassinated—Execution of Verger—The Elections—Delagrange as usual—Independent candidates—Proudhon—Émile Ollivier; the Demosthenes of the Cannebière—Dunglas Home; Père Félix—Baron Haussmann—Funeral of Alfred de Musset—Another plot against the Emperor's life—Death of Béranger—Delagrange protests—Extraordinary manifestations of popular appreciation at his Funeral.

January 3rd.—The year begins in mourning. Paris laments her Archbishop, martyred. Monseigneur Sibour, like Monseigneur Affre, has been assassinated, the murderer being a suspended priest called Verger. They say it was personal revenge, but it is a question whether the hand that plunged the dagger into the Prelate's heart was not urged by some political fanaticism. Monseigneur Sibour had accepted the *Coup d'État*, and celebrated the *Te Deum* on January 3rd, 1852. Five years after to the very day he falls mortally wounded in the act of mounting the altar steps of Saint-Étienne-du-Mont. I am not absolutely certain that the demagogues are wholly innocent of this crime. This Verger must have read Victor Hugo's attack on the Archbishop in *Les Châtiments*. They assure me that it was insanity; but insanity has its causes.

Monseigneur Sibour had been a priest of the Republic, and the Republicans—I mean the fanatics—have never forgiven him for taking the part of the man who has saved France, who has founded the true Republic which follows closely the programme on which the principles of the Empire are founded. He had given proof of his Republicanism and his Liberalism, first of all after the Revolution of July,

when he wrote for Lamennais' *Avenir*, and afterwards in 1848, when Cavaignac appointed him Archbishop of Paris, on account of his opinions, and yet again, when he sat in the Senate; and if he had been marked down by the secret assassins of the party I should not be surprised. As far as I am concerned, his blood will be on the head of that writer who portrayed himself when he spoke of one ambushed with pen in fist. All Paris unites to mourn the victim of malice, and demands the execution of the assassin.

* * *

January 31st.—Justice has been done. The head of Verger has fallen into the blood-bespattered basket.

* * *

Undated.—Nothing is talked of in the political world but the approaching legislative elections, which take place on the 21st of this month.

The democrats, who have kept very quiet hitherto, have now resolved to attempt a breach. To the safe, official candidates suggested by the Government, which knows better than any individual who are the best men, they hope to oppose names of their own, and appeal to the voters to concentrate their suffrages on them. These they call *independent* candidates.

Délagrange, whom I had not seen for a long time, wearied my ears again yesterday: "You'll see—you'll see," he cried, waving his stick. "What am I to see?" I asked, "A league of impotence? Four or five individuals who want to harness themselves to the car of the State, and will merely sweat and gasp like some fellow's horses trying to drag a coach." "They will have it out of the rut that you and your party have got it into," roared the madman, who in his rage, because I would not agree with him, was jumping about like a goat. In vain I attempted to calm him. As well try to stop a meteor. I simply had to endure his avalanche of exclamations. Then, as usual, he was off in a flash. So there's an end of him, for a

year probably. By the time we meet again, I *shall* have seen.

* * *

I know from divers sources that the independent candidates are being sifted and chosen with minute care. Over and above a number of well-meaning individuals, there are meetings of writers, journalists, politicians. As usual, a great deal of breath is wasted, and the lawyers generally have the last word. Millaud does the honours at the soirées in the Place Saint-Georges.

High-flown eloquence abounds, thanks to the dinners, which are sumptuous. There is eating, and drinking, and talking. Wit flows free, like the champagne which inspires it. Plenty of words, and few ideas. Is wit, though it sparkle like *Ay mousseux*, to decide the results of the ballot?

Proudhon, the hermit of the Rue d'Enfer, redoubles, they say, his promises of articles. He is always invited. They are ingenuous enough to believe that his buttings are as the blows of a battering-ram. Meanwhile, there's a cover laid for him everywhere. He even dines with the Prince Napoleon, who takes a psychological interest in his comedy. The bear of Franche-Comté preserves his bearishness. I saw him going to the Palais-Royal in a pea-jacket of coarse cloth and a broad-brimmed round hat, leaning on his stick (which he is never without), as M. de Balzac used to do on his. However, I have found that the bear does titivate himself a bit for the Prince. There's a grain of vanity discernible in the animal when he presents himself before beauty. He turned up there with an immaculate collar and an irreproachable tie.

Committees are beginning to be formed. I was present at one held at the house of Desmarets the lawyer. He is a character, that rival of Patru! One of the "red-hots" of 1848, who is beginning now to put a little water in his red wine, said to me: "An extraordinary man, Desmarets! I heard him in a Congress in Belgium, at Ghent, where, under the name of a customs congress, they had got together Eugène Pelletan, Clama-

geran, Madier de Montjau, all the extremists. An Englishman, a follower of Cobden, made a long speech in his own language, and the moment he sat down, up got Desmarets, and, without having taken a note, repeated the whole speech in French, simply from that marvellous memory of his. *A tour de force*, was it not?"

Desmarets' Committee includes most of the editors of dailies and of Republican periodicals: Laurent Pichat, of the *Revue de Paris*; Havin, of the *Siècle*; Girardin, of the *Presse* (yes, Girardin; wherever there's a coach, there's bound to be a fly on the wheel!).

There are now two well-defined parties, the *Sermentistes* and the *Insermentistes*; those who, for the sake of getting into the Legislature, will flour their paws; and those who take a pride in keeping them red.

I have noted several names, among them. Émile Ollivier, young, only thirty-one, a Marseillais lawyer, Republican. Comes of a family where for generations they have read Plutarch as the English read the Bible,—Plutarch, author of the *Parallel Lives*, which they consult every time a birth has to be registered at the *État-Civil*. The father of Émile was the Demosthenes whom the Cannebière sent up to the *Constituante* because he was the friend of Ledru-Rollin, but who was not re-elected to the Legislature because he had never got rid of his Rhone pebbles. Demosthenes continued to hold forth in the clubs and, in 1852, paid the penalty of his loquacity by exile, where apparently he has learned wisdom, for he speechifies no more, and it seems likely that even if he had the chance he would not again rush into politics.

Émile has a brother called Aristide, another classical name. He also is a keen publicist, and first of all worked for *Le Peuple* in 1850. Émile Ollivier prepared the way for him. Audebrand, who met him often at Mme d'Agoult's, said to me, "He is somebody!" He certainly has talent, and they think everything of him at the Bar. But on the other hand I know that he is considered terribly conceited. Audebrand says: "Perfectly justifiable conceit. The man knows his own value. He finds himself relegated to the third grade when he ought to be

in the first. His pleadings are brilliant ; he aims at the Bench.

* * *

Undated.—Electoral lists abound, which proves that ambition is busy. There are men who look upon a seat in the Legislature merely as a kind of fief or prebend. What a number of mouths to fill ! The elections absorb every conversation. In drawing-rooms and cafés nothing else is talked of. No, I am wrong. There are the fashionable prestidigitators, the spirit-raisers, who go mad over Dunghas Home, the summoner of spirits from the other world ; and there is Father Félix, whom all the world goes to hear at Notre Dame, where his preaching has almost as great a success (not quite though) as the séances of the spiritualists.

* * *

Undated.—M. Haussmann is to be made a Baron. He won the title four years ago. He too is a prestidigitator after his fashion. He says to the stone, "Arise," and to the ashlar, "Thou shalt be king." And, like the man who did miracles by striking the earth with his foot, he has given Paris a new soul. The Emperor gave him carte-blanche and he has not failed to use it. Everything falls under his pick, and rises again under his trowel. He knocks down a street, two streets, ten streets, and they rise again as spacious Boulevards lined with magnificent shops like fairy palaces. These Boulevards are the triumphal roads through which Prosperity escorts Progress. The Emperor had a true instinct when he read on the brow of the Préfet of the Gironde the sign-manual of architectural genius.

Louis XIV. had Le Nôtre, who designed Versailles ; Napoleon III. has Haussmann, who is steadily producing a Paris which will be unrivalled in the world. Some one was saying—it was some of Delagrangé's nonsense—that the Préfet of the Seine is turning the city budget into a Danaïdes' tub. Grumbler ! Can you expect to make an omelette without breaking eggs ?

* * *

May 4th.—I have come home heartbroken. We have this morning buried Alfred de Musset. Poor child of the age! he has known all the sorrows: sorrow of love, of genius, of poverty, of ingratitude—immeasurable ingratitude. He ought to have been followed to the grave by all the youth of France, by all Paris, by the grisettes, and the *mondaines*, by Mimi Pinson and Bernerette, by all poets and all thinkers, by all who have drunk of his glass, known the kisses of his muse, and felt the charm of his lute. Alas! barely forty souls followed the bier, on which there lay a handful of the flowers that ought to have been heaped upon it. All the way from the church of Saint-Roch to Père-Lachaise not a creature stood still to watch the funeral cortège. Not one knew that he who passed was the prince of poetry. When we arrived at the cemetery the forty had disappeared. There remained but five or six Academicians, who could not leave because they held the cords of the pall. I saw only one great poet among those present—Alfred de Vigny. The Comédie Française was represented only by two of its actors, Delaunay and Regnier. The actresses had forgotten that they owe to Musset the most admired of their rôles. Not one of them all brought him a flower, a tear, a regret; and yet he had dedicated to them his highest inspirations. Not a singer came; and yet he had written the lines for Malibran to sing.

* * *

June 13th.—A new plot against the life of the Emperor has just been discovered. The police have arrested three Italians, Paolo Tebaldi, Giuseppe Bertolini and Paolo Grilli del Faro, all three working men and Mazzinists. As instruments of the Revolutionary Committee in London, they had been told off to kill Napoleon III. It is said that Ledru-Rollin was implicated in the nefarious crime; but I do not believe it. No doubt Ledru-Rollin has some relations with Mazzini, and the ideas of the one are just as advanced as those of the other; but I refuse to believe that a former member of the Provisional Government would countenance assassination.

It would demand incontestable proof, and none is forthcoming. Besides, these repeated attempts on the part of the Mazzinists can only create a revulsion. Any movement which has recourse to such means is condemned in advance by public opinion, and their machinations only strengthen the hands of their opponents. These frenzied creatures must be met simply with calmness, and with the instant punishment of any who would bring about a reign of crime, and hope to rule by terror. These Italians will soon find it so.¹

* * *

June 19th.—The legislative elections take place the day after to-morrow. The democratic committees are in permanent session. It is thought now that several of the independent candidates will get through at the second ballot, and that these will probably be Cavaignac, Émile Ollivier, Carnot, Goudchaux, and Darimon. Three are already well known, and Ollivier and Darimon are strongly supported by the Press. I have already said a word or two about Ollivier. As for Darimon, he is not dangerous. They wanted a deputy, and they have got an archæologist. What has given him his success is simply that he is Proudhon's secretary. The bear of Franche-Comté, not being disposed to climb the tree himself, has sent up the cub. The cub, to be sure, is not badly licked. I judge so from those who are taming him with honeycombs. He is dreaded at the *Presse*, and wields a passable—and not very bitter—pen. If he is elected, I shall pay him a visit, not as a supporter, but to make an appointment with him by and by at the Tuileries, for thither he will assuredly come—yes, and in Court dress too; and the bear will come with him. I know men.

* * *

July 6th.—There have been, as I thought there would, two ballots. Only Carnot and Goudchaux got through the first. Carnot bears a name popular in Paris; he is

¹ They were condemned, Tebaldi to transportation, Bertolini and Grilli to fifteen years' detention.

the son of the Père de la Victoire, the inheritor of a legend—and legends always have a great weight with Parisian folly. Goudchaux had the votes of all who have anything, little or much, to do with these two great forces in Paris—the Exchange and the Jewish community. Goudchaux is a financier and a Jew, and lived through the 1888 time without getting spattered with mud. He has handled the money in the Treasury without any of it sticking to his fingers. He gets the name of being an honest man, and I believe it to be deserved. He has a finger in the *National*, which he worked for under Louis Philippe, and as he is rich, the journalists count on him. That is perhaps the chief reason why they have put his name on their list. One never knows. Goudchaux is, however, a moderate. He belonged to the Provisional Government, and therefore he considers himself bound to make no concession to the Empire. He is an Insermentiste, and will remain one. Consequently he will not sit. Carnot, another member of the Provisional Government, has already announced that he will not take the oath. At the second ballot Cavaignac, Darimon, and Ollivier were elected. Cavaignac cannot accept a *mandat*; and there are therefore only two independents in the Corps Législatif—Ollivier, the only one who counts, and Darimon, behind whom I can see the bear with his staff.

* * *

July 17th. Béranger.—He was given up several days ago, and his malady has given him no respite. The end was not unexpected; the bulletins published daily by the newspapers had made it clear that the illness was mortal. He suffered from an affection of the heart aggravated by dropsical symptoms, the development of which was watched with great anxiety. I heard of his death, like the rest of the world, from the posters in the street, which announced that France had lost her national poet, and that the Imperial Government wished to honour his memory. "This public recognition," said the proclamation, "is due to one who, by the songs he dedicated to the cult of patriotism, helped to keep alive in the

hearts of the people the memory of the greatness and glory of the Empire."

He died yesterday evening at five o'clock, and the funeral takes place to-day at noon. At the first glimmer of dawn an enormous crowd, chiefly of working men in blouse and cap, with the *immortelle* as rallying-sign, had assembled on the route. Soldiers and police kept order on the Boulevards and in the streets opening into the Rue Vendôme, one of those dead streets of old Paris where the grass grows and never an echo breaks the silence. Here was breathed the last sigh of the Homer of the masses, this Gallic Washington, as Lamartine called him. At noon the body was carried to the church of Sainte-Élisabeth, which was draped in black for the funeral service. This lasted more than an hour. Then the funeral procession set out for Père-Lachaise. Following the hearse were only two carriages, reserved for the clergy. The hearse, preceded by sergeants de ville and a battalion of the Garde de Paris, was drawn by two horses and ornamented with crowns, laurel-leaves, and palms. In the procession, immediately after the members of the family, came the Préfet of the Seine, the Municipal Councillors, the Mayors of various *arrondissements*, General de Cottez, aide-de-camp to the Emperor, the Academicians Cousin, Villemain, Thiers, de Vigny; then a carriage with the Imperial arms, a squadron of hussars, some more sergeants de ville, the carriage of the Préfet of the Seine, and seven mourning-coaches. The funeral procession was closed by a mounted squadron of the Garde de Paris.

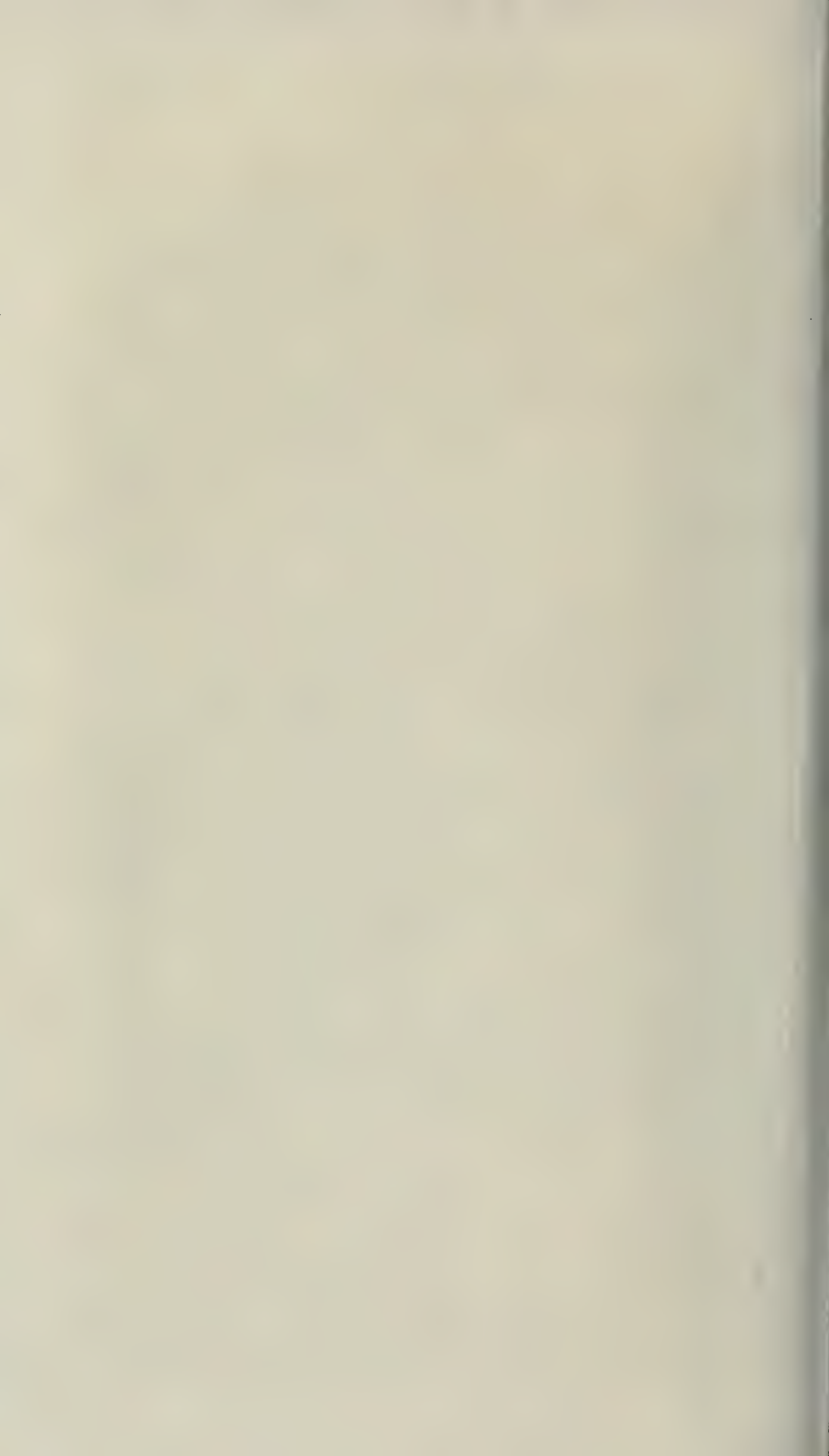
In the streets and on the Boulevards there was an immense crowd. Street-vendors sold thousands of medals bearing the effigy of the poet, with his name below; on the reverse, "*Je n'ai flatté que l'infortune*," and above this inscription two dates, "19th August, 1780—16th July, 1857."

Will Béranger's fame survive him? It is still too soon to answer that question. But I should not be surprised to see critics arise who will try to attack his popularity. For the present I merely record that it is



NAPOLÉON III. AND THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

John Tenniel's *Punch* caricature of Feb. 5th, 1853—"The Eagle in Love."



unanimous. All classes, and all parties, except the Ultramontanes and the Legitimists, see in him the truly national poet.

"You want to monopolize him," cried Delagrangé, suddenly starting up before me, "and he doesn't belong to you. Because he sang the praises of Napoleon I. you make him the fanatic of Napoleon III. If posterity misjudges him, it will be your fault."

I do not care to argue with Delagrangé.

Whenever there is a stone to throw, he is there. I had rather listen to those who can talk without fury. Some one whose opinion is always balanced has given me a far truer account of the poet's inner nature.

"Béranger," said this calm and sincere critic, "was above all strongly possessed with the love of country. That love, which in him was an instinct, revealed itself alike in his deep joy when the country prospered and his intense suffering when she was unfortunate. The soul of France was reflected in his, and two hearts beat as one.

"The invasion of France in 1814 and 1815, the earth-shaking fall of the First Empire, the humiliation of heroic courage, the victory of notorious incapacity, the impertinence of the myrmidons perched on the car of Achilles, revolted him, and drew from him frantic appeals for vengeance. Nobody knew better than he did at that time how the genius of Napoleon I. was identified with that of France, how the national pride found its interpretation in the man who had raised it to the highest level of power, and how hardly the check had hit them both. To Béranger the cause of Napoleon was the cause of France, and whoever outraged the one insulted the other. He expressed this feeling as a poet, but few politicians were so clear-sighted, and when he constituted himself the champion of the cause, he paid what he regarded as the debt of all to the conquered hero, whose image he held as symbol continually before his eyes. This is what he never ceased to proclaim. Every one of his songs was a hymn. Béranger was the singer of the Empire only because he wished to inspire all with the true cult which

none may refuse, the cult of heroism, without which no Nation can command the homage of mankind. He was the Pindar of the tricolour which had circled the globe, and when some sought to replace the white flag upon the staff, he lashed with hot and stinging verse the traitors who scorned the true glory of France. He looked for the reaction. . . . It has come. He can rest in his grave in peace."

A friend of the people, Béranger lived only for the people. Therefore it was the people, and the people only, who went with him to his last resting-place. There were in the crowd some gentlemen in black coats with the red ribbon in their buttonholes, but they were as one in ten thousand.

CHAPTER VIII

YEAR 1858

Death of Rachel—The Orsini bombs—Arrests; Italians again!—The Empress and Emperor visit the injured—Execution of the assassins—London an asylum of Revolutionary societies—Imperial tour through Normandy and Brittany—The Queen of England at Cherbourg—Statue of Napoleon I.: a moving incident—The Emperor at Port-Louis; old associations; Mme Perreaux—At Rennes—Rheims and its Archbishop.

January 11th.—Another year which begins in mourning. Poor Rachel died six days ago, and her funeral has just been solemnized. I attended it. There was deep sadness on all faces. She was much beloved, and will be greatly regretted. I read again what I have written about her in this diary, and her face rises before my eyes. She had an ardent and passionate nature, to which, however, tenderness was denied. Such is the view in theatrical circles. At Le Cannet in Provence, where she had lived since her retirement, and where she has just died, she is sincerely mourned. Those who care to know her thoroughly must read her correspondence, where she reveals herself with the frankness of a plenary confession. The cabal which had been formed to play off Ristori against her had been a great vexation to her. Like Malibran, she died in the flower of her age. The muses, like the gods, send an early summons to those whom they love.

* * *

January 14th.—This evening Prince Napoleon held a soirée, to which I was invited. As I was passing through the Rue Lepelletier, where the pavement was crowded

with people waiting to see the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, whose carriage was to pass just before that of the Emperor and Empress, I suddenly heard from the direction of the Opera three explosions one after the other. I saw the people rush in that direction towards the Boulevard, and I hastened after them. I saw a horrible sight. The street was strewn with wounded. I questioned, but nobody answered. Everybody said at once "Frightful ! Terrible ! But what is it ?" Eventually I learned that an infernal machine had exploded. Some scoundrels had planned to kill the Emperor and Empress.

The Imperial carriage was riddled by the splinters of a bomb. There were three of them, and they have done terrible damage. Some persons killed, others wounded. The Emperor has a slight wound in the face, and his hat was shot through. The Empress is slightly hurt in the temple. General Roguet, who was sitting opposite the Emperor in the carriage, is somewhat seriously wounded. One of the horses was killed on the spot, and the other nearly.

I could see the Emperor and Empress. Their gestures expressed their distress ; but a police-agent—I hear that he was a Corsican called Alessandri—kept off the crowd which pressed upon them. The Empress's dress was stained with blood.

The Emperor's coachman and three footmen are seriously wounded, and so are the twelve lancers of the Guard who formed the escort—one of them mortally. The man showed an extraordinary courage. When the officer in command called the roll, he answered by lifting up his hand, but his strength gave way and he fell. His comrades supported him, but he died almost immediately.

The Emperor and Empress, having recovered somewhat from their agitation, entered the theatre, where they were received with indescribable enthusiasm.

Great indignation was expressed at Prince Napoleon's.

* * *

January 15th.—The Emperor and Empress with an

escort drove along the Boulevards amid the applause of the people. They went to the hospital at Gros-Caillou and visited the wounded.

The Corps Diplomatique went to the Tuileries to present to the Sovereigns the messages of their Governments.

The remark of a senator—a very liberal-minded man—has been repeated to me: “We shall have no peace and quietness till we have made up our minds to get rid of these scoundrels. The Emperor has been very indulgent so far; he must become pitiless.”

It is my own opinion.

* * *

January 16th.—The authors of the crime have been arrested. They are Italians—always Italians—and nowadays to say Italians is as much as to say Mazzinists. There is a general hatred in Italy against the Emperor. I have already said why, and noted the explanations given me by Arese, to which I now refer.

This Orsini, who is one of the regicides, is not unknown to me. His title of Count is quite genuine. I heard of him at Nice, where he frequented the best society and was in great demand. Every one praised his quick intelligence and lively conversation. The ladies especially pronounced him a most accomplished cavalier, and praised his good looks, the ardour of his glance, and the regularity of his features.

I am assured that the plot was hatched abroad, like that of last June. Nor was Orsini alone; two other Italians, Pieri and Rudio, assisted him.

The Emperor, in acknowledging the addresses presented to him by the representatives of the Senate, Legislature, and Conseil d'État, expressed his profound confidence in their support and devotion, adding that, although he had decided to use whatever methods might be judged necessary, yet he would not depart from the firm and moderate course which he had hitherto followed.

* * *

March 13th.—The crime is expiated. Orsini and

Pieri have just been executed. The other assassins were condemned to penal servitude for life. Rudio was also to pay the forfeit of his crime at the guillotine, but the Emperor, always clement, commuted his sentence. These executions were as necessary as they were just. There are eddies of crime in the holes and corners of Paris. The faubourgs are infested with the fomenters of mischief. No doubt the Government is strong enough to take it lightly, but the destruction of society cannot be permitted, and every one must approve the strong measures taken to protect it.

I have it from a very trustworthy source—and Smith and others confirm it—that in London, in certain quarters, the assassination of the Emperor is openly recommended. There the revolutionary societies are allowed, under the very eye of the police, to hold regular meetings, where regicide is proclaimed as a right and even as a duty, and where fanatics are provided with arms, and despatched to Paris with full directions. It is in England that these crimes are planned, subsidized, and paid in advance; and England, who is always, from her love of liberty, disposed to a generous hospitality, allows a permanent conspiracy of assassins to exist.

Many protests are made against this custom of sanctuary. It certainly has its noble aspect when it is a question of political refugees, and nobody could blame a great Nation for offering a refuge to men whose only offence is loyalty to their convictions; but the abuse of it must be put an end to.

* * *

August.—A meeting has just taken place in Normandy between the Emperor and Empress and Queen Victoria. The Emperor and Empress went to Cherbourg by way of Caen and Bayeux. The meeting took place on the Queen's yacht, and the interview lasted two hours, after which the Sovereigns and their respective suites met at a banquet given by the Emperor. This was followed by a visit to the town, which is thus described in a local paper:

“After visiting the Fort du Roule, which is im-

portant both by its construction and by its situation, their Majesties looked at the magnificent panorama visible from that altitude. At the feet of the spectator there is, on one side, the deep valley, through the heart of which runs the railway towards the great station built at the foot of the hill. Opposite lies the town, and farther off, the military harbour, where huge piles of building cover the ground between the three enormous basins where the ships find shelter. From this point the full depth of the Napoleon III. Dock—not yet opened—can be seen hollowed out of the mass of schistose rock. In the background stretches the roadstead, dotted with ships of the line and with several hundred other vessels of every sort, gay with tri-coloured bunting or flying their own flags, all enclosed by the breakwater, that marvel of engineering, built in the midst of the waves, and truly to be described as the rampart of France on the shores of the Channel. The line of forts along the coast or rising out of the sea, the smiling aspect of the lovely plains of Normandy which frame this beautiful picture—all these, seen from the heights of the Fort du Roule, whither their Imperial Majesties had taken their guests, seem to combine to minister to the delight of the eyes.”

The Queen, who in the interval had returned to the Royal yacht, went on board the flagship *Bretagne* at seven o'clock in the evening, where Her Britannic Majesty and suite were entertained at dinner by the Emperor.

* * *

I copy also an account of the unveiling of the statue of Napoleon I. :

“Amid the firing of cannon and shouting of men which greeted the statue of the great man, an incident occurred which touched all who saw it. The old soldiers of Napoleon, wearing the medal of St. Helena, approached their Majesties, carrying in their valiant hands wreaths of immortelles. Their happiness seemed to have given them new strength with which to acclaim the long-expected

inheritor of him who had led them to glory. The Emperor came over and smiled and talked with them ; it will suffice to make these old heroes die happy. One of them remained humbly at some distance from his Sovereign ; he was lame, and his comrade, also infirm, had dragged him in a little cart, but could not get it forward. The gracious kindness, however, which is the peculiar gift of the Empress, reached even to him, and it was with tears in their eyes that the people and soldiers saw the august lady descend the steps of her throne to go and speak to this old man with a tender interest, to bend over his poor conveyance and give him, to comfort his old age, a handful of money—which, after all, he will value less than the kind words and gracious action."

* * *

The journey through Brittany was full of memorable incidents. The Bretons escorted their Sovereigns wherever they went. They had resumed the picturesque national costume, and in every town—Quimper, Brest, everywhere—the scene was beyond description. Eager, enthusiastic crowds followed each other. The women wanted to get near the Empress to ask her about the child ; the men cheered the Father of his Country. There were both respect and reverence in these demonstrations. When the Sovereigns had been to visit an Hôtel-de-Ville or a Préfecture, men and women crowded in immediately after their departure that they might touch the furniture of the rooms which the august visitors had occupied. Mothers laid their infants on the Empress's bed in the hope that it would bring them luck.

Several touching incidents have been told me :

One poor old woman of eighty-two, widow of a veteran of Waterloo and mother of a soldier killed in the Crimea, blind, and led by a little granddaughter of twelve, had come a long distance on foot to see, as she said, the Imperial apartments. It was suggested to her that she could see nothing, since she was blind.

"That doesn't matter," she said. "My little Yvonne will tell me what it is like." She went in, and knelt, weeping, beside the Imperial bed, where she devoutly said her rosary for the Sovereigns for whom her husband and her son had shed their blood.

* * *

At Port Louis the Emperor visited the citadel. It was there that he was imprisoned after the Strassburg affair before embarking for America. Mme Perreaux, the widow of a former Sergeant of Engineers, was presented to him. She had been kind to him while he was a prisoner :

"I should have known you quite well," said this good old woman. "You have not changed. You look as kind as you used to do, for you were always a very kind young man."

She recalled little intimate details, and showed the Emperor the furniture he had used at Port Louis, the old bureau at which he used to write, the china bowl in which they brought him tea, the Blessed Virgin called *La Vierge de Marseille*, and the portrait of Henri IV. which stood on his mantelpiece—that mantelpiece always covered with coffee-cups, which were still to be seen. "Do you remember," she said to him with entire simplicity, "that one day when I was getting some sheets from the top of that cupboard you gave me your hand to help me down?"

"I shall give it you again to-day, *ma bonne mère*," said the Emperor, holding out his hand.

The Empress was much touched by this conversation, and smiled with tender interest. The Emperor inquired closely as to Mme Perreaux's circumstances, and learned that she had two children alive, one of whom, a Sergeant-Major of Engineers, who had been at the siege of Constantine, was finding it a hard task to provide for his large family. The Emperor will see that they are looked after.

* * *

The welcome given to the Emperor in Brittany has

been no surprise to anybody. It is only those who, having eyes, see not, who have been able to find anything disappointing in this glorious—I can find no other word to express it—this glorious visit. These people have not recognized that all the enthusiasm flowed from the heart. The Bretons are cradled in tradition. Among them, more than anywhere, the name of Napoleon is held in reverence, because most of them are the sons or daughters of old soldiers of the Empire ; because, having acclaimed the First Emperor in his heroic campaigns, they find in Napoleon III. the man who has carried on the tradition. The priests encourage them in this belief. The clergy know that the Empire is the safeguard of the Church, and the Breton clergy above all put faith in the intentions and in the policy of the Emperor. The Priest says to the peasant and to the sailor : “ We must love the man for whom, at mass, we entreat the blessing of Heaven.” And the Breton loves with all his fervent soul.

* * *

October.—The Emperor is not going to be crowned, but he went to Rheims after the break-up of the camp at Châlons. This was a visit which, as the *Moniteur* truly says, will have its importance in history. The circumstances were most impressive. All the houses were draped with woollen stuffs, the manufacture of the country, all resplendent with brilliant colours. The people covered the pavements of the streets and the roofs of the houses. I counted ten triumphal arches, some of them of a striking originality. One was composed entirely of the fruits and vegetables of the district arranged on a background of green foliage. On each side of this rustic gateway milch-cows were tied, and above them were willow cages containing all the denizens of the poultry-yard—hens, chickens, pigeons, turkeys.

Everywhere there were cordial inscriptions : “ Vive l’Empereur ! Vive l’Impératrice ! Vive le Prince Impérial ! ”

* * *

I was one of the suite who accompanied the Sovereigns

round the Cathedral, and I saw the Archbishop present the Emperor with the keys of the Church. I heard the strains of the organ accompanying the prayers of the priests. I knelt at a *prie-dieu* while the Sovereigns were taking their places under the canopy. I saw them at prayer and I prayed like them and with them.

On leaving the Cathedral to go to the Archbishop's palace, where the Emperor and Empress were to be entertained by the Archbishop, the Empress was presented with bouquets of flowers by the market women, for which she thanked them with her never-failing grace.

The whole town was illuminated.

"This is the true coronation," said some one beside me in the street.

"It is more than that," I replied. "It is the confirmation."

The Archbishop, however, expressed this better than I :

"Without having renewed in the same solemn manner the promises which you made in ascending the throne of France, you have kept these promises. You have even surpassed the hopes of the people who have been God's instrument in the accomplishment of the great purposes which He had for your Majesty. You have, especially in times of difficulty, rendered the most signal services to the Church, to France, to Europe ; and the day is coming when savage nations will bless the name of Napoleon III. for the advantages of civilization which you are giving them, while teaching them to honour the names alike of Frenchman and of Christian, in the persons of our missionaries in China and Annam.

"Sire, the Apostle of the Franks, Saint Remi, wrote to Clovis : 'Let your Palace be open to all, and let none leave it heavy-hearted.' Even if I had the authority of that Apostle, I should not use these words to your Majesty. You have deprived me of any occasion to use them by the worthy manner in which you have fulfilled the behest of the great Bishop of Rheims ; for your Palace is open to all when any claim is to be made for the widow or the orphan, for the poor and needy, the workman or the old soldier ; and, as if the Imperial Palace

were too narrow for the hearts of your Majesty and the Empress, you have, Sire and Madame, by visiting the towns and villages of the Empire, made all France your palace, where any man may approach your august persons."

These words touched every heart. They will never fade from my memory, nor will the moving spectacle of which I was witness. What more convincing proof could be required of the loyalty of the people to the Empire and to the Emperor ?

CHAPTER IX

BEFORE THE WAR IN ITALY

January to April 1859

Disquieting rumours—Major Frazer—A *political* marriage—The Funds' drop—Enigmatic character of Napoleon III.—"Italy is an artichoke . . ."—Italian sentiment essentially anti-Papal and anti-French—*Napoléon III. et l'Italie*—Railway legislation—In the balance—Secret history: a startling revelation by the Baron d'Ambès; the "forty-five"—Rumours of war—The War Party triumphant—Cavour—An anecdote of Mazzini—The Italian War approved by the Nation.

January 1st.—An extraordinary thing happened to-day at a quarter-past twelve on the Boulevard des Italiens. I had this short conversation with a financier-friend who lives, to suit his convenience, in the Passage de l'Opéra.

"Have you heard the great news?" he asked.

"*Parbleu!* Everybody is saying that Frazer has sold a most alarming quantity of stock, and that prices are down a franc."

"And the *Mobilier* at thirty-seven! But do you know why?"

"Piedmont has taken a threatening attitude."

"That would not cause any surprise. There is worse than that. Frazer says he has it from M. de Hubner himself, that there was a scene between him and the Emperor!"

"*Diable!* A scene? Really?"

"Well, at all events there were some painful words exchanged. The Emperor seems to have said to the Baron that he regretted that his relations with the Austrian Government were not so good as hitherto."

"That is serious indeed."

"His Majesty is understood to have added that his personal regard for the Emperor of Austria had not changed. . . . All the same, these are significant symptoms."

* * *

Major Frazer.—This Frazer is a curious and mysterious man about whom everybody speaks in a whisper, with significant gestures and ambiguous smiles. No one knows exactly who he is or what he does, yet he has some distinguished relations, such as M. de Hubner, the Austrian Ambassador, and that Mme Boscari de Villeplane at whose house I have occasionally met him. They say he is a deserter, a spy, and I don't know what else. He belongs to no country. His great-grandfather was a Scotsman. His father married and settled at Lisbon. His sisters are married to Italian marquises. He himself was born in Portugal. He was in Russia while still a young man and was admitted to the cadet-corps. He was present at the Battle of Leipzig, and returned to Paris with the Russian army. Since 1827 he has been a Parisian—and eccentric. He lives between Tortoni's and the Café de Foy, in a room furnished with an iron bedstead, a bearskin, a collection of boots, and a cask of Cyprus wine.

He belongs to quite a number of social sets, and yet he does not play. He speaks all the languages there are, can recite six odes of Horace straight off, goes the pace with M. de Musset, holds debates in Latin with M. Jules Janin, and is interested in economics. A most accomplished man.

* * *

January 8th.—In order to reassure the country, the *Moniteur* has printed the following note, by way of lessening the effect produced by the *Constitutionnel's* account of the incident mentioned above: "During the last few days the public mind has been disturbed by alarming rumours; the Government thinks it right to put an end to these by intimating that there is nothing

in our diplomatic relations to justify the anxieties which such rumours tend to arouse."

Thus the *Moniteur*. The truth is otherwise. I know for certain that clouds are gathering on the Eastern horizon. But the Emperor, at my instigation, has caused that note to be published in order to avert financial catastrophes.

Prince Jérôme Napoléon is to set out shortly for Turin. He is betrothed to the Princesse Clotilde, daughter of Victor Emmanuel. It was Niel who conveyed the proposal of marriage.

* * *

January.—A diplomatic marriage, if ever there was one! Not so much the King of Sardinia allying himself with Bonaparte, as Piedmont allying itself with France. It is a treaty that has been signed as well as a contract.

I have no great confidence in that Roi des Marmottes. He and Cavour are Foxy & Co. When I say anything to the Emperor about Italian astuteness, he replies with a smile which seems to say, "There will be two of us."

* * *

January 12th.—The funds are dropping astonishingly. There are two causes certain—rumours of war, and the marriage of Prince Napoléon and Marie Clotilde.

Napoleon III. is determined on this war, in spite of his best friends and in spite of public opinion.

* * *

Undated.—When I think about it, I find the Emperor enigmatic and singular—and yet, I know him! It is not easy to read such a nature, for it is not often in the depths what it appears on the surface.

He has unexpected moods of coldness and of kindness, a habit of fixing on you a scrutinizing and embarrassing gaze even when you might think that (after so many years) you had his entire confidence. One moment he is masterful and harsh, the next astonishingly kind.

I have known him commend General Rollin, adjutant-general of the Palace, for punishing some domestic offence, and then privately modify that very punishment. I have known him give as much as ten thousand francs to an officer who had lost the money at play and was threatening to kill himself. I have known him give money to unfortunate creatures whose plea for help reached him, and at the same time forget important services, destroy careers, precipitate tragedies.

As a statesman, whatever may be thought of him, I find him able, but rather in domestic than in foreign politics. In diplomacy he is too sentimental. And then this principle of Nationality, wise and generous as it is in itself, is becoming an obsession with him, which I cannot but regard as ominous for France.

One day he expressed this sentiment, at once admirable and dangerous : " Napoleon gave his brothers to the Nations of Europe ; for my part, I should wish to give them my heart."

* * *

January 14th.—A ball at the house of Mme Charles Heine, daughter of the immensely rich Mme Furtado, Rue de la Pépinière. I saw there the Comte de B——, who said to me when we were speaking of the son of Jérôme, who had set out only yesterday for Turin :

" These Savoyards are going to give us trouble. They are dangerously ambitious. Do you know the saying of Amadeus the Red ? "

" A saying, no doubt, after the Hohenzollern type."

" Yes. It was this : ' Italy is an artichoke which we shall eat leaf by leaf.' "

" And Cavour is the skilful cook who cooks the artichoke so that the leaves come off the better."

" Cavour ? Another Talleyrand. As clever and as unscrupulous."

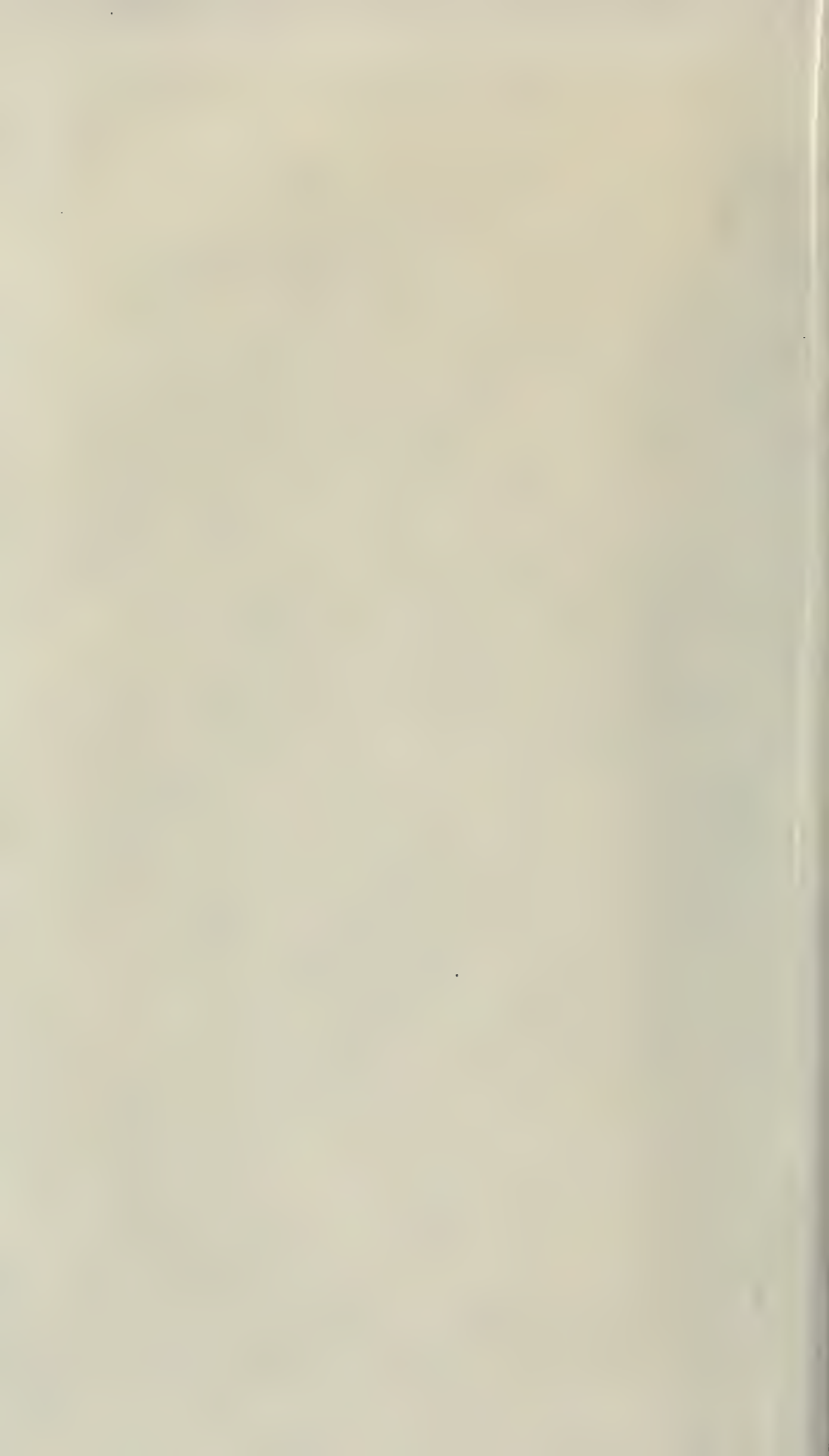
" Did not he call Louis Napoléon the Man of Destiny ? "

" Yes, and here is what he has done : he has played on the Emperor like a virtuoso on a violin. Wishing to drive the foreigner from Italy in the name of Italian



THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

From *Punch* of Dec. 24th, 1859—"A Christmas Tree for the young French Prince."



independence, and then to confiscate Italy in the name of Savoyard ambition, and finding that to accomplish all this he would need Napoleon III., he proceeds to make himself intimate at the Tuileries, where he secures a powerful ally in Jérôme Napoléon by giving him his master's daughter as a wife. And now he hopes that the Emperor, urged by his cousin, will declare war on Austria."

I have dreamt of these extraordinary words! Must I repeat them to the Emperor? But the Emperor knows and feels very well that Italy is on the eve of an inevitable revolution. No doubt he says to himself that, if it must come off and he cannot prevent it, the best thing is to accept it, use it, make it a means to his own ends. After all (and he has confided the supposition to me as an acceptable solution) it might not be the worst thing if Piedmont annexed Lombardy. It would create in North Italy a solid and powerful State, capable of holding in check not only the Revolution simmering in the other parts of the Peninsula, but also the Papal autocracy, which will not liberalize or secularize itself, but which would then find itself compelled. Meanwhile Murat might be gratified with the Kingdom of Naples, and thus everything would fall into trim.

I encourage the Emperor in these ideas, but there are others who urge him in two different directions. Some say: "Hold with Austria against Piedmont and the Pope and all this commotion beyond the Alps"; while others say: "In the name of your principles of 1831, of your love of justice, of liberty, of humanity, bring about Italian unity, the only policy worthy of this great country and the name you bear."

* * *

Undated.—A ball at . . . (no name). Met the Miramonts, the Foucaucourts, the Vicomtesse de Chabrol, M. de G——, M. de Girardin. More chattering about Italian questions. Somebody expressed this opinion:

"It would be a great sin to support Victor Emmanuel. To be with him is to be against the Pope; it is to

encourage the weakening of the temporal power. M. Cochin is against this power ; the Empress is for it. Those about the Emperor's person, including Jérôme Napoléon, are against. To be against, leaving the religious question aside, is to oppose the interests of France. The Franco-Roman alliance has given us the preponderating weight in Europe and opened to us the doors of the whole world. When we break with the Pope, we shall close the East against ourselves."

Another added :

"Italy is fundamentally anti-Papal, and hereditarily anti-French. Her instincts are pagan, and, ever since the barbarians dismembered her, she had done nothing but try to restore her unity. She can only do this with the help of France, and therefore she smiles on her, but with the dagger in her hand in the dark ready to strike—Italian fashion—afterwards ; for the French have the same name as the other Nations—*foreigner* !"

* * *

February 7th.—Clotilde and Jérôme Napoléon were betrothed on January 17th and married on the 30th. On the 3rd of this month the couple arrived in Paris. The waiting-room of the Gare de Lyon had been prepared for the august pair. To-day the legislative session opens. Events are crowding upon each other. The Emperor in the course of his speech said : "The abnormal situation in Italy can only be maintained by foreign troops, whose presence is naturally disquieting to diplomacy. It is not, however, a reason for apprehending war. As for me, I shall continue to follow steadily the path of right, justice, and national honour, and my Government will not permit itself to be either intimidated or over-persuaded, since my policy will be neither timid nor aggressive. Far from us, therefore, be these false alarms, these unjust doubts, these selfish hesitations. Peace, I trust, will not be broken. . . ."

Morny spoke to the same effect. The general opinion remained unchanged. And with good reason !

* * *

February.—I have just read *Napoléon III. et l'Italie*, by M. de la Guéronnière. This brochure has made a sensation, the more so (I may admit it here without indiscretion) that the Emperor inspired the pen. "A gun fired before the declaration of war," some one called it.

They have printed 50,000 copies and they are selling like hot cakes.

* * *

February 11th.—First draft of an important Bill regarding the agreement concluded between the State and the Railway Companies to ensure that the extension of the second network of lines shall be carried out without having recourse to an increased issue of shares, the purpose being to secure a minimum dividend on the existing shares, and at the same time prevent their falling below their original purchase price.

I hold some of that stock, and naturally the project interests me keenly. I hope it will come to something.

* * *

Some one has been expounding to me his particular theory of the Italian question. There is no lack of theories! Everybody has his own. It is the fashion in these anxious days when black clouds are piling up behind the Alps.

"For my part," said this gentleman, "I can see nothing for Italy but a free federation. Not a single kingdom, but a group of republics—not many—strong and united among themselves. Republics, and not a kingdom—that's liberty. Republics having a Grand Federal Council—that's unity. No temporal power, and no predominating Sardinia, but a group of independent states."

Mon Dieu! How long would it hold together?

* * *

March 5th.—A strongly worded note in the *Moniteur* against the authors of war-scares "leading minds astray, disturbing the course of affairs, accusations invented by

ill-will, disseminated by credulity and believed by ignorance."

Quite true. Better never to alarm the public mind. It is quite soon enough for people to hear about war when it has become inevitable. Let us be ready, that is all.

* * *

March.—Piedmont *must* have a war, mischief-makers say ; so must the Empire. Anyway, M. Cavour is on the *qui vive*. He will not miss the chance of a conflict which will make Victor Emmanuel the master of the Peninsula.

On the 20th he wrote to M. W. de la Rive : " We have been led step by step to undertake a task pre-eminently one of justice and glory, but excessively perilous. We have not sufficiently allowed for the selfishness generated in modern society by material interests. In spite of that difficulty I hope we shall succeed. Italy is ripe ; the experience of 1848 has borne its fruit. There are no longer Guelfs and Ghibellines. But for a few unimportant exceptions, there is but one flag from the Alps to the Adriatic, and that is Victor Emmanuel's."

* * *

March.—The Empress supporting the Pope and the Catholics ; Prince Napoleon supporting Cavour. These are the two scales which the Emperor has before him, while he considers to which side the balance is to incline. He is right to hesitate, whatever his enemies may say. It is the attitude of a thoughtful man. War means a strengthened dynasty, a free and united Italy (the dream of 1831, which thirty years after is—who knows?—about to be fulfilled), the popularity of the Bonapartists increased, and something to divert the thoughts of the everlasting grumblers. . . . But it may also mean a general conflagration, with the necessity of carrying it to the finish, and therefore of putting the Pope in the power of the King and alienating the Catholics. . . . The Empress is in favour of peace, for fear of being found in opposition to the Pope. As for me, I still have my old fears of thirty

years ago. To unite Italy and Prussia against Austria is to crush Austria for the sake of Prussia ; it is to make Prussia too strong. And then . . .

Ah, that saying of Napoleon I. : " I made a mistake in not wiping Prussia off the map."

Prince Napoléon, in view of the hostility of Walewski, Delangle, and Magne, who are all opposed to our intervention in Italy, has resigned his post as Minister for Algeria and the Colonies.

* * *

March.—Now I begin to see that all this anti-Austrian business was arranged between Napoleon III. and Count Cavour in the autumn of last year, when they met at Plombières, where I could not go, owing to business which detained me here.

And then there is another thing which history does not record, and perhaps never will record, but which I happen to know : it is that the freemasons of the Loge des Vengeurs have all along been continually reminding the Carbonaro, Louis Napoléon, of the oath he once took to work for the freedom of Italy. They have reminded him with threats on their lips and daggers in their hands. The Emperor knows that there are *forty-five who have undertaken to assassinate him* if he does not carry out his formal promise. He knows that these men have sworn his death if he resorts to evasion ; he knows that they are stronger than his police, his laws, his gendarmes ; stronger than all orders, secret, diplomatic, judicial, that he may choose to give ; knows that he, though master of a Nation, is at the mercy of a handful of fanatics. He cannot forget the crime of Forli and the outrage of Orsini, and many other certain proofs of the constant watch that they keep upon him. Shadows dog him in the dark, whispering, " When will you decide ? " and Arese is sent to him when he seems to forget. And I am powerless against these phantoms, whose eyeballs glare out of a darkness which conceals tragedy.

* * *

March.—Nothing but rumours of war—and cards of

invitation. So many evening parties these days, so many balls, dinners, receptions! This Second Empire is a strange thing. A perpetual festivity! And yet the sounds of festival must not be allowed to deafen us to the rumours which arise from time to time, one knows not whence—from everywhere, from the people, from editors' rooms, authors' studies, and the Cabinets of Ministers.

Masked balls, these will be the symbol of the Empire! An ironic symbol! However, it is all very delightful, even rather intoxicating and a little mad. Masks and dominoes in a race for pleasure. And the suppers afterwards! I remember some of these suppers, and the thrilling moment when the mask drops and the lips are seen. . . .

Yes, yes, at Fould's and Morny's one need never be dull. But sometimes one wonders whether under the masquerader's dress there lurks a dagger. . . . But that is to introduce a Master of Ceremonies who makes every one, even Emperor and Empress, unmask before him.

* * *

March.—England has sent Lord Cowley to Vienna to prevent a rupture between Austria and Piedmont. He is to try to secure the evacuation of the Pontifical States by the troops stationed there, and also the consideration of the reforms demanded by the Italian populations. Austria wants to know whether her Italian possessions are to be guaranteed to her. Cavour replies that, if a Revolution is to be avoided, Lombardy and Venetia must have a separate national government, that the Tuscan Constitution must be restored, that Parma and Modena must have institutions similar to those of Piedmont, that the occupation of Romagna must come to an end, and that the principle of non-intervention must be established.

Lord Cowley appears to be a man of few illusions. Prince Gortschakoff proposes a congress, and this we have accepted, as have also the Cabinets of London and Berlin.

* * *

End of March.—Austria accepts also on condition

that Piedmont shall disarm in the first place. She appeals to Napoleon III. to put pressure on the King of Sardinia in the matter.

And here is Cavour coming to Paris, very anxious. The Empress's party is for the moment in the ascendant. The feeling is in favour of peace. Strange, this poise of the Imperial mind. Who will win the day—the son of Jérôme or the daughter of Spain?

* * *

April.—Prince Jérôme Napoléon has won, and the Empress is defeated. Cavour returns to Turin with the all-but-certainty of a speedy declaration of war with Austria. Hubner knows nothing of it, and, falling into the trap, assumes the tone of diplomatic insolence. . . .

* * *

April 20th.—The Cabinet of Vienna presented its ultimatum yesterday. Cavour can scarcely contain himself for joy, for it is—at last—the longed-for declaration of war.

Count Buol's ultimatum enforced the demand that Piedmont should disarm before being represented at the Congress, and requested an answer, yes or no, in three days.

The beginning of next month, then, will find us at war.

* * *

Later note.—Count Cavour, Sardinian Minister of Foreign Affairs, replied to the ultimatum of Count Buol, Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, on April 26th, 1859.

The reply is a courteous variation on "J'y suis, j'y reste," which left Austria no choice but to proceed to a declaration of hostilities.

* * *

End of April.—England cannot accept the situation. She is doing everything in her power to prevent the war.

Lord Cowley has again proposed England as mediator. Count Walewski does not say no, on condition that Austria first evacuates Piacenza and Ferrara and withdraws her army to the right bank of the Po.

"She will not accept these conditions," Cowley declared, "except under the walls of Vienna."

And Napoleon telegraphs to Count Buol: "France will regard the crossing of the frontier of the King, his ally, by the Austrian army as a declaration of war."

On the 27th Cavour published two proclamations by Victor Emmanuel, one to the Army, the other to the people. It is said they were composed by Rattazzi.

The King is going to the line of the Dora Baltea. Cavour is combining the portfolios of War, Marine and Foreign Affairs. Austria is decreeing a war-tax of 150,000,000 silver florins. Francis Joseph also makes his proclamations. Every Sovereign cries to his subjects:

"Allons enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé. . . ."

And also the day of death. . . .

* * *

1872.—I read in *Le Dernier des Napoléon*: "Cavour had analysed, read, and judged Napoleon III. with relentless insight. He saw from the first that the Emperor was not the type to strike one of those blows that resound through history and decide the destiny of a nation; and that he had no intuitive feeling for the main currents of his time nor for the genius of his own country.

"He saw with satisfaction but with amazement that the Emperor did not even recognize the perils that the independence and unity of Italy would create for France.

"He perceived that with such an ally it was only necessary to see that he was compromised and involved in order to be able himself to carry out, whether his ally would do so or not, the whole scheme of Italian emancipation; he saw that it would be well not to trust him with

secrets and details of progressive policy, but to use him merely as a means of securing from France enough money and blood to drive the Austrians out of Italy. Treason and corruption would suffice to deliver the rest of the Peninsula into the greedy hands of Piedmont. Another very useful instrument of Cavour's was Sir James Hudson, British Ambassador at Turin. Supported by that old English maxim that the more trouble there is abroad, the more England, protected from all dangerous contacts by her girdle of ocean, manufactures and sells, the English Ambassador conscientiously forwarded the Revolution.

"His drawing-room was the refuge and asylum for all conspirators, not too deeply compromised, whom the Piedmontese Government could not protect against the extradition claims of other Ambassadors. Sir James Hudson did not merely honour them with this gratifying hospitality, he even subsidized and advised them.

"One of the Secretaries to the British Legation said laughingly :

" 'I have just been dining with Sir James. We were twelve at table, and, except him and myself, everybody present was a convict under sentence of death ! These fellows give me the shivers ! ' "

"One day Sir James Hudson asked Cavour for an audience for an English gentleman. Cavour, who was a very early riser, gave his audiences at five in the morning. His Excellency's protégé was punctual. He was a man of somewhat stiff, but perfectly good manners, with his beard cut in the English fashion, in fact the ideal type of 'gentleman traveller.'

"The Englishman proceeded to unfold to the Italian Minister a complete and daring scheme for recreating Italy.

"Cavour, who, of course, was at home in the question, was amazed at the boldness, the lucidity, the depth, and, above all, the clear-sightedness of his visitor, but, finding the English a little difficult to follow, he expressed his regret, and asked if by chance he spoke French. The gentleman, with perfect coolness, repeated the substance

of the conversation and of his ideas in faultless Italian. Cavour, having listened fascinated to the very end, said as the stranger rose to take leave: 'Monsieur, you talk politics like Machiavelli, and Italian like Manzoni. If I had a compatriot like you, I should resign the Presidency of the Council this very day in his favour! Meanwhile, what return can I make you?'

"'If you had a compatriot like me,' replied the gentleman, 'you would have him condemned to death. You ask what return you can make for the good advice which I have given you? . . . To act on it and deliver Italy. So far, I have found the protection of Sir James Hudson sufficient.'

"The stranger withdrew, handing his card to the Minister as he left. Cavour gave a prodigious start; he had read on the card:

"'MAZZINI.'"

The whole of this anonymous book, called *The Last of the Napoleons*, is interesting, although anti-Bonapartist. It is written with amazing eloquence, and with a degree of conviction which cannot but be effective. But its Royalist and Catholic prejudices are extreme. Still, I cannot but recognize that Cavour has made a catspaw of Napoleon. Napoleon is more honest, more sentimental, more generous than he. But that only suggests the question, Is the dishonour on the side of the French Emperor or on that of the Sardinian Minister?

* * *

April 30th.—Clearly the expedition into Italy is popular among the masses.

I do not know what the judgment of history will be, but certainly it will have no right to say that Napoleon Bonaparte acted contrary to the will of the people.

The people elected him to Parliament.

The people called him to the office of President.

The people ratified the *Coup d'Etat*.

The people have ratified the Empire.

The people have accepted with enthusiasm the Italian War.

The people applauded the Syrian War.

* * *

Note added later.—The people accepted the Mexican War.

The people shouted in July 1870: "To Berlin! To Berlin!"

CHAPTER X

WAR IN ITALY : FIRST BATTLES

1859

The Baron d'Ambès accompanies the Emperor to Italy—Arrival at Genoa—Arese greets Napoleon ; a significant remark—Comparison of forces—Genoa and its pretty girls—Difficulties of debarkation and commissariat—Battle of Montebello—Garibaldi—Two engagements at Palestro—A close shave!—General MacMahon—Canrobert—Clever strategy—A gallant speech of Victor Emmanuel—The Italian Lakes the Baron in a poetical mood.

May 10th.—I am setting out for Italy in the Emperor's suite. On April 29th M. Baroche got the Legislature to pass a vote of credit of 90 millions, a loan of 500 millions, and a levy of 140,000 men by anticipation on the contingent of 1859. M. Émile Ollivier protested against the tame consent of the Legislature. M. Jules Favre wanted to know the real purpose of our intervention, but Baroche held his peace ; however, on May 3rd, it was announced to the citizens by a proclamation.

This proclamation set forth that Austria had declared war against France by entering the territory of her ally, that she thus violated treaties, offended against justice, and threatened the frontiers of France. The purpose of the war was not to substitute French for Austrian dominance, but to give Italy into her own keeping, thus securing a friendly people on the frontier ; nor was it to injure the power of the Holy See, but rather to protect it against Austrian interference.

Thanks are due to the French Government that a general European conflagration was avoided, and the conflict kept within its defined limits. The three days

prescribed in the Austrian ultimatum having expired, the envoy, Baron Kellesberg, returned to Milan with the Sardinian refusal, and General Giulai at once received the order to invade the territory of Victor Emmanuel. Our forces were already mobilized for immediate action.

* * *

May 12th.—On May 10th, at half-past five, the Emperor left the Tuileries in an open carriage accompanied by the Empress. He was greeted by the people in the streets with the greatest enthusiasm. The Parisians choose to consider the purpose of this war noble in the extreme, and they have decorated their houses with French and Sardinian flags, and sent off the troops with great acclamation.

At the Gare de Lyon we found awaiting us, in a large room draped in green velvet, Prince Jérôme, Prince Napoléon and his wife, the *Préfets* of the Seine and of the Police, members of the *Conseil d'État*, senators, deputies. We arrived a little before the Emperor. I was beside Dr. Conneau. Others who were to start along with us were Major-General Vaillant, Generals de Montebello, de la Moscowa, de Béville, Roguet, Fleury, several Colonels, Larrey the surgeon, Laine the chaplain, the orderly officers and *equerries*.

The train started a little before six o'clock. The Empress left us at Montereau, after handing a medal of the Immaculate Conception to each of the twenty-six *aides-de-camp* and officers.

To-day we arrived at Genoa, whence the Emperor issued his first order of the day to the army in Italy.

It was Arese who, in the name of Victor Emmanuel, received at Genoa his old friend Napoleon III. I heard that when the Emperor saw him he cried :

"My dear Arese, thank God for permitting the Emperor of Austria to cross the Ticino, else how should we ever have got here !"¹

* * *

¹ To understand the point of the words, the many hesitations of Napoleon III. must be remembered. The passage of the Ticino hastened events, and made it possible for Napoleon to intervene.

Besides our troops, what forces had the King of Sardinia to show? The following :—five divisions of infantry of 13,000 men, two battalions of *bersaglieri*, one regiment of cavalry, three batteries of six guns and five companies of sappers, in all 60,000 men, commanded by Generals Cialdini, Fanti, Mollard, Durando, Cucchiari (infantry), and Sambuy (cavalry). The King, with General Della Rocca for chief of the staff and General Della Marmora as lieutenant, had assumed the chief command. Garibaldi had formed a legion of *Cacciatori delle Alpi* (Hunters of the Alps), whom he commanded, with the title of General. This army was to move from Casale to Alessandria and from Alessandria to Tortona and Novi.

Opposed to the Franco-Sardinian army was that of General Giulai, whom Francis Joseph had appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian army—a force of 200,000 men, exactly equal to the combined French and Sardinian forces.

On April 29th two Austrian divisions had crossed the Ticino.

During this time the Sardinian cavalry was falling back from the Ticino upon the Sesia, and Cialdini's division was occupying the line of the Dora Baltea; this while the 3rd and 4th French Army Corps were marching on Turin by the valley of the Dora Ripaira, and the 1st and 2nd Corps, with the stores which had disembarked at Genoa, were occupying the valley of the Scrivia.

An officer explained all this to me, map in hand, while my mind ran forward to the bloody hours to come.

* * *

GENOA, May 1859.—A city built in the form of an amphitheatre, with descending tiers of marble and brick Palaces, separated by terraces of foliage and flowers; a sun which wraps this magnificent pell-mell of orderly disorder in a dazzling garment of light; a thousand narrow streets, dark and cool in spite of the flooding

sunshine; and, cutting sharply through this tangle of dwellings, three broad roads lined with edifices of a regal architecture,—such is Genoa.

Under the orange-trees of a large bright café I chatted with a French Treasury official who was already on the spot, and who told me one thing that it was not difficult to imagine—that the town is very unlike its ordinary self just now, with these thousands of soldiers in the streets, giving it quite the air of a garrison-town.

Yesterday a fête was held in honour of the Emperor's arrival. Flags, illuminations, bells pealing, people in their best clothes, a gala performance in the evening at the Teatro Carlo Felice. . . . You would have thought we were celebrating the victories of the campaign which has not yet begun.

The officers make a rendezvous of the Café de la Concorde. Pretty Genoese girls in white *mezzari* smile at us as they pass, and their glances illustrate—if I dare say so—the proverb of the place :

Mer sans poissons ;
Montagnes sans bois ;
Hommes sans foi ;
Femmes sans pudeur.

(A sea without fish ; mountains without trees ; faithless men and shameless women.)

* * *

ALESSANDRIA, *May 15th*.—Here we are at the French headquarters since yesterday. They say that Napoleon III. has found, in the house where he is lodged, the map on which Bonaparte as First Consul sketched the plan of the Battle of Marengo.

The Sardinian headquarters are at Occimiano, which covers the passage of the Po at Casale and that of the Sesia at Vercelli. The Austrian patrols reach as far as Montebello and Casteggio. These two villages are to be put in a state of defence.

I live in a white house, half empty. I am possessed with anxiety. Not that I fear defeat, for it seems to me that we are going to carry on this war very briskly, and very soon bring it to a peace that Austria will be forced

to accept. But it seems to me that the Emperor is surrounded with pitfalls, that his every movement is watched, that he is going to have his hand forced, and that when the war is over there will be a new mountain of difficulties to surmount. I have a presentiment that this Italy will not evince the slightest gratitude for the way in which we have stood by her—as we do by all oppressed Nations. I foresee a strong Italy allying herself by and by with our enemies, as when the good man in the fable warmed the benumbed serpent, only to find that, when he had won it back to life and malice, it stung him.

And yet it is just that a Nation should be free. It is a noble task to aid it in casting off its fetters. What is one to think?

The Emperor has set up his headquarters at the Royal Palace. He arrived amid scenes of enthusiasm. Triumphal arches everywhere, on which wave the flags of the two nations. The windows are draped with our colours mingled with green for hope.

It is touching to see this people acclaiming the liberator, far more so than to see a Monarch entering a conquered city. Joy and not grief opens its arms to load him with flowers.

* * *

May.—General Lebrun tells of great difficulties he has had in providing for the 55,000 men who disembarked between April 28th and May 6th at Genoa, where he was sent by Marshal Vaillant almost at a moment's notice. He got the order as he got out of bed in the morning, to start at 11 a.m.

He landed without any precise instructions, and had to scour the town forthwith to find places big enough—schools, convents, even churches—in which to lodge his troops, temporarily at all events; as well as to requisition all the butchers and bakers, and find some place for his stores and ammunition. After six hours of it, he came back to find that all the officers had arrived in the meantime, and were demanding horses, not one of them having a mount.



MARSHAL CANROBERT.



THE FOUR NEPHEWS OF NAPOLEON I.: NAPOLEON-LOUIS,
NAPOLÉON-LUCIEN, MURAT, AND PIERRE BONAPARTE.

"My poor fellows, you must just wait a bit. I haven't got horses in my pockets."

Next morning at dawn he organized a Remount Department, consisting, at first, of one man. Then he had to appoint a civil veterinary surgeon, there being no military veterinary surgeon there. He had to complete the field outfit, fix up the guns, and arrange a park of artillery. An amusing circumstance was that, in order to avoid lumbering up the quays, he had decided to send the guns to the park one by one as soon as ready, and this turned out to be a great vexation to the officers, who were quite upset at not getting the chance of marching through the town with batteries complete and band playing.

From hour to hour Lebrun telegraphed to the Minister. At last Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers arrived, and, naturally, assumed the command of the town. Lebrun thought his troubles were at an end. Not a bit of it! The next news was that General Foltz, Chief of the Staff, had been struck down by a stroke of paralysis, and General Lebrun was called on to take his place provisionally. So the bustle began again. It must be remembered too that all the time he was nominally Chief of the Staff to MacMahon. When MacMahon left Genoa by the Boghetta Pass to take up a position at Novi, he naturally left instructions that Lebrun was to follow as soon as possible. From Novi he sent despatch after despatch. At the arrival of each despatch, the unfortunate officer instantly telegraphed to Marshal Vaillant for leave to go. Vaillant replied that he must await the arrival of a General Officer before leaving the town. At last, on May 6th, General Herbillon arrived, and Lebrun left at once, reaching Novi on the 7th. For nine days and nights he had never had more than two hours' sleep.

* * *

Battle of Montebello.—The following is the general account given me by General Forey :

On May 17th he had left Casteggio to reconnoitre the district. Giulai, on his side, had decided to make a

reconnaissance on the right bank of the Po. Thus the French and the Austrians were fated to meet on the 20th.

The Austrians, under Stadion, first occupied Casteggio and then marched on Montebello. Forey, leaving Voghera, overtook them, occupied the two sides of the road as far up as the stream of Fossagazzo, where it is crossed by a bridge on which two guns were planted, thus enfilading the road; here the fusillade between the skirmishers on both sides began.

The advantage was at first with the enemy, who carried Genestrello and entrenched themselves in Montebello. We retook the former, and afterwards Montebello, where there was some hand-to-hand fighting, and the houses were retaken one by one, General Beuret being killed. Stadion's men, when they were dislodged, retired on the cemetery, where they fought bravely; but they were at last driven out. We remained masters of the position, which, however, we abandoned later as being too far in advance.

Two thousand dead strewed the plain and the streets. There had been fighting everywhere, bloodshed everywhere. The Piedmontese cavalry behaved splendidly, and showed itself worthy of the traditions of 1848.

The first battle. The first victory.

* * *

Garibaldi.—He left the banks of the Dora on May 10th, and reached Gattinara, Romagnano, Borgo Manero, and Castelletto in the midst of general enthusiasm. On the 23rd he touched Lombard soil, and was greeted with cries of "Hurrah for Italian independence!" He entered Varese with his 4,000 *cacciatori* and his 500 horse, barricaded the streets, put the houses in a state of defence, feeling sure of an immediate attack. Sure enough, on the 25th, the Austrians arrived, were repulsed, made a renewed attack, during which Garibaldi slipped out secretly with a party of his men and made for the hills, whence he threw himself upon the enemy's flank and put him to flight. He had no guns, but here were three, of which he promptly took possession. He

triumphantly re-entered the town amid shouts of joy. But, with great foresight, he set out again instantly in order to prevent the enemy from concentrating on Como, and for this purpose he divided his forces into two columns.

One of these columns, moving on Camerlata, disturbed the Austrians, who were preparing to fight when Garibaldi himself attacked them at San Fermo, and pursued them as far as Como, where a bloody battle, which lasted until the evening, ended in their defeat.

Como held rejoicings and illuminations. The people carried the victor in triumphal procession. It was an important town to hold, for, from that position, Garibaldi commanded Lombardy, the Valtellino, Bergamo, and Brescia. Como! I was there on a visit soon after. Not a trace to be seen of these strenuous hours. Everything was bright and gay, the sun shining brilliantly. In the streets, the townsfolk lazily sucking their slices of watermelon. . . .

* * *

The two engagements at Palestro.—Why this unexpected slackness? Why not get through the war quickly? Are we to think Garibaldi is the only General equal to the situation?

However, it has been decided to turn the enemy's flank and move on Milan. To do this the Sesia must be crossed under fire and the enemy driven from Palestro.

A great day, this May 30th. The river crossed at noon, and the town taken by ten in the evening. A gallant bit of work! Victor Emmanuel and Cialdini headed the attack gallantly. As at Montebello, the Austrian retreat was heroic, every step contested.

On the 31st, three columns of reinforcements arrived to retake the city. The Piedmontese made a brave stand. Taken in the rear, they wavered for a moment, but up came Colonel Chabron's zouaves between the willows and the poplars of the canal. They crossed, wading through the water in spite of the bullets which

rained on them, climbed up the banks like demons, killed the artillerymen, and threw themselves upon the Austrians, who were taken aback by such valour. The King was among the fighters, sword in hand. The enemy entrenched himself in a farm, whence he was driven out, took cover in a wood, which the guns riddled, retreated to a mill, which he was soon forced to evacuate, then fled to a bridge where in the savage struggle that ensued many a one was drowned. Mad with victory, our men crossed the bridge, and pursued the enemy along the Robbio road, where Cialdini completed the rout. Whereupon the Allies continued their concentrating movement.

Second battle. Second victory.

It is the end of May. The sky is clear, the earth most beautiful. Poor wounded men! . . .

* * *

A close shave!—On June 3rd the Austrians very nearly made a great capture! While the 2nd Army Corps was crossing the Ticino, General MacMahon was holding a conference with General Camou. He soon learned from the reconnaissances of General Manègue, that there were no Austrians within a considerable distance of Turbigo, and he decided to dispose his troops before that town. He went therefore with Camou, Lebrun, and several officers to Robechetti to examine the positions which were to be occupied. Unfortunately, the view was obstructed by vines and orchards, and it was necessary to climb the village steeple. While MacMahon was climbing to the top of the little church Lebrun was seeing about placing scouts at the extremity of the village, notwithstanding Manègue's assurance that there were none of the enemy about. He was wise. All at once a lieutenant of the voltigeurs of the Guard ran up to report an Austrian column marching on the village about five hundred yards off. Lebrun instantly despatched the lieutenant and his men to fire a gun, to give the alarm to the advance-posts, in short, to keep the column in play, while he dashed to the steeple to warn the officers of the danger they were in. A hasty descent,

a leap to the saddle, and they were off. Five minutes later and it would have been too late!

What a catch—the Commander of an Army Corps, his General in Chief, a General of Division, and their officers!

* * *

Notes on the early battles of the Italian campaign.—Count Buol's ultimatum was not such a surprise to Napoleon III. as has been reported. Everything was in train and the troops ready to start, but it was impossible to concentrate them near to the Alps without some plausible pretext. What would Europe have said? Therefore they had to be brought from Bordeaux, from Rouen, from Rennes, from Africa. The skill of the Emperor was shown in this, that in order to gain time he allowed the enemy to think that he could outflank him, and thus caused him to be careful and slow in his movements, so that the reserve and the French artillery had time to reach the spot.

It was Canrobert who advised the abandonment of the line of the Dora Baltea, as being too convenient for the enemy, and led Napoleon to move towards Casale and Alessandria. It was Napoleon who, by concentrating the Franco-Sardinian troops near Voghera, led the Austrians to suspect a movement on Piacenza, thus provoking Giulai's reconnaissances and the victory of Montebello.

Some have said that the victory of Montebello was a mere chance, a case of French heedlessness against Austrian ignorance—six of one and half a dozen of the other. But, as always, it is to the valour of our soldiers, in number only a third of the enemy, that we owe the glory of our first little victory.

* * *

I shall be forgiven for judging all these military operations rather according to the opinions of competent soldiers than by my own personal impressions. I note down as it comes what I hear said.

And I hear this :

"After Montebello the Emperor hit on a remarkably clever strategic idea. Observing that Giulai was guarding against a French advance by the right bank of the Po, he resolved to encourage that mistaken idea, to keep his left wing in play, and meanwhile to execute a rapid flank movement on Valenza, Casale, Vercelli, and Novara, to outflank the right wing of the Austrian army and arrive before it on the Ticino. Thus the Allies at one stroke would enter Lombardy, and have the opportunity of taking Milan, afterwards crushing one by one the army corps of the enemy if he attempted to cross the Ticino, cutting him off if he tried to cross the Po at Pavia, or forcing him back into the Marches and the rebel Duchies if he retreated to the right bank of the river."

So we see the Emperor is not to be despised. He has had more than one idea worthy of Napoleon I. But how often have his schemes been betrayed by the very men who ought to have carried them out !

* * *

Gallant speech of the King's.—At one moment during the Battle of Palestro, while zouaves and *bersaglieri* were outdoing each other in heroism, Victor Emmanuel, the *galantuomo*, was exposed to a heavy fire. They urged him to leave the dangerous spot, but he cried, "No, no, comrades, let me stay with you. We shall all find glory enough here to go round !"

* * *

The Lakes.—Como, Porlezza, Lugano, Pallanza, Luino, with your white villas, and you, O Lakes of Italy, fain would I forget these days of blood, and remember only the walks I have had by your enchanting shores ! In summer, when the sunlight shimmers in a thousand facets on your waves, when away in the distance lie the green curves of your islands, most of all when on some hillside falling steeply to your waters the cypress strikes black against the sheer blue of the sky and the white walls of dainty villages, what ineffable moments of en-

raptured gazing ! And the cascades of flowers, the thickets of roses, the ribbons of geraniums, a thousand green stems clasping the balustrades, a thousand blossoms climbing the garden walls. Ah, what a land of dreams and delicious *dolce far niente* !

And what beauty in those old towns with their low-browed arcades and irregular squares and tortuous streets hung with gay-coloured rags, where in some poor little shabby church there lurks a world's masterpiece, or where, as at Como, suddenly, at the turning of a filthy street there rises a Cathedral of marble ! where, gleaming from the wall in some monk's refectory—it might be daubed there by a common house-painter's hand—a fresco that is a veritable work of genius dazzles your eyes !

O Lakes of Italy ! soon may the cannon fall silent, that the voices of the past may be heard again ; quickly may the fighters pass, that the soul may once again drink peace and rapture on these shores of Paradise !

CHAPTER XI

MAGENTA AND SOLFERINO

June 1859

Battle of Magenta described—News of victory—Triumphal entry into Milan—The ladies of Milan—A fine city—History of Lombardy; a retrospect—Napoleon enters Brescia—MacMahon owes his title to Arese—Another reminiscence of Arese—Brescia: the Baron d'Ambès falls ill—Battle of Solferino—Visit to the battlefield—The dead—A “soldiers’ battle”—United Italy! United Germany?—Cavour and Walewski—Impressions of a private soldier.

Magenta.—This is the first great battle of the war. The others were only hot and brilliant engagements. They say that the incapacity of Napoleon III. and the dilatoriness of Canrobert endangered the victory, and that the skill of MacMahon retrieved it. Let us recall the circumstances to see how far this assertion can be maintained.

First of all, think of the obstacles. If the troops assembled in Alessandria were to march on Piacenza, it would be necessary to besiege that town, take it, and cross the Po under the eyes of 200,000 of the enemy at a point where the river is over nine hundred yards wide. If they crossed at Valenza, they would encounter an enormous force at Mortara, and would be obliged to make the attack at a great disadvantage from ground honeycombed with canals and rivers. Was the Emperor not right to hesitate, to outflank the enemy, to put him on the wrong scent by occupying Casteggio and Robbio?

On May 31st the army crossed the Po at Casale, where we held the bridge, passed the Sesia, left the

Sardinians to engage in a couple of skirmishes, which gave colour to the idea of a march on Mortara, turned, on the contrary, to Novara, and took up a position there. It certainly seems to have been the wisest plan.

On June 2nd three bridges were thrown across the Ticino, giving passage to MacMahon's army corps. A body of Austrian troops, coming up unexpectedly, were at once driven back. The same day Espinasse's division drove the enemy out of Trecate on the Milan road.

It was arranged that the 4th should be the day of the great battle which was to give us the left bank of the Ticino, and that MacMahon with the whole Sardinian army should proceed to Magenta, while the grenadiers of the Imperial Guard should occupy the top of the bridge of Buffalora, the point at which Canrobert was to cross the river.

The King's army, Espinasse's division, and Canrobert were delayed. (Every war is full of untoward accidents.) But Napoleon III. anxiously awaited MacMahon. About two o'clock a lively fusillade announced his arrival. It was necessary to support him. What better than to send two brigades against the Austrian troops massed before the bridge? And that is what the Emperor at once commanded. But the soldiers of Wimpfen and Cler, though they carried the heights of Naviglio and the village of Buffalora, could not break through the formidable barrier offered by the enemy's lines.

And still Canrobert did not come! And MacMahon's force had ceased firing! What was the matter?

The matter was that the Austrians, having heard of the crossing of the Ticino at Turbigo by the French, had sent three of their army corps across the same river, and that the grenadiers of the Guard—a single division—found themselves face to face with 125,000 men! They fought, however—a glorious martyrdom! Cler fell mortally wounded; Wimpfen was wounded in the head; Mellinet had two horses killed under him. They fought desperately for four hours, till at last Canrobert appeared, and MacMahon's guns spoke again.

MacMahon too had been delayed on his march. He

had effected the junction of his two columns, and now he met the terrible onslaught. The 45th of the line attacked the farm of Casina-Nuova, forced 1,500 Hungarians to lay down their arms, and took the enemy's flag from the dead body of their Colonel. As Espinasse and Lamotte-Rouge showed signs of weakening, General Camou and his voltigeurs gave them the opportunity of resuming the offensive by themselves meeting the enemy's centre. Auger for his part caught the enemy in a cross-fire from forty guns. But it was at Magenta itself that the bloodshed was greatest. As at Montebello and Palestro, there was fierce hand-to-hand fighting in the streets. Ten thousand Austrians were disabled, five thousand taken prisoners. There Espinasse and Froidfond found a death worthy of them, and MacMahon's corps suffered badly. On the other side, Renault's and Vinoy's divisions performed prodigies of valour; the 85th of the line lost their Commanding Officer, and Canrobert sustained heavy losses. Finally, at nine o'clock in the evening, the French remained masters of the field, having taken four guns, two flags, and seven thousand prisoners. Twenty thousand Austrians were killed or wounded; and twelve thousand muskets and thirty thousand knapsacks were found on the field of battle. On June 8th the Emperor and the King of Sardinia entered Milan.

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What an ovation! The public buildings were smothered in draperies, the houses hidden behind flags. Bed-coverlets had been used for decorations, blankets even, while others had hung bright-coloured carpets out at their windows. The town was, as it were, clothed in a garment of jubilation! The streets were strewn with the flowers thrown before us. Napoleon III. had given MacMahon the first place on entering Milan, as Napoleon I. had given it to Mortier on entering Berlin after Jena. Joy manifested on the walls, and welling up in every heart.

And then all at once, in the midst of our rejoicing, came the news of the Battle of Melegnano. The ladies

all left the Corso, drove as fast as they could go along the road to Melegnano, three leagues off, and there alighted on the field of battle, lifted the wounded into their carriages and brought them on the blood-bespattered cushions to their houses and their palaces. It was a unique and unforgettable episode.

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MILAN, *June 9th*.—Since yesterday we have been in full possession of Milan, which has been evacuated by the enemy. I have heard that this very day Baraguay d'Hilliers obtained another success at Melegnano. MacMahon has been made a Marshal of France and Duke of Magenta, and Renault de Saint-Angély a Marshal. The Duke of Modena, the Duchess of Parma, and the Pontifical Governor of Bologna have been compelled to leave these towns, which have declared against Austria and their local rulers.

An address of gratitude has been presented to Napoleon III. by the Milanese. The French army has established its bivouacs near the gate of Pavia.

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MILAN, *June*.—I have been roaming the streets of this great Lombard city, so wealthy, so handsome, so superbly rich in imperishable marvels of architecture, in museums and galleries of unique interest, with a cathedral perhaps the vastest religious edifice in Europe. What a wild profusion of pinnacles and statues! It is a very labyrinth of art! I climbed to the roof, and from that vantage ground I saw carvings and embellishments invisible from below, yet as conscientiously finished as those that every one can see without an effort. From the top of the central tower my gaze embraced the surrounding plain. Everywhere it fell on troops of armed men. And I shuddered as I thought of the ages past, during which, again and again, men's eyes had beheld from this spot the sight of warlike hosts marching and counter-marching!

Meantime the city is a scene of endless jubilation.

The cafés are crammed with talking and gesticulating customers, who drink even now to Italian Independence !

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MILAN, *June*.—After Magenta, it was not the army, but a single soldier, who entered Milan alone, like the messenger from Marathon. He told of victory. They would scarcely let him speak. In a moment they threw themselves upon him, open-armed, embracing him, lifting him shoulder-high, carrying him in triumph through cheering crowds. The honest fellow, already tired with running, was absolutely exhausted with his reception, stupefied with huzzas and handshakings, jostled and crushed in the general frenzy. One by one the battalions began to march in. The people ran out to meet them. Women, mad with joy, clasped the soldiers in their arms, kissed their heroes' brows, all damp with the sweat of battle, and dragged them away, in spite of their officers' remonstrances, to rest and refresh themselves. For a fortnight every place was open to them. They ate and drank and amused themselves, and nobody would accept a farthing. The Milanese doctors devoted themselves to the wounded Frenchmen and neglected their ordinary patients.

Arese has received Cavour at his house in Milan. He has accompanied us hitherto, but is now about to set off for Genoa.

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MILAN, *June*.—What a strangely varied history this noble land of Lombardy has had !

Watered by fine rivers like the Ticino, the Adda, the Oglio, the Mincio, studded by such superb lakes as Maggiore, Como, Garda, Lugano, fed with rich alluvial deposits, supplied with a water-system of admirably planned canals, this plain is of such exceptional fertility as could not fail to attract the envious eyes of every conqueror through the ages on the look out for a land to win. A country of meadow and cornland, where honey-making bees abound, where golden fruits ripen, oil-olives flourish, rice grows, and the pasture is

rich and deep, an orchard, a vast and delicious garden, beneath which lie quarries of marble and alabaster, and mines of iron and copper and coal, a country rich alike on the surface and beneath, the basin of the Po proves herself a treasure as inevitably envied as was our own Burgundy of old in the days of the Barbarians.

Thus, what a rush of Nations to possess her ! The Etruscans drove out the Pelasgians. The Gauls seized her from the Etruscans, and made of her their Cisalpine Gaul, after taking possession of Melpum, and there remained peaceably settled for a century, building Brescia, Verona, and other towns. The Romans took her from the Gauls after selling 40,000 Salassians by auction and installing 3,000 prætorians in the heart of the land thus harshly subjugated. The Franks stole her from the Romans, and history saw Theodebert throw massacred women and children into the Po, which ran red with the blood of slaughter. Then the Lombards plucked the fruit and gave the country their own name. Charlemagne took her from the Lombards and made of her that first "Kingdom of Italy" whose name has haunted the memory of the Italians through ten centuries. Next we find her, free at last from every yoke, dividing herself up into petty Republics, and gathering about Milan in two leagues to resist two German Fredericks. Herself a conqueror, Lombardy nourished tyrants in her bosom, and saw herself torn between the ambitions of Austria and France. She forgot the fiery heart with which in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries she had resisted the Lords of the Holy Roman Empire, and fell, too soon weary, into the arms of the Spanish House of Austria, which stifled her. . . . Yet again envy awoke. Napoleon annexed her as his Cisalpine Republic, and lost her ; again she fell to Austria ; and now at last we see her, with threatening gesture, making one effort more. Will she succeed ? I do not doubt it. Piedmont helps her ; but it may be only to claim her for her own by and by.

It is true that if all these provinces, which form a part of a country so clearly defined geographically as this Italian Peninsula, were to free themselves, secure their

unity, and put themselves under a single king, the added strength of the alliance would make it worth their while to accept his rule. Otherwise the constant weakness of each single province will mean constant struggles. And to whom should the sceptre be given if not to the strongest State, the State already most perfectly organized, as in 987 our own Seigneurs recognized in Hugh Capet the one among them all worthiest to wear a crown?

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June 23rd.—The Austrians have abandoned Piacenza after razing the fortifications, and Pizzighetone after burning the bridges. On the 18th the Allies bivouacked near Brescia, which Garibaldi had entered on the 12th. The 19th and 20th were days of rest. The eagle on the colours of the 2nd Zouaves was decorated with the Legion of Honour.

On the 20th, Napoleon III. entered Brescia in triumph. The people came to meet him as he approached from Travigliato. As happened at Milan, the enthusiasm was at its highest among the women and young girls. It was they who adorned the windows and the triumphal arches with flowers. In the evening the beflagged town was one flare of illuminations. Truly, these are wondrous days! They would turn any head less solid than that of the Emperor of the French.

On the evening of the 19th, there was a meeting, under the presidency of the Emperor, of officers commanding corps. On the 20th and 21st we attempted nothing, not being sure of the enemy's movements. M. Godard had been sent to Castiglione, where he went up in a balloon, but without finding out anything of interest. Still, we are confident.

We are masters of Lombardy, and quite near the famous quadrilateral, where rise those rocks of defiance, the fortresses of Peschiera and Mantua on the Mincio, and Verona and Legnago on the Adige.

No doubt it is there that the enemy is awaiting us.

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June 24th.—No, he has suddenly reappeared on the plains of Castiglione. A great battle is imminent. . . .

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Undated—Arese told me that he was introduced to MacMahon in 1864 by the Emperor at a dinner. The Marshal exclaimed :

“It is to you, Monsieur le Comte, that I owe my title of Duke.”

“How so ? ” asked the astonished Milanese.

In reply the Marshal related the following anecdote. He passed the night of June 3rd, 1859, in a farmhouse at Robechetto. At dawn, hearing guns, he at once asked for a guide to take him to the scene of the battle. When the man was provided, he asked him who he was. “I am Count Arese’s estate manager,” said the guide.

MacMahon, who might very naturally have some questions to ask about a man recommended to him in time of war, was at once reassured, and followed him in perfect confidence. As a matter of fact, the man did bring him to the spot in time to decide the victory.

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Undated.—Another reminiscence of Arese, dating from 1848 this time. He had been sent to Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, to ask his help against Austria at the time of the insurrection of March. Arese set out for Turin. As he was leaving Milan by the Ticino gate some Austrians fired on him. The traveller, scenting danger, whipped up his horses, and rode full speed without being hit till he reached Robechetto, where he arrived at nightfall. He had a small estate there, where he could pass the night. At daybreak he went to try to get a boat to cross the Ticino, but gendarmes were on the watch, under orders to allow nobody to cross the frontier into Piedmont. The Count got a peasant to carry him across on his shoulders by a ford which his tenant farmer had shown him. Once in safety, he sought for a carriage, could find none, was much vexed, but eventually got one, and travelled above sixty miles without a stop.

The horse was dead lame, but the messenger was in Turin.

Instantly, without any change of dress, he went to see M. d'Azeglio, a friend of his, who smiled at his appearance, but agreed to take him to the Palace, where d'Azeglio had the entrée. And the messages he brought were so important that Charles Albert assured him he was about to declare war against Austria.

There was a good deal of subsequent discussion regarding the details of the Battle of Magenta and the part played by MacMahon, some being disposed to think that he had received more than his share of credit for the victory, that he had originated nothing, but merely obeyed orders not too efficiently, and that he owed his success chiefly to good fortune. The Baron quotes in full various accounts of the matter, including Mme Rattazzi's claim for the credit of the Italian contingent, and Lebrun's defence of MacMahon's action.

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BRESCIA, *June 20th.*—I have been to Brescia alone. A fine town at the foot of the mountains, but far from lakes and rivers. A citadel dominates it; a cathedral (marble, of course) adorns it; a valuable museum enriches it; a celebrated heretic enlivens its history. That formidable Arnold who founded Republics, drove out Popes, fighting-man and reformer, is one of those strange mediæval types of men who thought nothing of felling an opponent with a blow from a crucifix.

At the Café du Dôme I had a chat, over cigar and glass, with a fellow-countryman, a civilian like myself, who had come, also like myself, to look about him. He was fresh from Paris.

"Well, what is the news from that quarter?" was my first question.

"Since when?"

"A month."

"Nothing very much. The Deputies were invited to go and see the Prince Imperial before he leaves for

Saint-Cloud. They have passed the draft Bill for the extension of the city of Paris. The session closed on May the 27th amid cries of 'Vive l'Empereur !' The people were mad with delight when they heard of Magenta. And that's about all, I think."

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June 23rd.—I do not feel well to-day. This heat is unbearable. Have I done something foolish—drunk something too cold for this country, where your throat is parched at nine in the morning ?

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June 24th.—The fever has got me. I am going to stay in bed. . . . I dream of those who are going to fight—to fall ; of the wounded, shattered, perhaps to die, perhaps to be crippled for life. Already I hear the rattling of gun carriages, the galloping of horses, the dull murmur and tramp of marching men, the beating of drums, the cries, the rattle of musketry, the roar of cannon, the crash of shells. . . . My head is stupid with the throbbing blood and the roar of the coming battle. War ! War ! What am I to hear to-morrow ?

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Then came the Battle of Solferino. The Austrians who had retreated across the Mincio returned in the night to their former positions, and the armies met unexpectedly. The battle was long and terrible, the French army being chiefly engaged about the village of Solferino, which it eventually occupied. The Sardinian troops assaulted San Martino, which they took, lost, and finally retook after immense loss. The battle began at dawn on the 24th, and at nine at night the allied troops bivouacked on the contested field, while in the distance was heard the sound of guns following up the retreating Austrians.

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Undated.—I have visited the field of Solferino. From

the summit of a green hill I saw the plain covered with vineyards, gardens, maize-fields, mulberry-groves and meadows where graceful groups of trees lift here and there their tufts of foliage. From the hill on which I sat, a chain of other hills extended on either side from Volta to Lonato, sunny slopes dotted with hamlets, and forming towards Castiglione an arc of a circle like an enclamping arm, into which the smiling plain nestles. And on this hill stands the town of Solferino, whose castle is called *La Spia d'Italia* because, like a spy, it looks down on to the country and sees everything from the mountains to the sea. Solferino possesses a castle among the cypresses, a cemetery shut within walls, and a church dedicated to the *Madonna della Scoperta* (Our Lady of Discovery). On the south a valley opens towards the marshes, and through it run the roads to Castiglione and Carpenedolo. Yonder is the plateau of San Martino with its bastions and escarpments. . . . Such is the scene where lately forty thousand men met their doom in one day, grievously struck down by steel or lead.

But must we, then, think only of the dead ? There are the living men whose liberty was the stake of that bloodshed. Thousands of them, now free. Perhaps they will make us feel that yet ! No matter, they are free, and the slaughter has not been in vain.

Yet it is a gloomy thought, this of the killed in battle. After seeing them from the hill I had a desire to see them close at hand. I was feeling better. I was weary of my bed. I went out in spite of the rain. First I went up yonder on the hill ; then I went into the village. On the way I saw dead men lying in the mud, some huddled together, others with crossed arms. Stark and rigid these, as if they had not willingly accepted death ; those others, yielding and resigned. . . . As I drew nearer the Tower the number of the dead increased. It became a hecatomb. There were indistinguishable heaps of dead, arms clasping each other, a frantic brotherhood which had thrown men together in a supreme embrace. There were poor lonely dead, melancholy, bloodless, open-mouthed, lying as if asleep. There were

beardless youths with gentle faces, who, maybe, but a few weeks ago, had held some beloved woman in their arms. There were brothers, husbands, sons, fathers. It was terrible.

And yet, the wounded are smiling and happy. The unhurt are singing joyous songs. All the world is radiant. The dead men's sufferings are over. Where then are the true victims? Yonder, by the fireside at home. . . .

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Opinions on Solferino.—Here is what Mme Rattazzi says about Solferino :

“ Like Magenta, Solferino was a soldiers' battle. The commanders on both sides failed in judgment and skill. Canrobert's conduct was questionable, and so was that of Durando and the King and the leaders of the Piedmontese army. But the troops behaved splendidly. Napoleon showed now and again glimpses of a true commander, and Niel, Cerale, Forey, MacMahon, and Fanti were magnificent. The co-operation of the Sardinians was useful, though lacking in strategic unity, and by holding out bravely, in spite of checks and the incompetence of the generals, they kept Benedik in play on the left all day and prevented him from going to the help of Stadion, and so deciding the battle in favour of Austria.”

The Baron again quotes Lebrun in defence of the French army against its critics. The General refers to the frightful storm of dust and rain which burst over the plain towards the end of the battle and created almost a panic among the men, who thought that fresh battalions of the enemy were sweeping down upon them.

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Echoes of Solferino.—It was from Cavriana that Napoleon III. sent to France the dispatch announcing the victory. . . . Méry, they say, improvised in a single night a cantata entitled “ Cavriana.”

In Paris everybody is singing :

Gentil Turco,
Quand autour de ta boule
Comme un serpent s'enroule
Le calicot
Qui te sert de shako. . . .¹

Rejoicings everywhere, illuminations, flags, songs. Yet one hears, quoted amid all the excitement, some gloomy suggestions, forecasts of thoughtful men. Lamar-tine is reported to have said : "France is securing the unification of Italy. Very good. But the unification of Italy is simply the prelude to the unification of Germany. . . ." Ah ! the unification of Germany ! . . . To which Thiers gaily rejoined : "Yes, yes ; the two unifications are inevitable. We are securing the first. Let us accept the second !" While Trochu's observa-tion, looking at it from another point of view, was this : "The Italian campaign a victory we owe to God and the rank and file ! We have shown the Germans how to win battles."

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Undated.—Some one has written à propos of Solferino : "Nothing is more difficult than to describe a great battle. . . . Up to now nobody has given a really accurate and complete account of Waterloo ; nor has any historian of the Battle of Toulouse told us exactly whether Marshal Soult won it or lost it ; nor, again, have we ever had it made clear to us whether the honour of Marengo belongs to Bonaparte, or to Desaix aided by Kellermann. . . ."

Anyway, let this serve as some excuse for the short-comings of my notes !

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Undated.—Cavour did not wait for the end of the War to extend the boundaries of Piedmont by annexing a bit here and a bit there. The following curious con-

¹ Sweet Turco,
Round about your head you make
As many folds as ever a snake
Of calico
Which is your shako. . . ,

versation between Walewski and another Court official was repeated to me :

"What do you think of M. de Cavour's last circular?" asked M. de Walewski.

"He is making out a case for demanding territory, perhaps for absorbing all Italy."

"Even Rome and Naples?"

"Yes, if that circular means anything."

"Well, I quite think it does. He is insatiable. But he is reckoning without his host."

There were at that time two parties in Italy, that of Cavour and that of Ridolfi. Prince Napoléon, whose views were shared by Ridolfi, looked forward to the establishment of a Tuscan State, independent of Piedmont, and under French protection. Cavour, supported by Ricasoli, led a party which, on the other hand, aimed at the union of Tuscany with Piedmont. And thus intrigues were knit and unknit in which the Empress played a part, assuredly ultra-French, almost anti-Italian.

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Undated.—A soldier, a private from the ranks, whom I amused myself by getting to talk, has been giving me his impressions of war. I like hearing the ideas of a simple trooper who knows nothing of strategy or diplomacy, but who simply obeys passively, knowing nothing, like a brave man.

He told me about the rations on which they had to march for leagues, all the way from Metz to Lombardy, through fields of corn and maize and rice. He told me about the fatigues of the march, haversack on back, the welcome bivouac, the little adventures of the road. Sometimes they lost their way. There was one memorable day when he had thus gone astray, and wandered alone, bewildered, fearing an Austrian bullet, climbing, running, asking his way in fear and trembling, to reach, at last, a ditch, beyond which he saw a farm and lights, and heard the sound of French voices, singing French songs. He was going to jump over; but an enormous watch-dog rushed out showing its teeth. Still he had to

get over, to seek a crust of bread, a mouthful of wine, a truss of hay. So he plucked up his courage, fixed his bayonet, and with a mighty spring cleared the ditch and stood at the charge before the dog, which turned tail and fled in terror. He reached the farm, and found there comrades, lost like himself. They were very merry. They ate and drank and sang and slept, and the next day they rejoined the army—quite possibly to be killed before night.

He told me of some amusing experiences. A twenty-four hours' fast, broken with a large piece of bacon which he found lying on a bundle of wood. Whereupon, up came a soldier and demanded what he had just swallowed—the squad's allowance of bacon! Angry accusations—explanations—regrets! Eventually he was forgiven. All's fair in war!

Another time they found an Austrian in a hay-loft hidden behind a wood-pile. Instead of crying for mercy when he was discovered, he blew out the brains of the man who had found him, whereupon they threw him out, and he fell to the ground and fractured his skull. Still another time he saw a priest hanged for giving false information to the French scouts. And, again, he lost his belt, and tried to take one from a dead man, and had to put his foot on the swollen belly before he could unclasp it. Ah, these dead men, so long unburied and so poorly covered at last!

The soldier complained especially of the provision for the wounded. He was at Solferino, and he declared that there was barely one doctor for two or three hundred wounded; consequently nobody could have more than three or four minutes' attention. The wounded from Solferino, heaped up at Castiglione, had not, for the most part, had their wounds dressed at all. The supply of linen ran short.

"But there! If you're going to escape, you'll escape." The soldier was a fatalist. He was also a poet, for he ended by telling me of the beauty of night bivouacs on the Alps, above all when the form of the bugler sounding reveillé stood out, like the visible Spirit of War, against the blood-red sky.

CHAPTER XII

AFTER THE WAR

July to December, 1859

Numbers of the killed and wounded at Solferino—Niel and Canrobert—Convention of Villafranca—General disappointment; the Emperor's motives misunderstood—Conditions of Peace—Arese again—Note-worthy letters: Arese to Napoleon; two letters of Cavour; Conneau to Arese—The Baron d'Ambès joins the Emperor in the Pyrenees—Results summed up of the War in Italy.

July 12th.—At Solferino we had 12,000 men and 700 officers killed and wounded, the Sardinians lost nearly 6,000, and the Austrians more than 20,000. It took three days and three nights to bury the dead.

Niel and Canrobert have had a quarrel. Niel accused Canrobert of incapacity. They would have fought, but for the intervention of the Emperor.

Lombardy is free. . . . Venetia is going to free herself. A great hope trembles at the heart of Italy, now that she sees at last the hour of her deliverance and unity at hand. The leaders of the Hungarian agitation have already met at Genoa. Kossuth has seen the two conquerors, and made arrangements for the rising in his country. They are only awaiting the signal. Hungary too is going to break her chains.

What news is this—sudden, appalling—which paralyses the soldiers who were waiting to continue the struggle? Napoleon has proposed an armistice to Francis Joseph! He has signed the preliminaries of a Peace at Villafranca!

People are astounded. I too could not understand it. But soon all was explained to me. Germany, uneasy

at our success, sent word to Napoleon III. by the King of Prussia :

“Peace must be concluded at any cost.”

Napoleon thought only of the interests of his country. He would not risk complications. He stopped in the moment of success.

Arese has been sent for. Why ?

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Note added later.—How Napoleon was misunderstood ! He had to leave in haste on July 12th and flee from the field of victory. At Turin the enraged populace would have done him some injury if Victor Emmanuel had not got him out of the town in his carriage during the night. He reached Saint-Cloud incognito, like a criminal. He has been hooted and howled at for being prudent. He has had to suffer in strange ways !

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Note added later.—Here are the conditions of the convention of Villafranca and an account of how it was made.

The two Emperors met in the house of Gandini Morelli Bugna, at Contrada Cappucini. They spoke Italian and German, but did not write anything. After a private consultation lasting an hour they came downstairs, and the principal members of both suites were presented. Cavour knew nothing till the thing was done. He hastened to Villafranca to the Casa Melchiori, where the King was lodged, and in his anger addressed hot words to him. In the evening the Emperor and King made a hasty and sullen dinner, spoke little to each other, and separated in dudgeon. Napoleon maintained his usual imperturbable air.

They had arranged the following preliminaries :

“The two Sovereigns will favour the creation of an Italian federation. That federation will be under the honorary presidency of the Holy Father.

“The Emperor of Austria cedes to the Emperor of the French his rights over Lombardy, with the exception

of Mantua and Peschiera. The Austrian frontier therefore will begin at the farthest point commanded by the fortress of Peschiera and extend in a straight line along the course of the Mincio as far as Le Grazie, from there to Scarzarolo and Luzarra on the Po, from which point the present frontiers will remain.

"The Emperor of the French will hand over the ceded territories to the King of Sardinia. Venetia will form part of the Italian confederation although remaining under the crown of Austria. The Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Duke of Modena will return to their States, granting a general amnesty.

"The two Emperors will call upon the Holy Father to introduce some indispensable reforms into his States.

"A full and complete amnesty will be granted to all persons compromised during late events in the territories of the various belligerents."

* * *

Date unspecified.—I know why Arese was recalled. Cavour, furious at Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel, has resigned everything.¹

The King of Piedmont, dumbfounded, hastily sent the Prince of Carignano to summon Arese to get him out of his difficulty and form a new Ministry, Cavour having resigned after the Treaty of Villafranca.

Arese hesitated. It was a heavy responsibility. He went to Turin, however, and had an interview with Eugène de Savoie,² who did not attempt to disguise the difficulties. It was not necessary to have a Minister to suit Napoleon; the programme need not be far removed from Cavour's, though different; he would have to secure the dismissal of Walewski,³ who was not sufficiently favourable to Piedmont. A delicate task. He failed in it without

¹ After leaving the King's Cabinet he sent the following telegram to the Royal Commissioners of Tuscany and Emilia: "Pace fatta, principi venduti; tutto al diavolo; io mi ritiro." (Peace concluded, principles sold; everything flung to the devil; I efface myself.)

² Eugène de Savoie and the Prince of Carignano are the same person. He was Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom.

³ French Minister for Foreign Affairs.

regret. La Marmora and Rattazzi succeeded him, and he wrote the following letter to the Emperor :

“SIRE,

“Authorized and encouraged by your kindness, I venture to detain you a few moments and to address you with the frankness of former days at Arenaberg and New York. First, I long to be assured of your health after such fatigues of body and mind, and also of the health of the Empress, who, through her affections, has suffered all the hardships of the recent campaign. May the leisure which accompanies peace restore your strength, and enable the Empress to forget all the anxiety she has endured.

“Your Majesty will have learned that I failed in the task, with which my King had honoured me, of forming a Cabinet. Personal difficulties, and, even more, difficulties of the situation and of my antecedents, made the combination which I had planned impossible. Truth demands that I should let you know that the country has been unfavourably affected by my failure, for my presence in the Cabinet was regarded as a guarantee to all the world of your powerful support for the Italian cause. You see, Sire, how your favour alone suffices to give me a political importance which I should never have wished if it had not been a question of life or death for my country.

“I trust you will permit the frankness, which you have long known to be my character. After the first astonishment felt by all at the news of so unexpected a peace, which destroyed so many high hopes, the thoughts of many returned again to the practical facts of the situation, remembering what you had it still in your power to do for that unhappy Italy which has, ever since your earliest youth, counted you among her most sincere and devoted friends. This view, I may say this feeling, in which admiration is mingled with gratitude, is shared by all wise hearts, by all tried patriots, as well in Piedmont as in Lombardy ; and in the latter country the joy of deliverance, after so many years of the most painful servitude, has awakened the most sincere gratitude and the most

profound devotion to your august person. May it please your Majesty to consider all this, to excuse the mistakes of an over-sensitive patriotism and the susceptibilities of disappointed hopes, and to continue your work for the reconstitution of Italy. If the Congress is about to be held, or if peace is to be concluded in some other manner, we have the firmest confidence that you, Sire, will be our powerful protector against Austria and Europe, and that your diplomacy will come to our aid as effectively as did your glorious army. Inasmuch as we respect the motives which have led you to put a term to your glorious and noble enterprise, we believe the more confidently that you have decided to complete it by other means, but always in the interests of that Italy whose cause, Sire, you yourself have pronounced with such authority to be the cause of justice. Having ventured to say all this to you, it is not necessary that I should speak of that unfortunate Venice whose fate touches you so profoundly. But I must, Sire, add one word on the subject of Lombardy, which, if the preliminaries of peace lead to a definite treaty, will be reduced to eight provinces instead of nine, since Mantua is to remain Austrian, and will no longer have a line of military defence, since the fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera will belong to the perpetual enemy of Italian independence. Thus we should have a Lombardy which would be that neither of history nor of geography, and our national feelings would be wounded in all that is truest and deepest. I entreat you, Sire, take our cause into your keeping, and it will surely triumph. You will gain fresh glory and a fresh title to admiration, along with the gratitude of Italy and of posterity. Pardon me this long rigmarole, during which I have been imagining myself walking up and down with you in the woods of Saint-Cloud.

“Pray offer to the Empress my most respectful regards,

“F. ARESE.”

* * *

Two letters of Cavour.—The one to Rattazzi proves

that he is still confident, even after the retreat of Napoleon III., while the other, to Castelli, shows that he continues to direct from behind the scenes the policy of the country :

To Rattazzi :

"I have entire faith in the triumph of the cause for which I have striven hitherto, and I am always ready to give my life and my strength for it, but I am profoundly convinced that my participation in politics at this moment would be injurious to my country. Its destinies have now been entrusted to the hands of diplomacy. Now I am in very bad odour with the diplomatists. My resignation will please them, and they will be less hostile to the unfortunate peoples of Central Italy, whose fate is about to be decided. There are circumstances when a statesman cannot be too prominent ; but there are also cases when he will best serve the cause he has at heart by keeping himself in the background. This is what present circumstances require of me. Man of action as I am, I retire for the good of my country."

To Castelli :¹

"Give my remembrances to Rattazzi. Assure him of my co-operation everywhere and in everything. I have no wish to pry into his political secrets. What I wish is to remain quite outside present affairs. At the same time, if Rattazzi thought that any advice of mine could be of use to him, I am always ready to give it to him quite frankly. You know that in politics I hold greatly to the last precept but one of the Lord's Prayer. Rattazzi, in accepting the Ministry of the Peace, has given proof of his courage and patriotism. He therefore has a right to the support of every honest and liberal-minded citizen. He shall have mine, frankly, loyally, and vigorously."

* * *

August.—Arese has gone to the Pyrenees, to Saint-Sauveur. Victor Emmanuel knows and dreads the perpetual vacillations of Napoleon III., and, as he does not in the least desire to take the convention of Villafranca

¹ Dated from Pressinge, near Geneva, August 7th, 1859.

seriously, he is resolved to have the Emperor on his side. It was Conneau who advised Arese to act.

* * *

Undated.—I have seen the letter written by Conneau to Arese on that occasion. I give the substance of it :

“MY DEAR ARESE,

“I have handed to the Emperor the letter which you gave me for him, and which I received this morning. The Emperor said that he would reply to you. But it seems to me matters are urgent. Already yesterday His Majesty received your brother-in-law¹ and Malmusi, also the Tuscan envoys Lajatico and Peruzzi. He has also received Pallavicini, the envoy of the Duchess of Parma. Every one, as you see, is applying to him. Why do not you come too? What prevents you? Perhaps you are afraid of annoying him? Never fear that. You know how the Emperor loves and esteems you, and what an affection the Empress has for you. You would accomplish more in half an hour’s friendly conversation with them both than in twenty pages of writing. Come then. This is not merely my opinion. It seems to me necessary, urgent, for the good of Italy, that there should be somebody here who enjoys the Emperor’s confidence and can keep him informed loyally and frankly, not merely of Italy’s necessities, but of her aspirations and hopes.

“What could you not do by your presence, your entreaties—if necessary, your insistence? What he would possibly do for nobody else he would do for you, his old friend.

“I urge you then to let me see you here soon, and till then I greet you warmly.

“Your very affectionate friend,

“DR. H. CONNEAU.”

* * *

September.—I have left the Alps for the Pyrenees.

¹ Count Fontanelli, brother of Mme Arese.

I am going to rejoin the Emperor and Arese, and at the same time finish the summer in a country I love.

* * *

September.—Arese has shaken the Emperor. He has far more influence than I have; and my doubts, my hesitations, are powerless before the absolute statements of this Italian, who is the tool of Victor Emmanuel, and will, I fear, do everything for his interests, even against the Emperor's!

* * *

September.—Arese is gone, and I am having my innings. I have partly undone his work, because he went too far. And I have disposed of several of the imprudent promises made by the Emperor of the French to that underling of the Kinglet of Piedmont. Napoleon has also seen Metternich. He has written this letter to Arese:

“SAINT-SAUVEUR, *September 5th*, 1859.

“MY DEAR ARESE,

“Since you left, I have seen Prince Metternich. I was much pleased with his conversation, and I wish to tell you in confidence the outcome of it, in order that you may let the King know. Still, I repeat, it must remain a matter of sacred confidence.

“I think that if Tuscany were to recall the Grand Duke, it would be possible to unite Parma and Piacenza to Piedmont, to give Modena to the Duchess of Parma, and secure for the Venetians an Italian administration, an Italian *army*, and a Provincial Council. The consequence would be that the Austrians would be relegated to the other side of the Alps. Such advantages are assuredly worth careful consideration, and therefore I wrote to the King, that he might be very careful what he said to the Tuscan deputation. To-day I have seen the deputation from Modena. I said the same to them. I hope that, when all is ended, the Peace of Villafranca will be found to have secured Italy's freedom. It is my

dearest wish. I am having an article printed in the *Moniteur* which I hope will make clear the reasons of my action.

"Accept, my dear Arese, the greeting of an old and sincere friend,

"NAPOLÉON."

And, after all, the Empress and Walewski are using all the influence at their command to detach the Emperor from Italy.

It is a coalition in the name of the Fatherland. I wish all good to the Italians, but not at our expense. It would be too quixotic, too silly.

* * *

October.—The Emperor is furious at the Sardinians, who, displeased because he has not devoted himself to their interests at the expense of our own, are abusing him to such a degree that the Emperor has written several strong letters of complaint to the King and to Arese.

I try to convince him that he will get no gratitude whatever for anything he does for the Sardinians, that they will be very agreeable as long as he does what they want, but will insult him if ever he shows the slightest hesitation (which has happened already). He believes me, swears that he will be more firm, criticizes and jeers at the Piedmontese. Then half a line from Arese smooths him down and brings him round. He is far and away too kind-hearted!

* * *

December.—The fact is that the Italian War has ended, as they say, *in a fish's tail*. The negotiations which began at Villafranca have been got through with the greatest difficulty, after being modified by three inconclusive instruments, which they call the Treaty of Zürich, dated November 10th. The great question of the Duchies is not decided. England is dissatisfied with the encouragement given to Spain to make war in

Morocco, and even with our own expedition into that country. She detects a menace to Gibraltar, and retorts by throwing obstacles in the way of the canal through the Isthmus of Suez undertaken by M. de Lesseps.

The Pope has presided over a confederation attended by the Emperor of Austria, who still keeps possession of Venetia and is only waiting his opportunity for revenge. The Archdukes are back on their thrones. The Romagna is in revolt. Cavour has retired, but is watching in the background. Piedmont has annexed several Duchies and two-thirds of the Pontifical States. The treaties are a laughing-stock. To leave Venetia to Austria is to leave a spark among the ashes. . . .

On the 31st the Emperor wrote to the Pope advising him to sacrifice the revolting provinces in exchange for a formal guarantee of the rest, for the sake of restoring peace and order. But Cavour will have none of this arrangement. His first morsels have whetted his appetite. He wants the whole. And he will have the whole. We shall have our expenses and our bloodshed for our pains. I said so frankly to the Emperor. He simply raised his eyebrows.



MARSHAL DE SAINT-ARNAUD.



MARSHAL DE MACMAHON.

CHAPTER XIII

July to December 1859

D'Ambès in Italy; a political mission—A traveller's impressions : the Plain of the Po—The Army of Italy enters Paris in triumph—Cavour and Thiers—Review of cadets of the Imperial Guard—An amnesty; Republican gratitude—Chinese troubles; the Bourse uneasy—Lablache and Tom Thumb—The Court at Compiègne—The Empress and the Princesse Clotilde—An act of generosity—Anecdotes of Rothschild.

July.—I have remained in Italy charged by the Emperor with certain official conversations . . . and I have taken the opportunity to go about a little. The weather is fine. The dead are buried. The grass grows and the sun shines. No one would guess that there had been bloody battles fought in these places, except in the town, where rain has not yet washed the red stains out of the pavements and the stones.

However, I have stayed in Lombardy, and have confined my sightseeing to Turin, Brescia, Verona, the towns in the basin of the Po, and the towns about the Lakes, that semicircle which has the river for chord, and for circumference the curve of the Alps from the two Doras to the Mincio.

Truly it is a wonderful plain. Virgil sang it of old. They say the farmers have as many as eight crops of fodder in a year. It is called the garden of gardens. It is the Touraine of Italy, only more vast. Towards Como the rather deadly monotony of the flat land disappears, and the eyes are charmed with the loveliest of landscapes. The glaciers of another age have left lakes there like tear-drops of regret. Old moraines survive as heights and hollows. Occasional stretches of barren heath diversify

the rich lands sufficiently to suggest the beauty of untilled nature. The climate is moist enough to favour vegetation, and the heavens blue enough to delight mankind.

And in this paradise stands many a town, rich and handsome, or exquisitely small and dainty. Milan, with her churches, schools and palaces of art, her manufactures, her cafés, her Corso with its ten thousand trees—Milan, which gave birth to the great Manzoni, silent now these thirty years.¹ Turin, seat of authority and of all modern comfort and progress; Brescia, with twenty-five centuries of history still living in her ancient walls; Verona, city of the Scaligers, with Chateaubriand for historian; Como, with her white Cathedral; Lugano, with her Luinis; Cremona, with her records of Guelf and Ghibelline, and the best violins on earth; Piacenza, with the finest Corso in Italy; Mantua, built in the marshes; Pavia, which boasts the lance of Roland; Alessandria,—these are the places through which I have philosophized and lounged, happy that the lovely land is once more at peace, though retaining still, in spite of all, a lingering miasma of powder and blood, yet marvelling to see how quickly the most fatal catastrophes fade away in the mists of time.

* * *

August 14th.—A glorious Sunday. The victorious Army of Italy made its triumphal entry into Paris, with the Emperor at its head. What an imposing and picturesque procession it was! The National Guard lined the Boulevards. The Zouaves amused the people with their goats and dogs, and the birds perched on their knapsacks. The soldiers were in their service uniforms, and there were ragged colours, which the people cheered.

In the evening a ceremonial banquet was held, where Napoleon promised the medal (decreed on the 11th) to all who had taken part in the glorious campaign.

I am back in Paris for these few days, but I go south again very soon. I saw M. de Cavour several times at

¹ Manzoni was born in 1784, wrote his famous *I Promessi Sposi* in 1827, and after that vowed himself to a life of religious austerity. He was named senator in 1860 after the formation of the Kingdom of Italy.

Turin. This little man in spectacles recalls our own Thiers somewhat. He wears a frock-coat too tight for him, and has an air of being a year behind the fashions. He is a rotund, jovial figure, and breathes of frankness, which is the last touch of cunning in this sly dog. His eyes have a roguish sparkle. He has a hearty laugh. He is far from having the face that speaks the soul. . . .

They say that Prince Napoléon is much annoyed at the turn things have taken in Italy, and blames the Emperor's *entourage* for everything: the Minister for War because he did not send more troops at once; the Minister for Foreign Affairs because he frightened Napoleon; the Empress, whose gifts are more appropriate to a drawing-room than to a Regency; papistical, Austrophil, lady friends, and the Conservative party generally.

He is said to have declared in round terms:

"We are the victims of that wretched party which detests progress and hates the Revolution!"

Princely words. . . .

* * *

August 15th.—On the festival of Saint-Napoléon there was a review of the cadets of the Imperial Guard.

The Emperor presented his son, the Prince Imperial, to his young companions at arms. It was a touching scene.

* * *

August 16th.—By one of those fine actions which he could wish we better understood, Napoleon III. accords "full and unconditional amnesty to all persons condemned for political crimes or offences, or under measures taken for the public safety."

Note added later.—This is how some of the Republicans have responded:

Schoëlcher: "It is something new for the breakers of the law to pardon its vindicators!"

Edgar Quinet: "You cannot *pardon* right and justice."

Charras : "The amnesty is an outrage on those whom it touches."

Madier de Montjau : "To return to France is to give an amnesty for December 2nd."

Clément Thomas : "I will never enter a door opened by the Man of December."

Victor Hugo : "I share to the last drop the exile of Liberty. When Liberty returns, *I* return."

As you please, gentlemen.

* * *

November.—We are all anxious at the Bourse. Chinese affairs give us no peace. They must be put in order at all costs ; the expedition must hasten its preparations and set out to punish *les Jaunes*, and let us have again a definite, good understanding with England.

Cousin-Montauban is named to command the expedition. Very good, but let him make haste. . . .

However, let us console ourselves with a laugh. . . . I heard a good story of the great singer Lablache, who died last year. He was singing in London at the time when Tom Thumb was on view. A lady who wished a nearer view of the famous dwarf got his address and went to call. Lablache, who was a perfect giant, happened to be living in the same house. The lady mistook the door, knocked, and started back panic-stricken at sight of the singer, who came himself to open it.

"I beg your pardon," said the lady. "I came to see General Tom Thumb."

"I am he, madame," replied the mischievous artist.

"But I thought he was a very small man."

"On the stage, yes," replied Lablache, imperturbably, "but when I am at home I do as I like !"

* * *

November.—Their Majesties and the Prince Imperial arrived at Compiègne on the 1st and have stayed there all the month. Five representations have been given at the theatre—on the 5th, 10th, 18th, 24th, and 29th—and amongst the rest I enjoyed *Le Testament de César-Girodot*,

Un Petit-Fils de Mascarille, and *Le Duc Jacob*. I was not present at all, however. On the 10th there was first a hunting-party, where I drove beside a charming lady whose eyes haunt me still as I write these lines. She was called Eléonore, and I must admit that I had been looking forward to meeting her at the Puits du Roi, where the hounds throw off . . . and hearts beat high.

A perfect day, a magnificent forest, capital sport, and an adorable woman . . . not to mention a good cigar after a delightful luncheon. After all, there are some good times in life.

The cross roads of the Puits du Roi offered the kind of sight I love to see, reminiscent of centuries of elegance : the Emperor and Empress on horseback, wearing—they only—white plumes in their hats ; huntsmen in the charming uniform of the Imperial chase—green coat, purple waistcoat, Louis XV. hat with black feather ; kennelmen in full livery ; brisk officers ; carriages full of lovely onlookers—all in an autumn setting of golden haze. . . . The pack of forty hounds giving tongue. . . .

They broke the stag hot at the Étang Sainte-Perine, and cold in the evening by torchlight. After that a rather poor play by Maquet, which I managed to put up with, however. And then . . . and then . . . Eléonore.

On the 18th I saw Meilhac's play with greater enjoyment. The Imperial box was full : Prince Napoléon and the Princesse Clotilde, Prince and Princess Metternich, Lord and Lady Cowley, Count and Countess Walewski, Count and Countess Labédoyère, M. and Mme de Saulcy—to name only married couples. I was between Viollet-le-Duc and Augier—that is to say, between Architecture and Comedy.

The curtain-raiser was by Labiche and Jolly. Augier told me :

"Jolly's real name is Leveau ; but he never signs anything but Jolly when he collaborates with my distinguished friend. You see, a piece signed Labiche and Leveau—*la biche* and *le veau*—might make people laugh."

"Well, and what then, when they are comic authors ?

To raise a laugh with the mere outside of the programme is surely the very way to get hold of the public."

M. Augier did not agree with me. He is a serious-minded man.

It appears that Delphine Marquet had made a bet during the day that she would make the Empress weep that evening in her part of Valentine.

However, that is not difficult. The Empress's tears are never far off at a play.

* * *

Undated.—The Princesse Clotilde is not a favourite with the Empress. One sees that, guesses it, feels it. Nor is she beloved by her husband, and their misunderstandings are an old story, dating perhaps from the day after their marriage—a political marriage, which is a thing that does not make for fond affection. Nor is she a favourite with the Emperor, poor thing! They say she is clever, but with the cleverness of a nun. She passes hours at Saint-Roch. Every morning and evening she says long prayers. She lives in the other world, and cares nothing for dress, or fashion, or for any worldly elegance. She falls asleep at table. She scarcely speaks. She hates receptions. She does not even care for love.

Prince Napoléon has married a saint. That may suit the Almighty; but it certainly doesn't suit him.

* * *

December 12th.—The Minister for the Interior has sent to Lille by the Emperor's orders a sum of 100,000 francs for the building and improvement of workmen's dwellings.

How many times have I noted liberalities of this sort! Napoleon III. has many kind thoughts for the people, the working population, the humble, the poor. The list of gifts would be a long one. As for Lille, of course, Napoleon has special reasons for gratitude.

* * *

Financier's wit.—Here is an anecdote told of Baron Rothschild:

Morny, happening to want some information, went to his office to get it. The Baron received him without any special deference, merely saying :

"Will you take a chair ?"

"You are addressing the Comte de Morny," said the statesman, not without a touch of haughtiness.

"The Comte de Morny !" said Rothschild, bowing ceremoniously. "Will you then have the kindness to take *two* chairs ?"

A fashionable lady one day handed to my friend Baron C——, a banker well known on the Bourse for his clever deals and his clever sayings, the inevitable album, the diabolical album, wherein one has to be witty, in black and white, at a moment's notice. . . . It was five o'clock. He wrote :

"My charming hostess insists that I shall pay my score. What am I to do ? My counting-house shuts at four o'clock."

.

The following dialogue between Rothschild and Cavour has been repeated to me. It occurred at the time when the eyes of Europe were centred in alarm on Cavour :

"Do you think my death would bring down the market ?" asked the Italian.

"At once, without a doubt," said the rich banker.

"How much ?" said Cavour, smiling. "A franc ?"

"Oh ! you are worth more than that. Three francs at least," answered Rothschild.

CHAPTER XIV

ITALIAN AFFAIRS

1860 and subsequently

A deadlock—The Gordian knot slashed at, not cut—"L'Empire c'est la paix," appearances notwithstanding!—A Papal Encyclical—The Abbé Lacordaire—General Lamoricière and the Papal forces—Garibaldi takes the field—Castelfidardo—Cavour—Arese and Conneau active behind the scenes—Metternich and the nuns—Cardinal Antonelli and the Papal *camarilla*—A pact with the devil—Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi enter Naples—Grammont on the situation—Subsequent course of Italian affairs—Notes added from 1860 to 1893.

January 1860.—There is no mistake—we have come to a deadlock. The Italians are not satisfied. They want unity. They want to get rid of their territorial masters and their foreign tyrants. They are furious against the Emperor, who has simply struck the Gordian knot with his sword without cutting it.

But if Napoleon III. gives them what they want, he will alienate the Clericals, the Legitimists, and his wife. If he demands the abdication of the Pope, he will go down before the episcopal storm. Already the wind is whistling through the forest of mitres.

So the poor man pleases nobody, and knows it. If anybody says so to him, he is annoyed, because he knows it better than anybody. He tries to give pledges to both sides. He refuses in words what he promises in writing. As I say, it is a deadlock.

* * *

On January 1st, Napoleon replied to the greetings of the senior member of the Corps Diplomatique, who happened to be the Papal Nuncio, with non-committal New Year

phrases. On the 2nd and 3rd, articles appeared expressing the general uneasiness. On the 4th, M. Walewski, an out-and-out papalist, was replaced at the Ministry for Foreign Affairs by M. Thouvenel, Ambassador at Constantinople. The pro-Italian party saw in this a good omen; but Napoleon is far from having made up his mind. Austria is arming; Piedmont encroaching; Germany threatening; the Empress grumbling; Russia weakening; the Pope scolding; Cavour grinning; the Bishops quarrelling; friends advising. The Emperor listens to none of them. How do you think he is spending his time? Drawing up a programme of agricultural and industrial improvements.

* * *

Undated.—Some have said that the Roman expedition was useful to the Emperor in taking the wind out of the sails of the opposition and creating an ambiguous situation out of which the Government could make capital. This is not the case. In reality it created a general feeling of dissatisfaction, and brought about the union of Liberals and Conservatives. That union was adumbrated in 1860, took shape in 1866, and triumphed in 1869. It was that union which eventually destroyed the Empire.

* * *

Undated.—In face of the accusation against the Emperor of being fond of war, his perfect sincerity when he said, "L'Empire c'est la paix," ought to be insisted upon. For he was a man of peace whose hand was forced by circumstances; a man of peace who was compelled to resort to powder and shot, urged by public opinion, by the Empress, by his advisers. He himself was animated neither by lust of conquest nor love of quarrelling, and the proof of this lies in his constant tendency to settle all difficulties by congress. A congress was what he wanted in order to end the Roman troubles in 1849, the Italian conflict in 1859, the difficulties regarding the balance of power which arose out of the treaties of 1815, and how many other disputes! But on every hand he met with

opposition, selfishness, the lust of battle. The day of arbitration was not yet come. He anticipated it.

On February 21st, 1849, Louis Napoléon had said to Arese : "I should like to see the Pope restored to Rome, the Grand Duke to Florence, the King of Naples to Sicily, and all the Powers of the federated Italian States grouped under the protection of France and England. I cannot yet do anything effectively to further this, because I must devote all my strength to the internal needs of my country."

* * *

January 30th.—The Encyclical of the 19th, which appeared in the newspapers only yesterday, is a gem. Pius IX. declares that he will die rather than abandon the cause of God—which happens to be identical with that of his worldly interests. The Emperor shrugged his shoulders when he read this testimony of a millionaire martyr perfectly safe against the torturer's instruments. Nothing more laughable than to see these holy men offering to sacrifice their lives to people who would not know what to do with them !

"The only trouble about this little move," he says, "is that the Clergy are getting worse than ever. The Bishops abuse me from their thrones. The religious associations plunge into politics. There is not a country priest who is not bitter against me. The Civil Service will become disaffected ; perhaps the Officers too. Well, we must just let it alone, and busy ourselves with other things."

* * *

February.—M. Rouland, Minister of Public Instruction, has made a vigorous reply to the Encyclical. The Clergy have redoubled their attacks on the Government, not sparing the Chief of the State himself. It is open war. The Minister retorts by circularizing the authorities and by repressive measures against the Black Press. On the surface of it all seethes the question of Abbé Lacordaire's candidature for the Academy, hotly discussed in the newspapers.

(*Note of 1875*).—I find the following in M. Taxile Delord's work on the Second Empire :

“General Changarnier had said to a devoted friend of the Pope : ‘If the Holy Father wants to create an army, let him send for either Lamoricière or me, and we will organize it for him.’ The victor of Abd-el-Kader, as the newspapers love to call Lamoricière, tried to charm the tedium of his retirement by the practices of devotion. Having begun life as a Legitimist, and turned Saint-Simonian in his youth, and sceptic in his riper years, he had returned with the approach of old age to the political and religious prepossessions of his earliest days. He had been a general of the Parisian National Guard during the last days of Louis Philippe, minister of General Cavaignac, ambassador of President Louis Napoléon Bonaparte. The spoilt child of all the governments, and full of confidence in his own gifts, he dabbled in everything, and was thorough in nothing. He could speak on any subject with a fluency which bordered on loquacity, and, therefore, won an easy popularity in a country like France, which likes soldiers and speakers. He carried his religious opinions, like everything else, to an extreme, was a devotee of the Church, as he had been a devotee of the Republic, and received people prayer-book in hand, as, in his Republican days, he had received them at the Ministry of War, pipe in mouth. His Legitimist views had got hold of him again along with his Catholicism after the *Coup d'État* of December 2nd ; but whether Orleanist or Republican, Legitimist or Catholic, he was always Lamoricière, that is to say, an eager, mettlesome man, something of a swaggerer, fond of making an impression on people's imagination, and not always keeping his own quite clear of exaggerations and illusions.”

M. de Corcelles, a former envoy of General Cavaignac to Rome, took upon himself the task of conveying the first overtures from Pius IX. The reply he received was : “It is a cause for which I would gladly die.” But the fear of losing the privileges attaching to his position as a General Officer, the necessity for applying to the Imperial Government for permission to serve a foreign

Power, involving explanations which would betray the hitherto secret plans of Pius IX., produced in Lamoricière a certain degree of hesitation, which held him back until the end of the winter. M. de Mérode, a secret agent of His Holiness, a former officer of the African Army, and related to Mme Lamoricière, came, early in March 1860, to visit the General at his Château of Prouzel, in Picardy, where he was kept a prisoner by gout. He brought with him the official register of the Pontifical Army, which proved to be rather unsatisfactory. Lamoricière, notwithstanding his wish to serve the Holy See, could not but point this out, and suggest the difficulty of recruiting an army from a population hostile to the Government. M. de Mérode succeeded in overcoming these objections. Lamoricière agreed to undertake the task offered to him, and at once set about choosing his personal staff. . . . He left his château secretly on March 19th, and arrived the same evening at Brussels, which he left the next morning with M. de Mérode, after an interview with Père Deschamps,¹ the priest who had won him back to the practice of Catholicism. Having crossed Germany, the travellers stopped for two days at Vienna, where the Austrian police kept them under arrest in their apartments. They took ship at Trieste for Ancona, where M. de Corcelles, sent by the Pope to meet Lamoricière, awaited them. The General-in-Chief was interested in examining the fortifications of the town, where he reviewed for the first time the soldiers he was to command.

Lamoricière arrived in Rome on April 1st, and the next day had an audience of the Pope, who gave him his benediction, and also the authorization to enter the Papal service, which he had himself requested of the Imperial Government. The intimation of the appointment of General Lamoricière to the command-in-chief of the Pontifical Army appeared in the *Journal de Rome* on April 7th.

* * *

April 10th.—Lamoricière said, in addressing his

¹ Afterwards Bishop of Vannes and Archbishop of Malines.

troops, that the cause of the Pope was that of civilization and liberty. It is a big claim! No doubt the Church was at one time the great agent of civilization. When she evangelized the barbarians of the German forests and Anglo-Saxon heaths; when she checked the cruelties of Frankish chieftains, and compelled warring nobles to lay down their arms, when she protected, as they used to phrase it, the poor, the widow and the orphan; when she prescribed fasts to hot-blooded barons, full feeders and deep drinkers, bursting with rude health; when she cherished science and literature in the secret of her cloisters,—yes, the Church *was* the supreme organization of the world, the holy hierarchy, the guardian of all treasure. But since then, have not the laity played *their* part? They have discovered the laws of hygiene, organized private charity, and distributed money and the means of life, nay, better, work, to the unfortunate. They have cared for old people and children, abolished duelling, built schools, opened libraries, established museums. Printing has opened the gates of knowledge to the world. I still believe in the Church as the keeper of the keys of mystery and eternity. I do not believe in her as a temporal power.

* * *

May.—Lamoricière is organizing the Pontifical Army, and the Clerical Press is exultant. Garibaldi is preparing to take the field. Under date May 7th he made an appeal to the soldiers of the Pope to join the colours of Victor Emmanuel. On the 8th he disembarked at Marsala. On the 15th he moved on Palermo, which he entered on the 27th, after gaining a victory over the Neapolitans. . . .

That army of Lamoricière's seems to be a pitiful affair, composed of bands of foreigners, under no responsible administration, miserably commanded, and fed by Christian charity. At the first drills the officers soon got tired and gave way, the hospitals were filled, and recruiting came to an end. Decidedly, Lamoricière's army would cut a poor figure against Garibaldi's.

* * *

May.—Rome will not come to terms, and neither will Naples. It is exactly a year since Francis II. succeeded Ferdinand II. He will not renounce either absolutism or tyranny. There are 190,000 suspects on the police books. The Treaty of Villafranca has produced nothing but anarchy and disorder. Last April, Sicily rose, and Garibaldi set out to support her. I know for certain that Cavour is subsidizing him secretly, but it is said that the famous patriot has little hope of success, and that he set out somewhat unwillingly with his thousand volunteers who had given in their names at the office of the *Gazette de Milan*.

* * *

Summer 1860.—Francis II. now offers to make an alliance with Piedmont and give his people a Constitution. It is high time! England favours the revolution. France takes up an attitude of non-intervention. Victor Emmanuel puts himself at its head! Napoleon III. is at Chambéry. Farini and Cialdini came to see him there, and set forth to him the necessity that Piedmont should intervene. I have been told that the Emperor's reply to the two envoys was :

“Do it ; but do it quickly.”

* * *

September.—After that, events crowded upon each other. Piedmont did act “quickly.” She concentrated her army between Arezzo and Lake Garda, got together a body of 30,000 men at the general camp at Forli (ah, Forli, and its memories !), secured 15,000 volunteers, placed troops at Genoa ready to embark, mobilized the National Guard, prepared her diplomatic powder and shot. . . . On the 10th, Piedmont declared war. On the 12th her troops crossed the Pontifical frontiers.

Garibaldi entered Naples in triumph on the 7th, and established a provisional government until he could send news of his victory to Victor Emmanuel.

* * *

September.—Cialdini, on the refusal of the Pope to

disband Lamoricière's Zouaves, has invaded his States. On the 18th, Lamoricière descended from the heights of Loretto towards the coast to meet the Piedmontese, who had fallen back on the hill of Castelfidardo. A short battle was fought, marked by the defection of the Italians, the death of General de Pimodan and the bravery of the Zouaves, who, however, were forced to retreat, and fell back on Ancona.

* * *

September.—I ought to note here the part played in Italian affairs by Count Arese. It is little known, but important, and I shall at the same time confide to this discreet record my own share in these events, for the two were closely connected together.

I have already said that, true to the principles which Louis Napoléon and I alike held in 1831, I was always in favour of the liberation of the Italian peoples, and opposed both to the autocracy of Rome and to the Piedmontese ambitions. Simply out of humanity, I wanted to see the Italians free from the yoke alike of tyrants, Popes, and foreigners. But in the interests of France I was opposed to Cavour and to the encroachments of Victor Emmanuel, for I saw that to make that petty king the master of Italy was to create a future powerful enemy for ourselves.

What was Cavour's game? To make use of France, that was all, and by her means secure the crown of Italy for his Prince; therefore, to maintain the Republican sympathies of the small States to be annexed, against the very French Imperialism of which he was making every possible use.

Cavour's plan was clear, and had been fixed for a long time.¹

And how cleverly it was carried out! To give an illustration: When the Emperor tried to secure from Piedmont certain reforms in an Imperialistic sense, Victor

¹ The analogy will be observed between Cavour's plan for giving Italy to Piedmont and Bismarck's for giving Germany to Prussia. It is to be feared that Napoleon III. did not see clearly through either of these schemes of the two most subtle diplomatists of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

Emmanuel—or Cavour, it is all the same—refused. But when the Sardinians began to fear that the revolutionary Press would injure the relations with us, Cavour instantly put through the law against political assassinations.

I am on excellent terms with Arese, but I shall always blame him for having played Cavour's game far too much.

It is only right to recognize that it is in great part due to Arese that Nice and Savoy were ceded to France. It was the outcome of negotiations—extremely complicated negotiations !

Count Arese and Dr. Conneau, these were the two influences hidden behind the scene where the Italian drama was being played. I say nothing of Prince Napoléon, nor Walewski, nor Mocquart, nor the Empress, nor Prince Metternich, nor myself. However, I think I may claim some credit for the excellent turn the Emperor's mind took in this matter between 1860 and 1866. I mean that, after Solferino and until Sadowa, there is not the slightest doubt that Napoleon III. sincerely desired the Austrian alliance in order to counter-balance the importance, in the first place, of that very Italy which he had freed, and which in return threatened him with hostility as soon as she felt herself secure, and in the second place, of Prussia, whose growing power and ambition were making him uneasy.

* * *

I heard this comical story about Metternich, who, it seems, is a great amateur of the sex.

Metternich, urged by the Empress, and even more by his diplomatic instinct, was strongly encouraging Napoleon III. to continue his support to the Pope after the War. He was so eager about it that the Emperor said with a smile :

“What a champion of the Papacy ! He will assuredly turn monk.”

And somebody at once replied :

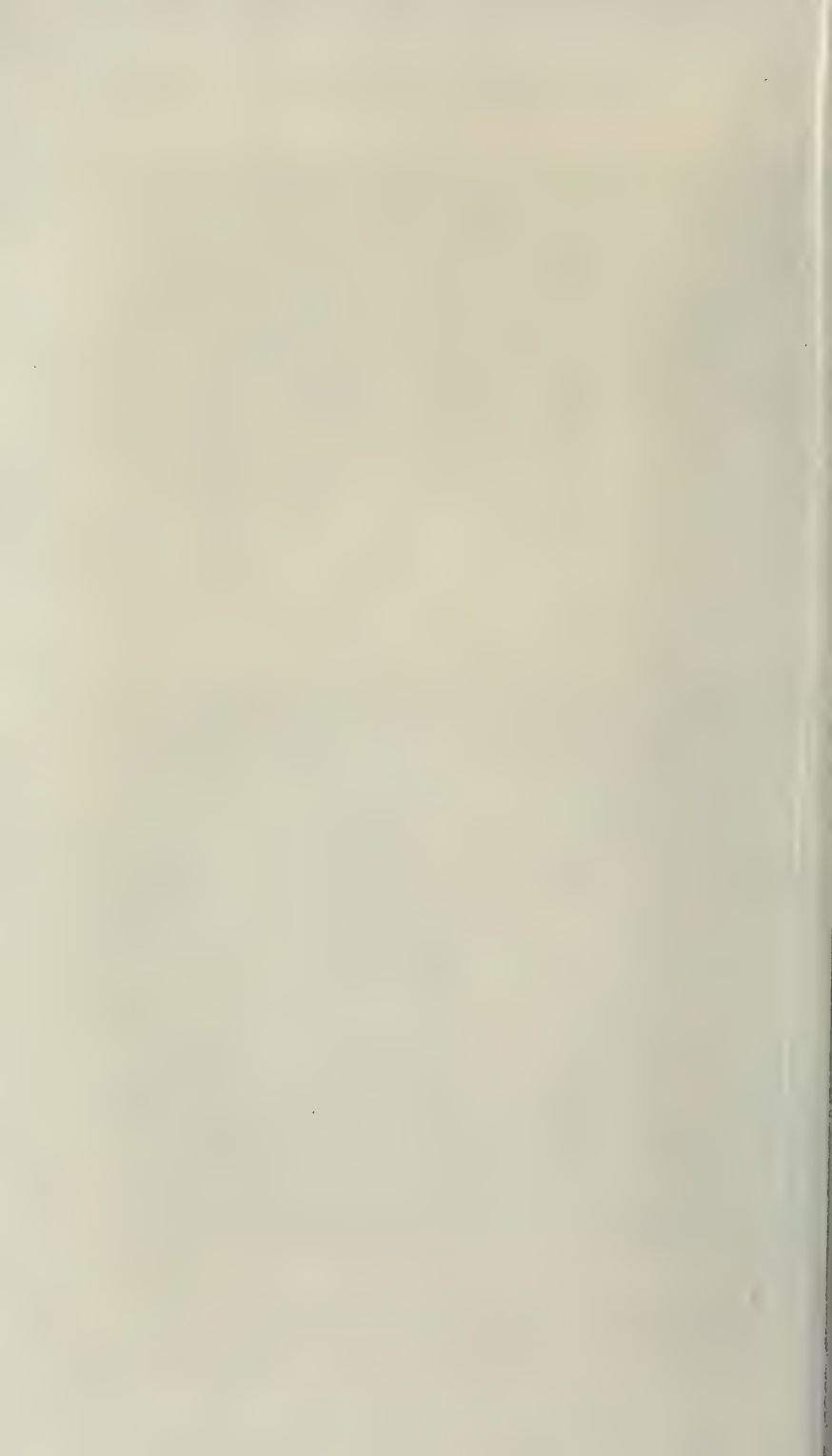
“The nuns would lose by that, Sire, and Europe would not gain.”



ENGLISH CARICATURE OF NAPOLEON III. AND
VICTOR EMMANUEL, 1859.
"The Judas Kiss."



CARICATURE OF DE LESEPS.



The Emperor used to call Cavour "le maréchal sarde" (the Sardinian martinet), and Edmond About called his successor Ricasoli "un Toscan peint en fer" (a Tuscan lath painted to resemble iron).

* * *

September.—Lamoricière has taken refuge in Ancona. The town was bombarded, and capitulated on the 29th to Admiral Persano.

The Piedmontese and the Garibaldians have joined hands in the Kingdom of Naples, after the victory won by the latter at Volturmo.

* * *

October.—On the 21st the Sicilians voted by manhood suffrage for their annexation by Piedmont.

The Imperial Government has sent a note to the *Moniteur* in the hope of once more checking the idea of a Congress, so dear to the heart of the Emperor because it would enable him to get rid of his responsibility for the Italian movement. But nobody expects it to succeed.

Meanwhile, Garibaldi refuses to evacuate Sicily, lays siege to Capua, and fights continually with the Neapolitans. Anarchy is rampant still—for how long ?

* * *

October.—A terrible *camarilla*, with Antonelli and Mérode at its head, surrounds the Pope, and stirs him up against the Emperor. It appears that the Pope is being advised to flee again and to take refuge at Vienna in order to put Napoleon III. in an awkward position. Antonelli, in league with the Sardinian Cabinet, has even arranged with the Garibaldians to march on Rome. These machinations are rank Jesuitism. Fortunately, Grammont is there. He has counter-plotted with amazing skill ; I am credibly informed that, thanks to his pains, the engines of the Pontifical corvette were put out of working order to prevent a departure, which would have had serious consequences. It was a master stroke ! Nobody will

ever know how many intrigues are made and unmade in the Vatican ! ¹

* * *

November.—M. de Grammont has requested M. Thouvenel to change embassies. I knew that he was disgusted with the manœuvres of the Vatican. He told Conneau an illuminating story. There is an Irish Bishop named Talbot, a Monseigneur, if you please, one of Antonelli and Mérode's *camarilla*, who, it appears, told Lord John Russell *that he knew for a fact that Napoleon III. had sold himself to the devil and consulted him as to his policy!* It is enough to make a man die of laughing, if it were not sad to think that the Pope surrounds himself with such creatures !

* * *

November.—Capua has surrendered. Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi entered Naples side by side in the same carriage on the 7th. Yet it is said that they are not of one mind. . . .

* * *

VICHY, *July 1861.*—The Emperor wrote from here to Victor Emmanuel to inform him that he would not lay too much stress on the expressions of popular aspirations, and did not mean to withdraw his troops from Rome till all danger had disappeared.

* * *

Grammont has said some notable things :

“If the temporal power is to die, it must not die in our arms.”

“What matters to France is, not that the Pope should be happy, but that he should be free.”

“In the remnant of Papal Government which we still keep alive, there is not even a people, but simply an agglomeration of clients who constitute themselves an

¹ The secret correspondence of M. de Grammont has revealed a goodish few. It forms an illuminating study of Papal politics.

hierarchical order by their common share in abuses and in administrative thefts, usury, alms and simony."

* * *

February 1861.—Francis II. retired to Gaeta, where he held out for four months with his 12,000 Neapolitans, Germans and Swiss. He capitulated on the 13th and has retired to Rome.

On the 18th the Piedmontese Parliament, sitting at Turin, proclaimed Victor Emmanuel *King of Italy*.

Thus ends the second chapter of the Wars of Italy. Will there be a third?

Probably, since Venice is still Austrian.

* * *

1862.—Yes, Austrian Venice and Papal Rome are outside the Kingdom; they must be brought into it.

Europe has recognized the Kingdom of Italy. Garibaldi tried to force Rome to surrender, but was defeated at Aspromonte at the end of August.

* * *

1864.—In September, Napoleon III. and Victor Emmanuel signed an agreement by which the French are to remain in Rome till 1866.

The Capital has been transferred from Turin to Florence.

* * *

1866.—The Italo-Prussian alliance has at last given Venice to Victor Emmanuel.

* * *

1867.—There is still Rome. Garibaldi, for the second time, would like to secure it for his country; but the Empress Eugénie *will not have it*.

The French General De Failly marched against Garibaldi and defeated him at Mentana.

* * *

1870.—On September 19th, taking advantage of the

Prussian War and the fall of the Empire, the Italians at last entered Rome, which has now been made the Capital.

The unification of Italy is accomplished. A new Kingdom has come definitely into existence—a new enemy for us. This is what I have been saying ever since 1831.

* * *

1878.—Death of Victor Emmanuel and Pius IX. Humbert I. and Leo XIII. ascend their respective thrones.

There is an anti-French party in Italy which dreams of an alliance with Germany and against France, with the aim of recovering Nice, Savoy and Corsica. Affairs in Tunis give occasion for anti-French demonstrations.

* * *

1881.—The acceptance by Tunis of the French protectorate has brought about the fall of the Cairoli Cabinet. The anti-French wave is gathering force.

Thanks, you Italians! Is the French blood all washed off the flagstones of Milan?

* * *

1882.—King Humbert paid a return visit to the Emperor of Austria at the end of last year. On March 30th this year the sixth centenary of the Sicilian Vespers was held at Palermo. Count Cardona, a senator, wrote: "The French Nation is a standing danger to Italy!"

* * *

1883.—And now this monstrous thing has been done—the *Triple Alliance* formed *against* us, who have made Italy, *with* Germany, our mortal foe! Words fail in face of such infamy! I foretold it! I foretold it!

O Magenta! O Solferino! Fields of Italy, where the bones of our dead have not yet turned to dust!

* * *

Undated.—I feel that death is not far off. . . . I should

have liked to see the end of these evils in a country which I have loved, whose ingratitude has been bitter to me, but where I recognize a stirring of generous feeling which promises a return to wisdom—and to a Franco-Italian alliance.

* * *

Other details noted regarding the Franco-Italian events of 1860.—When the treaty ceding Savoy and Nice to France was signed, Cavour said to Talleyrand : “Now we are accomplices.”

The coolness between Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi arose out of the refusal of the latter to evacuate the Two Sicilies. Garibaldi wished to be made Lieutenant-General of Naples for a year, with plenary powers, being convinced that such a position and powers were necessary to enable him to consolidate his conquest.

Cavour did not agree, thinking that Garibaldi's presence rather made for unsettlement. The King did not know what to do. He offered a *reward* to the great patriot : the Order of the Annunciation, a castle, a princely dowry for his daughter, rank—that is to say, money and honours. Garibaldi refused everything, with a noble gesture, and departed to Caprera, with, they say, fifty francs in his pocket, to await developments.

CHAPTER XV

YEAR 1860

Treaty of Commerce with England—Richard Cobden and Mr. Gladstone—Extension of Paris boundaries—Chinese affairs gloomier than ever—Marriage of Baron Haussmann's daughter—Transformation of Paris—A suggested solution of the Italian problem—Another visit to the Sologne—Why not annex Belgium?—The Prince Imperial in a pet—Death of the ex-King of Westphalia—Imposing funeral—The Syrian question—The Baron d'Ambès accompanies the Emperor and Empress on a tour to Savoy, Corsica and Algeria—Delagrange on Opportunism—Baron Haussmann.

January.—An important commercial treaty was concluded with England on the 23rd of this month. They say it was put through chiefly to keep Lord Palmerston in office, as he is a Whig and well disposed to the Emperor, which the Tories are not. I don't know about that. M. de Persigny, who is our Ambassador in London, and in the secret of these negotiations, tells me, if not the contrary, at all events that the point was not a material one. Besides, there is more in it than is known. The bureaux are most discreet on the subject, and the Emperor does not say a word, even to his friends. It was M. Michel Chevalier who arranged the matter, as long ago as last October, with Mr. Richard Cobden, and was received by Mr. Gladstone. . . . In November the negotiations were continued by Mr. Cobden and Lord Cowley on one side and MM. Baroche and Rouher on the other. When the terms were settled, the Emperor intimated them to the other Ministers. Some, who believed in prohibitive duties, were not satisfied, and protested against the idea of a customs tariff such as

the treaty established ; but they had to sign all the same.

* * *

January.—Surprising growth of Paris. From the 1st of the month, Grenelle, Vaugirard, Bercy, Charonne, Belleville, La Villette, La Chapelle, Montmartre, Batignolles, Passy, Auteuil, are officially part of the Capital.

And that carries my mind back to delicious walks in these villages as they used to be : Vaugirard and its tea-gardens ; Grenelle, where we used to shoot ; Montmartre and its windmills. . . .

By this extension Paris has doubled its area. It now covers 7,500 hectares instead of 3,400. Its perimeter is 33 kilometres instead of 28. It contains 2,000,000 inhabitants. A city of faëry ! A city of dreams and great deeds.

* * *

January 11th.—M. de Girardin is severe in his judgment on the letter of Napoleon III. to Pope Pius IX. published in to-day's papers. "The Emperor has come to an *impasse*," he says. "He will not be able to get out of it. It is impossible to alter the Papacy. That is simply to ask it to commit suicide. The only thing is to turn people's attention to economic questions."

* * *

January.—The effort made by the Emperor (witnessed by his recent letter) is much appreciated by all, even by his opponents. Unfortunately, the Conseil d'État seems to be making it its business to minimize and destroy that effort. It regards Napoleon III. as a Utopian, and labours to baffle his best schemes. And then posterity will reproach the Second Empire with not having worked for progress !

February.—The world amuses itself, while troubles begin again in Italy, and things in China look blacker and blacker.

* * *

March. Annexation of Savoy and Nice.—Here at all,

events, is one of the triumphs of the Empire, of which I think nobody will dare to speak ill !

Three Departments added to the National territory without the shedding of a single drop of blood ! It must be owned that we owe this to the Emperor, whose policy, according to some, is so clumsy. . . .

Tuscany, Modena, Parma, Romagna, refuse to federate, and give themselves unhesitatingly to Piedmont. It was natural that Napoleon III. should demand a rectification of the Alpine frontier. Nice and Savoy, then, were ceded to us on the 24th of this month. With this, Rattazzi falls and Cavour returns to power !

* * *

March 27th.—Marriage of Mlle Haussmann, daughter of the Préfet of the Seine, to M. Camille Dollfus, attaché to the embassy.

* * *

Prince Napoléon is said to have remarked one day lately :

“Colonization is a chimera. Algeria is a cancer which is destroying us. There is nothing sensible or worth keeping, except the trading stations on the coasts. . . .”

* * *

Undated.—What transformations in this Paris of ours, which I once knew rural in many parts !

Since the establishment of the Empire especially, there has been a perfect madness of demolition and aeration and reconstruction—a madness sometimes beneficent, sometimes destructive.

In five years, from 1852 to 1857, the Louvre and the Tuileries have been united. It is MM. Lefuel and Visconti who have fulfilled this old dream of kings by joining up the Pavillon de la Trémouille with the Pavillon de Lesdiguière, by building the Pavillon de Rohan and that of the façade, and by erecting the buildings which connect the galleries *en échelon*, and thus present a magnificent and imposing whole. And then Paris has

been slashed open by a stupendous sabre blow that gapes from the Gare de l'Est to the Palais de Justice. The wound has been yet further extended, and now the Boulevard Saint-Michel, continuing the Boulevard Sébastopol, reaches all the way to the Observatory. This makes one grand avenue two leagues in length.

And Paris is happy, sees more clearly, does more business, plays more, amuses herself better, and sees fortunes made and lost in a day. The Bourse burns with a feverish activity—a fever which, while it agitates, does not enfeeble. The Bourse is very well, and when the Bourse is well, all is well !

And the Exposition of 1855, which showed us to be the first industrial country of the world ! And this triumph of free exchange which indeed ruins some, but sets rivers of gold flowing to the feet of others ! And these railways, the web of a great spider that spins amazingly fast !

The slums are vanishing, and broad roads multiply. Yesterday you walked through a crooked, nefarious-looking alley. To-day you find on the same spot a magnificent and sunlit boulevard. After the Boulevard Sébastopol and the Boulevard Saint-Michel, now we have the Boulevard Malesherbes, the Boulevard Haussmann, the Boulevard Magenta, the Boulevard Arago, the Boulevard de Port-Royal, the Boulevard Saint-Marcel. . . . The Arc de Triomphe is finished, and from it radiate splendid roadways. The Avenue de l'Empereur, the Avenue de l'Alma, the Avenue Daumesnil, have been created ; squares have been made, and churches and public monuments restored. Paris has become Imperial ; Paris has become great ; Paris has become beautiful and worthy of her eagles. . . .

I have been wandering all day among the ruins of the Quartier Latin.

* * *

May.—Another suggestion for settling the Italian question (there are so many of them—so many !) would be to divide the Peninsula into three Kingdoms.—Northern,

Central, and Southern—equally powerful, but not strong enough, individually, to be a danger to France, which a powerful Kingdom of twenty-five million souls cannot fail to be.

* * *

May.—I accompanied the Emperor to La Motte-Beuvron, where he arrived on the 18th to visit his estates in the Sologne.

At this season of the year wild Sologne is truly beautiful—a paradise of flowers. Napoleon loves this country, and he longs to bring it into cultivation, to undertake the necessary measures to reclaim it, such as irrigation, plantations of pines, clearing of waste land, etc. . . . It is his duty as Emperor; but I take rather an artist's delight in this untamed nature, leafy, rustling, astir with the myriad life of plants and animals. Here, as so often and in so many places, the Emperor has done a fine thing. When he learned that for the last eight years La Motte-Beuvron had been paying extra taxes in order to provide itself with a town hall and a school, he met the whole cost out of his privy purse.

It was this kind of generosity which made people say later: "Ah, the Empire! Those were good times indeed!"

* * *

June.—At dinner I sat beside M. de Gr——, who mentioned to me an interesting notion of the Comte de Chaudordy's, formerly chief of M. Drouyn de Luys's Cabinet—to wit, the annexation of Belgium by France. He would like this annexation to come to pass under the Second Empire, as did that of the lands that give France the Alps for frontier. He is enamoured of the idea of natural boundaries, and would fain have the Rhine our limit to north and west, which implies the annexation also of Holland. It is a daring dream, but a just one. It is fitting that the political rule of France should extend over the countries which are essentially French, and I should

not object to see the Valais added to our territory. Wherever men speak French should be France—surely a very rational idea.

But reason does not reign. Everything tends to deform and paralyse it.

* * *

A little while ago the Prince Imperial had a very naughty fit of temper, which, however, produced a speech very characteristic of an Emperor's child :

“If people vex me, then when I go to the Bois I won't salute the people—I'll put out my tongue at them instead !”

* * *

June 18th.—Since the war in Italy, a fund organized by the Empress Eugénie in aid of soldiers' widows left with children has realized five and a half millions. This money has just been appropriated to the endowment of a permanent public institution called the Caisse des Offrandes Nationales, for the benefit of our Army and Navy.

This is an excellent beginning, but the Government will have to do a great deal more in this direction. It is incumbent on the Government to initiate such philanthropic schemes by voting a sum of money, even a small sum. Once the start is given, the work will go on, but it is very difficult for private individuals to establish institutions on a large scale.

It will always count as one of the glories of the Second Empire that it encouraged the establishment of so many.

* * *

July 3rd.—Funeral service of Jérôme, the old ex-King of Westphalia. His body lay in state at the Palais-Royal, in a mortuary chapel, where all Paris filed past. He died at his Château of Villegénis, and is buried at the Invalides.

The funeral procession was most imposing and magnificent. Poor old Jérôme, sixty-six—certainly a long and crowded life. As King of Westphalia he abolished many abuses in his capital, Cassel, between 1807 and

1814. . . . A brave man, too, as he showed in Algiers, in Silesia, in the terrible Russian campaign, and during the Hundred Days at Hongmer, where he was so badly wounded; at Waterloo, where he fought like a lion. And then, like the other Bonapartes, exile from 1814 to 1848, followed, especially since 1852, by the lawful restitution of his property, and rank, and honours. He was Governor of the Invalides, Marshal of France, and President of the Senate. His death leaves a blank. His two children, Prince Napoléon, who is now thirty-eight, and the Princesse Mathilde, who is forty, fill his place admirably—the one by his activity and political importance, the other by her grace, her cultivated mind, and, I may also say, by the position she holds in literary and fashionable society.

* * *

August 3rd.—Napoleon III. has written an important letter, in which he affirms his desire for peace, first in Italy, where he is willing to leave our troops in Rome, and also in Syria, although public opinion is furiously demanding vengeance for our fellow Christians who have been killed and our establishments which have been burned. The question is, what to do?

Some urge that the policing of Syria should be left to the Sultan, others that our arms should compel him to do it. Again, others take a very pessimistic tone with regard to Italy. Her future is stormy, they declare. Her States are united by a common danger, and peace will see them fall apart. Unification may be in the hearts of the people, but it certainly is not in accord with practical facts. To secure unity you must have a Capital, and there is none; and you must have a budget, and there is nothing but an insecure and unorganized system of finance.

* * *

August 15th.—The Emperor's fête, even more brilliant than usual. The Place des Invalides is fuller than ever of pavilions and sports, balls and theatres, and Ruggieri's fireworks are finer and more dazzling and noisier than any other year.

In the evening a great musical amateur gave us quite a little lecture on the season's performances. With all the air of a professor he dilated on Cimarosa, "the ever young"; on Verdi, whom he lashed with contempt, notwithstanding the success of *Il Trovatore* and *Rigoletto*, in which Tamberlick has quite captured the suffrages of the dilettanti of the boulevards; on Bellini, whose *La Sonnambula* provided Mlle Battu with an excellent début; on Alboni and Mme Penco, who do wonders in *Don Giovanni*. So much for Italian opera.

After this, our melomaniac fell upon Wagner, who, he declares, dishonours his art, and ought to be thrown into the sea, with a big drum tied round his neck; and also upon M. Gevaert, whom he accuses of banality. Well, then, why abuse Wagner?

And then we had the Théâtre Lyrique praised to the skies. Beethoven's *Fidelio* has been given there, and beside Beethoven, Wagner is an imbecile, Verdi a trifler, Mozart a raw apprentice, and Gevaert a nonentity.

Oh, these chatterers about music!

* * *

August 23rd.—The Emperor and Empress are leaving Paris to visit Savoy, Corsica and Algeria.

I accompany them. It is an opportunity for seeing North Africa, which I do not know.

* * *

November.—Not a line written. But I have before my eyes unforgettable scenes, and in my memory unforgettable hours. And there are times when it is a pleasure to forget one's notebook; then there is a two-fold enjoyment, that of the experience itself and of the indolence of silence. . . .

* * *

November.—I met Delagrange to-day, and, in the midst of a conversation about women, my irrepressible adversary said to me:

"Don't you think that there is a strange incon-

sistency between the foreign and domestic policy of Napoleon III.? Abroad he is liberal, a great supporter of constitutional government, and of Italian independence against Austrian and Papal oppression ; he is for rebellion against all autocracy. At home he is building up an Imperialist policy, which has a heavy hand for all who dare to discuss or protest."

"It has to be proved in the first place," I answered, "that the policy of Napoleon III. *is* so opposed to liberty when the liberty is rational, and in the second place that what suits Italy is necessarily the right thing for us. To combat subversive ideas, disorder, the hatred of constituted authority, is that to fight against liberty? No, because that very spirit of violence is itself arbitrary and tyrannical. And, besides, the policy of Nations must be adapted to each Nation in particular, as it must be adapted to the age. A certain régime may be very suitable for England, where the Nation knows how to use its liberty, and yet not suited to the declamatory mischief-making of demagogues in a Nation always inclined to overstep the bounds, however widely they may be set. In Italy Revolution is the necessary thing *for just now* ; she is doing right, and we support her. It may be that, later on, she will have to hold a tight rein instead of giving the steed its head. In the same way, Napoleon III. has always held the Revolution of 1789 in great honour, that is in all its nobler aspects, because *at that time* it was necessary. To begin it over again now would be an error which he will not permit. The whole art of government lies in that—to know just what any particular Nation needs at a given moment. And thus expediency becomes justice and right, and therefore is the more properly associated with power."

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December 1860. *Haussmann*.—He has just asked the Emperor to create a Ministry of Paris for his benefit. This Saxo-Lorrainer will carve his name on the marble of history. This Baron, Préfet and Senator will adorn nobility, administration and parliament. He is a man

whom I am proud to call my friend. He is almost the same age as the Emperor, and therefore some four or five years older than myself, but it is not only for that reason that I owe him respect. . . . At twenty-two he was officer of a Préfecture—General Secretary. At twenty-eight, having held four Sous-Préfectures, he received the red ribbon.

In 1848 Haussmann was one of the Commission which replaced the Conseil de Préfecture, and in 1849 he was made Préfet of the Var. The revolutionary hydra was lifting its bloody red crests in that Department. The young Préfet held it in check, and thereby earned the especial favour of the Prince-President.

In 1850 Haussmann became Préfet of the Yonne, and continued to do good service to the Prince, who took more and more notice of him, and the year after made him Préfet of the Gironde. It was an excellent precaution. There was not a vestige of disorder at Bordeaux over the *Coup d'État*.

In 1852 the Emperor's visit to Bordeaux was a triumph. There is no doubt that it was then that Napoleon thought specially of Haussmann for the work that he had so much at heart—the transformation of Paris. On June 24th, 1853, a despatch announced to the Préfet of the Gironde that he had been named Préfet of the Seine. Haussmann's fortune was made, and his work began.

Work much discussed, but beyond all doubt masterly. The dominating idea was to make of Paris a true Capital, the abode of a great ruler, the supreme rallying-point of intellect, and the one Imperial city.

But what a deal of money it needed! Baron Haussmann settled that question by establishing a Caisse des Travaux de Paris, by decrees of November and December 1858. And, moreover, the work being once begun, went on, opening up broad and stately roads, destroying old, dark corners, spreading health and beauty on all sides. . . . We shall hear more of Haussmann, for his work is only beginning, and what he has done is nothing to what he intends to do.

CHAPTER XVI

CHINESE AND SYRIAN CAMPAIGNS

1860

The Baron d'Ambès has no wish to go to China—Chinese relations in the past—The French Expedition of 1860—Taking of Pei-tang—Recapture of the Forts of the Pei-ho, and entry of the Allies into Tientsin—Battle of Pa-li-kao—Sacking of the Summer Palace—Syrian Expedition—its causes—The Druses—Mohammedan cruelty and treachery—D'Hautpoul and Fuad Pacha—M. Thouvenel and the Powers—An indecisive result—Saint-Marc Girardin: the mutual jealousy of the European Nations the controlling factor in the affairs of the Near East—Man taken individually and taken collectively two very different things.

Chinese War.—I am not going to China. It is too far and does not interest me. One day at the turning of a street I came up against an extraordinary being, yellow, hideous, with a bony face and wicked little eyes. I shuddered as at the sight of a monstrosity. And I said to myself: "No, I won't cross the sea to go where such folks live." A country is like its people. France is light and gay as the French are; Spain warm as a Spaniard; Russia grave and gentle like the Russians; England solidly built like the English. China must be grotesque and hideous like that Chinaman. What I say may be foolish, but it is enough for me that it is instinctive. I will not go to China. . . .

But men are fighting for our rights there, and I cannot but be interested. As I did during the War in Italy, I will file a few documents for my own profit and pleasure. I should like this bundle of papers to be complete even in its apparent disorder, so that I may turn it over in future days and live through these times



CARICATURES OF PERSIGNY AND OF ÉMILE OLLIVIER.

again, not for my instruction but for memory's sake, that I may murmur with a smile : " Ah, yes, then . . . "

Here then is all that I have been able to learn about the War in China, which, by the way, I have several times talked over with the Emperor and his intimates.

They tell me that in 1839 the ruler of the Celestials, being horrified at the ravages of opium, wished to put an end to the trade in that commodity, and threw twenty thousand cases of it into the sea. Was he wrong? Anyway, England thought herself insulted, declared war, defeated the Yellows, and forced them to sign the Treaty of Nanking, which opened six ports to European commerce.

In 1856 there were fresh hostile demonstrations (with little justification, they say) on the part of England, who was resolved to force her way into China, to control the coast, and to establish her trade there at any price. She bombarded Canton. The Chinese burned her factories. She avenged them by burning villages and massacring the inhabitants. In the midst of this, one of our missionaries was tortured, whereupon France allied herself with England against these barbarians. I cannot take a side in the quarrel. Of course Europeans cannot be allowed to pass the limits or to be guilty of inhumanity ; but it must be remembered that these yellow devils are so savage that any sort of reprisals are to be expected. However, I express no opinion, I simply arrange my notes.

Well then, in 1857 we find our Admiral Rigault de Genouilly crossing the seas with a fleet of two frigates, a despatch-boat, three or four corvettes, and four or five gunboats. And the gunboats fired their guns to some purpose. By the end of the year Canton was taken. In May the forts at the mouth of the Pei-ho were carried, and in June a treaty was signed at Tientsin.

We had already concluded a treaty in 1844. Our interests, however, in that part of the world were not very important. Nevertheless, it was not a bad thing that this new convention should secure to our missionaries free access to the provinces, and to their converts

the right of becoming Christians without fearing, in principle at any rate, that they would be burned alive or sawn in twain or beaten to death.

The Chinese are unfortunately shocking liars and promise-breakers, and a signature for them means nothing. Scarcely was peace restored when they rebuilt their forts and recommenced their ill-treatment of our brave apostolic pioneers, likewise constructing booms across the Pei-ho, which they had undertaken to leave open, and thus preventing the passage of European ships.

The English,¹ making a first attempt to force an entrance to the river, were repulsed with loss. We had no better success. A fresh campaign was resolved upon to punish the promise-breakers.

I do not think that Napoleon III. or the people in general were very much in favour of these distant expeditions, which devoured the Nation's money and spilt the Nation's blood ; but the advice of certain interested people impressed upon him the necessity for emphasizing the reality of the Anglo-French alliance. With this went the unlucky religious zeal of the Empress, who was always ready for any sacrifice of men and money to show her devotion to the Catholic Church ; in this particular affair she saw no motive but one—to avenge the missionaries. These several influences induced him at last, in spite of the advice of friends like myself, to give the matter some importance. The preparations were exaggerated, and it was not till England gave it to be understood that she would not tolerate any superiority in force on our part, that the army on the point of departure was reduced to the more moderate dimensions of 10,000 men, under command of General Cousin-Montauban.

On December 5th, 1859, the expeditionary force embarked at Toulon, and, going by way of the Cape, arrived on March 12th, 1860, at Shanghai. A month later Admiral Charner took command of the French fleet. The English army, of 12,000 men, had already arrived.

¹ Under Admiral Hope, escorting to Peking Mr. Bruce, English Minister, M. de Bourboulon, French Minister and Mr. Ward, Minister of the United States.

It was drawn up at Talikoo-whan; ours took up a position at Che-Foo on the borders of Pe-chi-li.

It was only in July that operations began by the taking of Pei-tang, which was given over to pillage. By the end of August the forts of the Pei-ho were retaken and the Allies were entering Tientsin, where the Pei-ho is joined by the great canal of Peking.

Here is one example out of many of Chinese duplicity. On August 31st a mandarin, describing himself as a plenipotentiary of the Emperor of China, arrived at Tientsin and held pourparlers with our ambassadors, with a view to signing the preliminaries of a peace.

Our people were actually preparing an escort to accompany our ambassadors to Peking for the signing of the final treaty when it was found that the plenipotentiary had vanished. He had been only a mock-diplomatist, and the whole thing was a ruse to give the Chinese General time to organize his defences! There was no question of negotiations. The rage of the officers can be imagined. They marched on the Capital breathing fire and slaughter. . . .

On September 14th the ambassadors of the Allies met, at Rho-se-woo, Prince Tsai, a relative of the Emperor, who also tried to gain time by parleying. Meanwhile, the cunning children of the Sun drew up a body of 50,000 men on the Tung-chow road!

There was nothing for it but a battle. It was brief and easily won, for we could oppose good arms and valour to the muskets of the undisciplined swarms of the yellow dwarfs. On the 21st we were before Tung-chow, the immense suburbs of which are connected by two canals, the Pei-ho and the Pei-king, crossed by two bridges. One of these is for foot-passengers only; the other, the Pa-li-kao, is broader, and, with its parapet adorned with marble statues of animals on pedestals, has a somewhat imposing appearance. The road from Tung-chow to Peking, paved with enormous blocks of stone, connects with the bridge of Pa-li-kao. The Tartar cavalry was encamped *en échelon* along the canal of Pei-ho from Tung-chow to a point opposite the foot-bridge.

A body of infantry occupied the village of Wa-kwa-yo, which, being situated between, and a little in front of, these camps, provided an excellent position, in case of a reverse, for aiding the retreat of the cavalry. The Allies, having no guides, knew nothing of these dispositions, but marched by chance, the French towards the bridge of Pa-li-kao, the English, moving on the French left, towards the other bridge."

Evidently a more serious encounter than the previous one was about to take place. Here is General de Montauban's account of it. I add to it: first, some other notes which he appended to his account of the battle of Pa-li-kao, the battle which won for him his title of Count; second, the report of Baron Gros regarding the treaty of October 25th, 1860.

When the village and bridge of Pa-li-kao were taken, and the allied troops approached, "the bridge," writes de Montauban, "offered a spectacle which was certainly one of the most remarkable of the day's experiences.

"All the cavalry, who had been so full of ardour in the morning, had vanished. On the roadway of the bridge—the imposing monument of an ancient civilization—some richly attired foot-soldiers waved flags, and, from their quite unprotected position, returned the fire of our musketry and guns, happily without doing any damage. These were the choice spirits of the army, who were risking their lives to cover the hasty retreat of the rest.

"As I close this report, I feel that the pen is utterly unequal to giving an adequate account of what is going on around us.

"The enemy surrounds us as far as we can see. The reports of prisoners and spies, received since my last despatch, give his numbers at from forty to sixty thousand, and that only on the more moderate estimates.

"It is so extraordinary, that we can only account for our success by remembering the victories gained in days long past by a handful of Roman soldiers over hordes of barbarians.

"General Grant sent me word that his spies reported

that the Tartar army had retired on Yuen-Ming-Yuen, a magnificent Imperial residence about a mile and a half from where we were.

"After a somewhat fatiguing march we reached the village of Yuen-Ming-Yuen, with its magnificent bridge, which stands opposite the entrance to the Emperor's Summer Palace, at a distance of about 200 yards. The road from the bridge to the Palace has on the left a grove of fine trees, and on the right a large square surrounded with handsome houses occupied by the principal mandarins.

"The companies sent to reconnoitre the entrance to the Palace and the wood behind encountered a number of Tartars, but succeeded in driving them off after a sharp conflict. The next morning the Palace was found to be evacuated. I suspected that the Palace would be rich in treasure, and therefore I made a point of there being a representative of our allies present at our first visit. After seeing several apartments, splendid beyond description, I placed sentinels and guards to see that nobody entered and that nothing was touched before the arrival of General Grant.

"Soon after the arrival of the English officers a fresh search brought the discovery of a sum of about 800,000 francs in tiny ingots of gold and silver.

"This, when divided fairly among the two armies, gave a sum of 80 francs as each man's share of the booty. The division was made by a commission composed of all the officers, presided over by General Jamin. The same commission, having been summoned and consulted in the name of the army, announced that the army desired to offer all the valuable artistic objects taken from the Palace as a gift of remembrance to His Majesty the Emperor, the Empress and the Prince Imperial.

"The army was unanimous in its desire to offer this gift to the Emperor in memory of the most distant expedition that his soldiers had ever made.

"When we came to the division between the two armies, I insisted, in the name of the Emperor, that Lord Elgin should make the first choice for Her Majesty the Queen of England.

"Lord Elgin chose an Imperial staff of command, of very costly green jade mounted in gold. A second similar staff being found, Lord Elgin in his turn insisted that it should be for His Majesty the Emperor. The first choice therefore was perfectly equal.

"It would be impossible to describe the magnificence of the group of pavilions, extending over four leagues, which form the Emperor's Summer Palace. The buildings are interspersed with lakes and gardens, and command the most beautiful landscapes. Among the images in gold and silver and bronze which crowd the various pagodas, there is a figure of Buddha seventy feet high, with all dimensions in proportion. And there are all sorts of rare objects heaped up in masses, which have been lying for centuries uncared for in buildings of white marble, hung with magnificent stuffs and adorned in every colour. It may give you some idea of the superabundance of wealth, when I say that there were such quantities of exquisite silks that we used them to wrap up the parcels for His Majesty the Emperor. But it is really sad to see how all this has been neglected. Except the actual furnishings of the part of the Palace occupied by the Emperor, everything is going to rack and ruin. In one pagoda we found two very handsome English carriages, a present from the Embassy of Sir Halliday Macartney. There they have been standing, with their gilded harness, in the very spot where they must have been placed forty-four years ago, and the dust has gathered on them untouched ever since.

"It would take a volume to describe the wonders we have seen, and what I regret most of all is that we have no photographer with the expedition, so that the Emperor might have got some impression of what it is impossible to describe."

"DE MONTAUBAN."

Baron Gros, when forwarding the documents relating to the Treaty of Tientsin, wrote to the Minister in Paris :

"I left the town at eight in the morning with an official escort of 2,000 men representing all arms. My palanquin,

carried by eight coolies in livery, with tricoloured fringes on their caps, was preceded by the flags of three regiments. The Treaty and the seals of the Ambassador were carried before me by four non-commissioned officers. Behind me came a section of mounted artillery followed by several battalions of infantry. Part of the route within the town was lined by foot-soldiers.

"At the entrance to the town fifteen mandarins in full dress, mounted, came to meet and salute me, and conduct me to the Prince, who was to receive me at the Li-poo or tribunal of rites. It took us two hours to reach there, and we passed through crowds of people more curious than hostile.

"When my palanquin entered the court which led to the apartment where the Treaty was to be signed, I saw the young Prince rise with all his suite and come to meet me. I therefore alighted from my palanquin and hastened on foot to meet him before he had crossed the threshold of the room. He gave me his hand, which I took with a deep bow. I thanked him for sending the escort to meet me, and added that I was happy to think that we were about to sign a peace which would never be broken, and that, in saying so, I only expressed the sentiments of His Majesty the Emperor of the French. The Prince gave me his hand a second time, and indicated the chair prepared for me at his left, the place of honour in China. General Montauban was placed at my left, and the other officers on the left side of the hall. A number of mandarins with buttons of all colours filled the right side. They were all, as was the Prince himself, in full ceremonial dress, with the double chaplets of amber round the neck. The Prince alone had no button on his cap.

"When all were in their places, I invited the Prince to sign the first of the four Chinese copies of the Convention of Peking, and I signed the first of the four French. When the eight were signed and sealed, I informed the Prince that a salute of twenty-one guns was to be fired by the French artillery to celebrate the occasion, and that I was about to ask the Commander-in-Chief of the French army to cease at once all acts of war such as were not

purely defensive. I thereupon turned and repeated this to General Montauban.

"We then proceeded to exchange the ratifications of the Treaty of Tientsin."

* * *

The Syrian Expedition.—The Chinese War was waged to avenge the death of a missionary. The Syrian Expedition was undertaken to avenge the death of several Christians of Lebanon massacred by the fanatical Druses. We fought in Cochin China, side by side with the Spaniards, to avenge the murder of an Andalusian monk. Decidedly, religion has been the motive force in the Emperor's wars, or, let us say more truly, the Empress's.

Napoleon III. had said in all sincerity, "L'Empire c'est la paix." But we have been obliged to say, "L'Impératrice, c'est la guerre." This man of peace, whom history will unjustly accuse of having spilt French blood more or less in every direction, has been forced by that woman to belie his programme in spite of himself. It ought to be known that, if many veins were opened, it was Eugénie who handled the lancet.

Let us sum up as adequately as possible, and as briefly, this other campaign.

After the famous Mutiny of the Sepoys, the Mussulman sectaries thought the hour had now come to annihilate the infidel, the more especially as the protection given to Christians exasperated them. The storm of hatred had its origin in Mecca; it burst in the Lebanon.

In May 1860 the burnings, pillagings, and assassinations began. The famous Saïd Djemlat levied contributions on the Christians of Djezzin, who fled to Saïda. Mussulmans and Druses went to meet them, and massacred them without any interference on the part of the Turks. The subjects of the Porte folded their arms and looked on while women and children and old men were butchered. More, when the Christians of Hesbaya implored the protection of Colonel Orman, he gave it on condition that they laid down their arms, and, when they had disarmed, he handed them over to the Druses.

The customs of the Mohammedans are much the same as those of the Celestials. The same treachery, the same cruelty. Must we smile and let it pass?

At Deir-el-Kamar the Christians, similarly delivered into the hands of their tormentors by treachery, were tortured. Men were hacked to pieces with hatchets; women were disembowelled; nuns violated; young girls outraged. Houses were burned; churches pillaged. Must we accept all this without a word?

No; but we might have done better than listen to the Empress, smitten with the idea of the triumph of the banner of Christ, or to Cardinal Donnet, advising in the open Senate that a Christian kingdom should be set up, extending from the Lebanon to Jerusalem and from the Mediterranean to the Jordan, "as easy a thing to do as the formation of the Kingdom of Greece."

Be that as it may, Napoleon III., who was at Baden when he heard of the occurrences, consulted the Cabinets of Europe, and then, having first warned the Porte by calling on it to perform its duty, increased the naval forces on the Syrian coast, and invited England, through the medium of his Ambassador (Persigny), to send a body of troops to join the expeditionary force with which he proposed to check the Mussulman cruelties towards the Maronite Christians. I know that he had some difficulty in convincing Lord John Russell that he had no design of conquest, but he succeeded. Russia and Austria at first approved. Turkey alone resisted, on the pretext that she needed no help in keeping order. This hostility produced a change of attitude in the Cabinets of London, St. Petersburg and Vienna.

Finally, things were arranged, and a convention was signed. General d'Hautpoul was appointed to the command of the expedition, which left France on August 7th, and on the 16th landed at Beyrout.

Fuad Pacha, a Turkish envoy, had been on the spot since July 17th, dismissing the governors of Beyrout and Damascus, entering the latter town at the head of 3,000 men, arresting 700 of the most notorious offenders and executing 150 of them. In this way he hoped to

allay the indignation of Europe without injuring the influence of Turkey.

But General d'Hautpoul knew very well that Fuad Pacha had not his heart in the business, and was in fact screening from punishment the more important personages among the guilty. He said that the actual instigators of the outrages must be found, and threatened to drive them into the mountains of Lebanon and to enter Damascus. Fearing above everything the invasion of the Holy City, Fuad Pacha gave way and shot four or five of the most important of the Druses, as well as some thirty more offenders, who were condemned and put to death. The Commander-in-Chief insisted none the less on proceeding with the expedition, forced Fuad Pacha to join it, and set out to attack the Druses. The attack failed, however, owing to the defection of the Turks—not very surprising either !

Then the commission demanded forty million piastres as an indemnity for the victims. The Porte refused to give more than ten, to be paid by the Ottoman Government. Pending the settlement of the indemnity, France asked for a contribution in kind for the benefit of the Christians. England disapproved of this, requiring on the contrary the withdrawal of our troops to the coast. The year closed on these disputes.

At the beginning of 1861 M. Thouvenel, our Foreign Minister, took the opinion of the Powers as to whether it was expedient that the French occupation should be prolonged. A conference held in February named June 5th as the limit. Next, three plans for the reorganization of the Lebanon were discussed, put forward respectively in Turkey, England, and France. This question, like that of the indemnity, was threatening to spin itself out to all eternity, when it was cut short by a compromise suggested by Prussia—a single government in the Lebanon to be entrusted to a functionary whose nationality was not stated, order to be kept by Turkish soldiers pending the formation of a native police.

I cannot say I am impressed with this, which seems to me little better than a failure. But I keep my thoughts

to myself, for our newspapers sing of victory! An attenuated victory, it seems to me, and I have my doubts about the Empress's joy. . . .

Not a very brilliant affair on the whole; and the Christians are still under the Mussulman yoke. It is a good rule either to say all you have to say, or else hold your tongue.

Later notes on the Syrian Expedition.—Read an interesting study by M. Saint-Marc Girardin of the inception and causes of the Syrian affair. He makes one very true and far-reaching remark. "There is," he says, "in every Eastern difficulty one great and insurmountable difficulty: Europe will never allow any single Power to deal with and settle an Eastern question, and when the Powers meet to discuss it in common, they cannot agree. Thus each is rendered powerless by the jealousy of all, and all are rendered powerless by the dissension of each. This state of things, which has been evident from the beginning of the Syrian business, will recur constantly in the new relations between Turkey and Europe. To escape it, Europe will take sometimes one line and sometimes another—that is to say, one or another of the Powers, weary of the restraints and inconveniences of common action, will try to take a line of its own; very soon it will be impressed with the danger of isolated action and will return to the European Concert, which means the collective impotence of all. How, one may well ask, is it possible to escape from this vicious circle? There is but one way, and it is simply that somebody in Europe should be willing to believe somebody else, should agree to trust somebody. When that miracle happens, everything will become easy, even in the Eastern Question."

Would M. Saint-Marc Girardin himself be so ingenuous as to trust diplomacy? What would become of M. de Cavour in such a case? He is amazed at the mistrustful attitude of England, which he says has spoiled everything from the first. It is not a case for amazement, but for regret, and for the necessary action. Guizot also regretted twenty years ago that nobody

would believe him. And in twenty years things have not changed very much. To be a diplomatist is to be *rusé*, and that, as a rule, implies bad faith !

As for the Turkish Government, it cares nothing about the massacred Christians ; what it cares about is the commotion their massacre has raised. For nearly a year it has been trying to evade French vigilance in Syria, and to make it appear that our intervention is useless. And England has supported that policy. But we see through it perfectly. English surveillance and English agents are to replace our troops in Syria, but they will not give the Porte the free hand it expects. The Turks will have changed masters, that is all. They have had to lie to France, and they will have to lie to England.

The special interests of M. Saint-Marc Girardin's study lies in its illustration of the sincerity of the English agents as contrasted with the duplicity of the diplomatists. Messrs. Moore, Brant and Wrench tell the truth in their despatches, and then Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell misrepresent it to Parliament. The former desire the foreign occupation, and the latter, because it is France that provides the troops, declare the occupation an evil. And so the honest Girardin philosophizes : " What is the reason of this contradiction between the consuls and the ministers ? The former are men and the latter politicians. . . . There are in fact two nations in England, two natures in an Englishman. There is the man, and there is the Englishman. The *man* is a good man ; he loves justice, fair-play, religion, liberty ; he is charitable, generous, liberal. The *Englishman* loves nothing but the greatness of his country ; it must dominate everywhere and at all costs. I have never seen this distinction more clearly than when reading English documents and despatches.

" The two nations that are in England and the two men that are in the Englishman are plainly visible in the correspondence on this question. They reveal themselves

turn and turn about. They speak alternately, indifferent to their mutual contradictions. When it is a question of securing English predominance in Syria and the Lebanon, and of resisting and destroying French influence, the Englishman is hard, blind and merciless. But when the catastrophes occur; when Christians are massacred at Damascus, at Deïr-el-Kamar, at Zahle, at Hasbeya, at Rasheya, at Saïda, everywhere; when it is a question of succouring the survivors, of feeding, clothing and lodging women who have lost their husbands, children who have lost their fathers, old men who have lost their sons; when it is a question of finding and restoring to their families wretched girls who have been snatched away and shut up in some Turkish harem,—then what zeal, what warmth, what vigilance, what charity !”

Well, my dear M. Girardin, but why make these reflections specially *à propos* of the English? They apply to all Nations. They are all made up of a great number of honest sentimental people controlled by heartless diplomatists.

And it may be the world could not go on otherwise; for it is by the heart that men live, but it is by intelligence and craft that men are governed.

PART IV

THE EMPIRE—1861-1870

CHAPTER I

YEAR 1861

"All's right with the world"—A saying of Baron Haussmann—Lacordaire and Guizot at the Academy—Death of Henri Murger; of Eugène Scribe—The Baron d'Ambès on the Imperial finances—*Tannhäuser*; unfavourable reception—Decentralization—The Siamese Envoys at Fontainebleau—"All up with Italian Unity!"—At Compiègne—Sardou's *Nos Intimes*—Austria and the Nationalities—Italian affairs in 1861—Death of Cavour—Last moments—The man and his work—Ricasoli—Arese again—Francis II.—Garibaldi to the front—French acquisitions in Cochin China.

January.—All goes well. The Bourse is excellent; the Emperor in good health; order ensured; all agitation muzzled; the people contented, at least to all appearances. Amusements go on, and business too.

There is skating in the Bois, dancing in the Faubourg, receptions at the Tuileries. The Empress is entrancing; Morny in good humour. The Pozzos and the Béhagues vie with each other in the elegance of their drawing-rooms, where the nobility of all monarchies and empires is jumbled together. The Duchess of Istria and the Duchess of Dalmatia entertain to their hearts' content. Mme Furtado and Mme Pitié are for ever devising fresh amusements for their guests. There is music everywhere, flowers, perfumes, songs, and love. Oh! the beautiful women one enjoys the sight of at these gatherings, with their white shoulders glorified with cascades of pearls, their dewy cheeks, their flashing eyes, their quivering hands! A whirlwind in which one grows intoxicated, in which, mayhap, it would be good to die struck down in the full tide of life.

The New Year's Day official receptions were particularly brilliant. The Emperor said to the Senate, thanking it for its good wishes : " Gentlemen, I look to you to frame the reforms which are for the good of France."

* * *

January 17th.—"Paris!" cried the Préfet, Baron Haussmann, one day. "I am beautifying it into the finest of caravanserais, to which Europe may come every year to make holiday."

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January 26th.—Two days ago Lacordaire was received into the Academy by Guizot. It was a striking scene, at which the Empress was pleased to be present, and which I did not fail to attend. A Protestant receiving a Dominican—what could be more piquant? Father Lacordaire delivered a eulogium of Tocqueville. He spoke, of course, of Democracy, that of the United States and our own : he endeavoured to define it, and also to criticize it when it becomes a sacrifice to the common weal, and places the city before the family, subordinating individual liberty and the natural inequality of men's minds to the tyranny of civil servitude. He spoke of religion with a tolerance bordering on scepticism, and of politics with a breadth of ideas impartial to all forms of government. My neighbour remarked to me : "There you have a sauce in which every man can dip his bread"—vulgar, no doubt, but quite true !

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January 31st.—Henri Murger died three days ago. His obsequies took place to-day. I was next to the representative of the Empress, who made a point of doing honour to the coffin of this eccentric writer. Some one behind me told the tale of his last moments.

"They say he died of a disease which . . . a disease—well, you understand. Well, it is not the case. He died of phlebitis, merely that. I went to see him at Dubois. Dr. Piogey told me himself. Poor Henri, a jovial soul ! . . . Not so Bohemian as all that, you know.

. . . His *Life in Bohemia* was what he had seen rather than practised. But he had eyes and a heart. He guessed a great deal. He had a tender heart. I pressed his hand only a few hours before the end. I was with Aimé Millet, who was the last that spoke to him. And what do you think he said to Millet? 'Mind you . . . there are only three things in life—friendship, love, and . . .' He could not finish, he was choking. The death agony began at eleven in the evening; it was soon all over! Poor Murger! . . ." The man fell silent a while, then went on again, fascinated, "'Friendship . . . love . . . ' I wish I knew what the third thing was."

* * *

February 3rd.—I read in a review some strange predictions touching Italian affairs! There is reason to believe that there will not be war in Italy this spring. Garibaldi, who, according to the heated imaginations of the newsmongers, had quitted Caprera, is still in his retreat, and it is probable that, if Hungary does not offer him the prospect of a diversion against Austria that he expected of her, he will manage to put up with a year's quiet, and wait for his opportunity instead of forcing it. In any case, if the serious activity of Italy has enough to do in organizing the administration, in the re-establishment of a regular government at Naples and in Sicily, and in making ready its army and its fleet, it must be admitted that nourishment will not be lacking in the Peninsula this year to feed the feverish energy and the perfervid imagination and emotions which are the peculiar possession of revolutionary parties. The policy of M. de Cavour must have profited greatly by the withdrawal of our squadron from Gaetan waters. Meanwhile the young and hapless King of Naples, cherishing no illusions and retaining no hope, but induced by the Diplomatic Body to abandon his passive resistance, is still at Gaeta, sustaining a siege which the Piedmontese carry on with less energy and vigour than they had hoped at first. As long as the King retains his hold on Gaeta, it is not easy for Piedmont to have

the upper hand or crush the elements of disturbance which are astir in the Kingdom of Naples. The resistance of that town will, however, come to an end, and that probably at no distant date. Once Neapolitan resistance is overcome, another objective will be set before the Italian Revolution. The Pope is still at Rome, and that because our troops protect him. The whole question is whether they will stay there, and how much longer they will garrison the city that Catholicism considers its capital, and which Italy would fain make her own? We would not hazard prophecies on the point, neither have we any fancy to inquire into the recriminations to which the designs of Piedmont on the States of the Church may give rise. But when we think of Rome we can no longer refrain from looking on the overthrow of the temporal power as an accomplished fact. What boots the prolonging of this death-throe, which simply depends on the presence or withdrawal of a French force? What is fated will come to pass. As advocates of the principle of non-intervention, we have no more right to remain in Rome than we had to station our guard-ships off Gaeta. Just as we have withdrawn from there, so we shall abandon Rome. We shall be impelled so to act by similar reasons, the complaints and the remonstrances and pressure of the Italians, the remonstrances and pressure of England, and lastly, the exhaustion of the means of existence of the Pontifical Government. This prospect of winning Rome ought to give the Italians patience to defer for a year longer their attempt on Venice. One year Naples, the next Rome, the third Venice—a capital a year—is not that rapid enough progress to satisfy them?

We repeat, the thing is already done; even those about the Pope feel it must come. *We* just let it come without fear and without joy, sharing the stupefaction with which the rest of the world regards it, and, like that rest, cherishing the hope that this new sop to Italy will make her keep within bounds during at least a year, and restrain her from endangering the peace of Europe by a conflict with Austria.

February 20th.—Eugène Scribe is dead. Ye gods! What the man has produced! He was a machine that never tired. They say he turned out more than 356 pieces. O Racine! What a little man it makes you look beside our great Scribe—you who never put in a row more than a half-score of works! Scribe made the fortune of the Gymnase, supplied the Français and the Opera, won his way into the Academy, passed our frontiers, and enjoyed an immense popularity. It must be owned that his plays are bright and pleasing, as sparkling as champagne, skilfully put together, and the plot dexterously unfolded! *Camaraderie, Une Chaîne, Le Verre d'Eau, Adrienne Lecouvreur, La Bataille de Dames*, will long be remembered, and beside them, thanks to Meyerbeer, Adam, Auber, and Halévy, *La Muette de Portici, Robert le Diable, La Juive, Les Huguenots, Le Prophète, La Dame Blanche, Fra Diavolo, Le Chalet*, and *Le Domino Noir*. All these are perfectly proper. You can take young girls to them. No fear of headaches; no risk of nervous attacks.

* * *

Dated later.—Scribe is not dead. He lives again in M. Victorien Sardou, the belauded author of *Nos Intimes*, acted at the Vaudeville on November 16th. This Sardou is only thirty, and bids fair to command success.

* * *

February 1861. Reflections on the Finances of the Empire.—Our financial organization is complex, but not sufficiently so to prevent one's seeing how things stand. And when I throw a glance at it, certain fears take hold of me.

The public debt grows and grows in an alarming fashion. To-day it is 320 millions, thirty years ago it was only half that, and about 1815 no more than 60 millions. Between that date and 1848, *i.e.* during thirty-three years of kingly rule, it rose by 110 millions. Again between 1848 and 1861, *i.e.* in twelve years of Republic and Empire, it increased by 140 millions.

The First Empire was not greatly disposed to make use of credit. The present abuses it somewhat, though, to be sure, it benefits us, and is a proof of confidence and allows of great things being done. But the First Empire left us debts the payment of which is still a burden to us. Of the 320 millions, we owe 100 millions to our victories and reverses of fifty years ago. You must also deduct from it the costly incidents of the Revolution of 1848. We are not content with paying for the disasters of war abroad half a century ago; we liquidate also the civil disorders of two lustres past.

And the deficit keeps growing. It is a bottomless pit folks try to mask with a surface covering of leaves and branches called the Floating Debt; they will have in the end to add to it fresh wars and taxes not yet scheduled. But our feet are sinking ever deeper and deeper in the mire.

We want 200 millions, that's the truth. It is no use playing with figures. The new tariff of custom-house dues means a loss to us of 50 millions. The War in China, the Syrian Expedition, the occupation of Rome, the extension of our armaments, the preliminary expenses ensuing from the annexation of Nice and Savoy—all these are like a giant's hand pressing down the scale against us. This year's Budget shows an ordinary expenditure of 1,800 millions. In 1852 it was about 1,400 millions, that is, it has increased 400 millions in eight years. Between 1830 and 1847, twice the length of time, it only grew by 230 millions. How much further are we going?

To be sure, receipts have augmented at the same time as expenses. The coming of the Empire coincided, after the troubles of the stormy period of a Republic that was nothing if not frothy and rhetorical, with an unexampled rehabilitation of money matters; and I still remember how bright the faces of us financiers were at sight of the development of Commerce and Industry which suddenly entered on such a splendid flight. But what gives just cause for alarm is that all these augmented resources only have the effect of plunging us deeper into debt!

March 15th.—I was at the second night of *Tannhäuser*. It was not a fiasco, but it was a disappointment. And a great one! For, months past, the Press has been making a fuss over the author, the opera, the scenery. People are aware it was Mme de Metternich who got the command given—the word is none too strong—for this opera of Wagner's to be staged.

The Emperor was present. That did not prevent people hissing. . . . A neighbour remarked to me: "The music is passable, but the subject tiresome." "It's all poor and tiresome stuff," commented another. "Jenny Lind was wise in her generation," observed another, "to decline to appear in it."

The tenor Niemann, who had come from Germany for the occasion, seemed greatly put out. At one point he came forward to the footlights and bowed, as if retiring. However, they clapped to make him go on. After all, it's no fault of his. Mme de Metternich is furious.

* * *

April 2nd.—To-day they laid in the great tomb in the crypt of the Invalides the ashes of the Emperor, which had, since December 15th, 1840, been lying in the Chapel of St. Jerome. The Imperial family was present at the ceremony.

* * *

Attempts at Decentralization.—An interesting item in the Imperial policy, and one in which I may flatter myself I have to some extent influenced the mind of Napoleon III. For a very long time, for over twenty years, indeed, I have been working at the subject. I had a certain share even in the Decree of March 25th, 1852, which transferred the control of municipal activities from the Minister to the Préfet. I too carried the point that the Préfets should appoint directly the Commissaries of Police in towns having less than 6,000 inhabitants, should nominate the beneficiaries under the tobacco monopoly entitled to keep shops, as also a certain number of subordinate employés, and that they should have power to issue a

host of certificates and licences which used to drag about endlessly at the central Ministries. I should like to see this system of decentralization carried still further and set municipalities free from harassing dependence. But the Emperor is afraid—needlessly afraid—of weakening the central power. It is only bit by bit that they extract from him measures which, nevertheless, to my mind are very valuable, for they are calculated to restore to the provinces, towns and villages an activity which is constantly waning and leaving them bloodless and lifeless in face of the encroaching activity of the capital.

* * *

End of May.—M. Thiers has just received from the Institut the triennial prize of 20,000 frs. for his *History of the Consulate and the Empire*.

History is the order of the day. A week ago at the Hôtel de Solms, by way of an evening's entertainment, they read a Merovingian tragedy by Viennet in five acts. I pity the audience !

* * *

June 19th.—Our Paris that is always in search of something new has been full, ever since yesterday, with the stir made over the reception at Fontainebleau of the Siamese ambassadors. And, to be sure, there was enough to excite curiosity. These outlandish folks are grotesque enough. I was at the function. Two thrones had been raised for our lieges in the Henri III. gallery. At a signal from the Master of the Ceremonies, six beings, gilt-edged and wearing lamp-shades on their heads, went on all fours, and advanced to the Throne on their hands and knees. People held their sides with suppressed laughter. One of them carried a goblet in each hand, and crawled like that—cleverly enough, I must own. The Emperor kept his countenance with becoming gravity. But when all was over, and these jackanapes were gone, and there were none but friends present, he was seized with an insane and inextinguishable fit of laughter, which is the more astonishing as he is little given to it. The

Empress, always dignified, thought such homage to her greatness quite natural. As for us, our hilarity echoed that of our friend Napoleon, who suddenly muttered to me aside: "At bottom, is it any funnier of them to approach me in that posture than of me to go and kiss the Pope's slipper?"

* * *

August 15th.—Less enthusiasm than last year. What is the matter? Want of novelty, perhaps. These fifteenths of August are all too much like one another. Something fresh ought to be devised.

* * *

August 22nd.—Ferrari, a friend of Delagrangé, has left for Naples. He is rumoured to have said to him: "Victor Emmanuel is going to lose the Kingdom of Naples, that's certain. Ricasoli is a mediocrity. Cialdini is losing ground. Garibaldi has no credit left. It is all up with Italian unity!"

He is a trifle previous, is M. Ferrari; his opinions are a bit exaggerated! In any case, it is very hot to go to Italy at present. He will come back with a sunstroke, which will make him talk more folly than ever.

* * *

... 1861.—The Council-General is pleased with the Government, which has opened a large credit for the undertaking everywhere and after the fashion of Paris, which is being miraculously transformed, of works of all descriptions. The Second Empire will have one undeniably good thing to its credit in modernizing France from the point of view of traffic and intercommunication, as the First did in the matter of industry and commerce. It will be from the reign of Napoleon III. that our network of railways, our fine roads, and the new Paris, hygienic and stately, will date. The dynasty will fall, it may be, but that will remain. Honour to the Sovereigns bold enough, generous enough, and wise

enough to endow their country with works that can never perish !

The estimates of which I spoke above were not adequate. There has been issued by public subscription one hundred and thirty-five millions' worth of bonds, at 450 frs. selling price, repayable in thirty years at 500 frs., and bearing interest at the rate of 25 frs. Two milliards were subscribed. The bonus, no doubt, is the cause of this prodigious success. But public confidence has had its share in it as well.

* * *

September.—A friend assures me : "The Emperor is quite aware of the fragile nature of his work in Italy, and that if he withdrew, it would fall to the ground, leaving that country in as great difficulties as previous to 1859, and Austria more powerful than ever. His plan should, therefore, be to create obstacles in the way of Austria and her allies."

* * *

October.—The Emperor, Empress, and Prince Imperial reached Compiègne on the 4th. I went there on the 6th, the very day that His Majesty was going to receive King William of Prussia, with Generals Montebello and Fleury. On the 7th the Comédie Française gave us a taste of Marivaux and of Caraguel. Augustine Brohan acted. The King of Prussia was delighted. I noticed how persistently he looked at Mme Plessy. On the 8th he left, after reviewing the Guides and the Zouaves.

On the 12th it was the turn of the King of the Netherlands, another William. Of course, they played the Dutch National Anthem at the theatre as he entered. This King watched Mme Favart in particular.

She and Plessy are two stars, but these kings are only comets which show themselves and then disappear. In the evening I chatted with the Marquis de Caux¹—devilish witty, but in a somewhat coarse fashion. On

: The future husband of Adelina Patti.

the 14th, hunting. The Prince Imperial appeared in the field for the first time. This little manikin of five in uniform, a three-cornered hat with a swan's feather, a green-laced coat, white breeches, and Russia leather boots, is quaint and charming enough for anything.

I left before the end of the month.

* * *

November 4th.—A week ago the Emperor transmitted the Cardinal's hat to the Archbishop of Chambéry. To-day Haussmann tells me he is leaving for Compiègne. He is in the third category of guests.

* * *

November 12th.—Dom Pedro of Portugal is dead at twenty-four. It is very young; they have no luck at that Court. Great mourning at Compiègne, no doubt. I know the Empress's birthday celebration has been postponed from the 15th to the 23rd.

* * *

December 10th.—The Emperor and Empress came back from Compiègne yesterday.

They tell me that Sardou's *Nos Intimes*, which had some success at the Vaudeville, and contains such a risky third act, made some of the ladies blush, and alarmed certain husbands still more. These affectations of modesty irritate me.

* * *

1861. *A Note on Austria.*—This year has been marked by serious advances in Austria—Liberal, indeed, in tendency, but which may be the seeds of death. In February and October, charters were given to the different Nationalities constituting this heterogeneous Empire. What use will they make of their new rights, save to strengthen themselves against the oppression from which they suffer?

The question of Nationalities has been solved, or nearly so, in Italy: a kingdom has come into being, and,

as I have before declared, at the same time a rival has arisen beside us. The same question is being put in Germany. The solving of it will plant an ogre at our doors. It is likewise being put to the test in Austria. But there it is the contrary way, since unity already exists, at least in name. If it is solved, it will be to the advantage of the liberty of the fettered peoples, and in favour of our peace, while the old Queen of Mid-Europe will be weakened in the process.

There are four races in Austria—Slavonic, German, Magyar, and Græco-Latin.

The Slavs are not even a single group. There are Czechs, Serbs, Poles, Ruthenians, Croats, Wends, and Dalmatians—in all fifteen million souls, but without any similarity of beliefs or identity of interests. Hence the Emperor can sleep in peace. There is as much hatred between these several races as there is between them collectively and the Government. In case of a conflict they would devour each other. Their very diversity makes their weakness.

* * *

The eight millions of Germans hemmed in in the very heart of Austria are far more formidable, as being cemented together by a single language, a single religion, a common tradition and common yearnings after Pan-Germanism.

The Magyars number four millions and a half, say five, herded together in Hungary, but on a territory that others dispute. Slavs, Teutons, Ruthenians, and Roumanians, they claim as national and racial apanages Transylvania, Slavonia, Croatia and Dalmatia, although Dalmatians, Slavonians, and Croats pay no heed to them. The same dissensions among the Magyars as among the Slavs.

As for the Græco-Latins, there are three millions of them, three-fourths of whom are Roumanians; this is the lowest and least intelligent section of Austria, as intellectually the Germans are the highest.

To these thirty millions of ill-assorted inhabitants

must further be added a million of Jews, scattered broadcast like stinking vermin every one would exterminate if possible. Such is the political aspect of Austria, which is a magnificent country, nevertheless, from the point of view of natural advantages.

A diplomat, a friend of mine, said to me lately : " Properly speaking, it is mainly the Magyars that the Emperor has to fear. It is their pretensions that he is bound to check. But, whatever he does, he must not hesitate to consolidate the constitutional machinery at Vienna. Will he do so? See, here is a bit of an article I have found on Francis Joseph. What the author says is true enough." Then he gave me the following cutting, taken from I know not what publication, which I append here : " What are we to expect of this Prince, who celebrated on August 18th, 1861, at Ischl, his one-and-thirtieth birthday? The education he has received is not, perhaps, such as might have prepared him for the arduous part allotted to him by the condition of his Empire. The puerilities of etiquette, the adulation of courtiers, aristocratic trivialities, all those enervating influences which in Germany, as elsewhere, impoverish princely breeds have, it may be, had a lamentable effect on the mind of the young Archduke so suddenly called to uphold a tottering State. Since then, however, he has successfully passed through manifold trials. The man, the prince, and the soldier in him have suffered, but his reason and courage have found opportunity to gather strength. We sought to decipher his thoughts on his countenance during the brief sojourn he made some months ago at his favourite summer resort in the mountains, where, while scarcely on the threshold of manhood, he earned the character of the most daring of chamois-hunters. The grave and firm expression of his physiognomy gave token of an energy equal to sustaining the weight of the most serious burdens. Judging by what people know and see, the Emperor Francis Joseph is a cultivated and, above all, a hard-working Prince ; he speaks all the languages of his Empire, and studies all its most important concerns. He is anxious to learn,

and to inform himself—necessary qualifications for arriving at a conclusion and adhering to it. People have long since rendered justice to the profound feeling of military honour which animates the young Emperor, but it might be wished that he should add to it the love and the knowledge of useful arts, the peaceful arts; that he should pay heed, not only to the glory of his flag and the fame of his army, but prefer to these the development of the rich resources with which Providence has so amply endowed his country. Why then should he, while pursuing with the help of the principles of modern civilization the regeneration of the peoples, the care of which God has confided to him, not endeavour to earn, not only the praises of History in the future, but, above all, the blessings of his subjects in the present?"

* * *

Italian Affairs in 1861.—The resistance of Francis II., blockaded in Gaeta, had its political aspect as well as its military. In the name of the maxim of Non-intervention, Napoleon could not very well uphold the action of Admiral Persano; he had to withdraw his fleet, and Francis II. surrendered. On February 13th that Prince embarked on board the *Mouette*, and sailed for Rome by way of Civita Vecchia. Five days later the Kingdom of Italy was founded simultaneously with the opening at Turin of the first session of the Italian Parliament.

* * *

The month of June was marked by the death of Cavour. Worn out and in a fever since May 29th owing to arduous Parliamentary struggles, the Minister, eaten up with restless activity, was determined to fulfil his wonted task none the less. He felt himself more indispensable than ever at this great crisis which had come at last, and which he had dreamed of so often.

But the mainspring of the machine was broken, his malady struck him to the earth. Delirium came in its worst form. They tried to bleed him, but the blood would not flow. He recovered consciousness only to ask

for the consolations of religion, wishing that the people should know that he made a Christian ending, with a quiet conscience.

When the King came to see him, he said: "Sire, I should have many things to lay before you, but am too ill to speak calmly and for long. Farini will give you account of everything in detail to-morrow. And our poor Neapolitans?—who are so intelligent. Some among them are good and others corrupt. You must sweep clean, Sire—yes, sweep, sweep, sweep!" The King left him, much moved, after pressing his hand. The sick man went on talking to himself: "Northern Italy is made. There are no longer Lombards or Piedmontese, Tuscans or Romagnoles. But there are still Neapolitans. Poor creatures! They are so ill-governed. No martial law! Anybody can govern with martial law. I shall govern them by liberty. . . . Garibaldi is a noble fellow. He wants to go on to Rome and Venice. He is right. I want to go there too. As for Istria and the Tyrol, that will be for later on. We have done enough for our part. We have made Italy. Germany, too, will achieve her unity. It is bound to be. The Prussians will do it, as the Piedmontese have wrought that of Italy. But we have only taken three years about it. They will take fifty."

After this, Cavour took tender leave of his family. His brother Giacomo, who had given him the sacrament, was beside him. He saw life sinking, sinking like a dying lamp. The pulse grew slower, the voice weaker. Yet he heard him say again: "Brother, brother! A free Church in a free State!" These were his last words. After that he died. This happened on June 6th. Italy wept for the man who had given her a new life.

* * *

Shall I judge Cavour? It must be borne in mind that even as a young man he was haunted by one desire—to set Italy free. Such was his aim, and he took the means to attain it. His work cannot be measured by the *vulgar* standard. A journey to London made him

enthusiastic over British institutions and that aristocracy which would fain govern, not by despotism, but by compelling itself not to fall below the level of its task.

He entered politics through journalism, by founding *Il Resorgimento*, and political economy by founding the Turin Society of Agriculture. He taught his fellow-citizens drainage, and made a study of industrial processes, mechanical traction, and the like.

When Santa Rosa, a friend of Victor Emmanuel, died, M. d'Azeglio proposed him as a successor to the Minister of Public Instruction. The King assented. From that day his activity was prodigious. Whether actually so or not, he constantly acted the part of President of the Council, taking charge of almost all the Ministries at once, and sleeping in the very midst of the bundles of papers among which he had had his bed carried.

He spoke without eloquence, but clearly, precisely and methodically. He cared nothing about effects. He was content to know how to carry the most violent argumentative struggles to a successful issue. Nevertheless, he fathered more than one witty saying and more than one brilliant period, on great occasions.

He worked as much from a sense of duty as a statesman as from innate activity of temperament. When he had time, he read books, even books of literature. He played too, and played high. We hear of whist-parties at four-hundred-franc points! And that just for the sake of the excitement!

Ricasoli is his successor. Baron Bettino Ricasoli is no match for Cavour, or rather he is morally his superior and politically his inferior. He is energetic, but not adroit. Napoleon hates him for having opposed him in the old days. Arese is dissatisfied. He would have, of course, preferred a *persona grata* to the Tuileries. Hence he has had to double the dose of diplomatic friendship he administers to the Emperor, so as not to make a hash of matters. For that matter, it is he who has been charged to make the official announcement of the formation of the Kingdom of Italy.



EARLY PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

We have been impatiently awaiting the news. The Empress, on the other hand, seems more furious than ever against Italy, Arese, Conneau, and all those who have dragged her husband into a war from which, she declares—and one can hardly deny it altogether—we have derived no real advantages, Nice and Savoy being already practically bound to fall to us. She is especially indignant at the anti-Clerical aspect of the enterprise ; for my part, I only dread the ingratitude of those whose chains we have broken.

* * *

Arese arrived at the end of June. M. Thouvenel, Minister for Foreign Affairs, received him at Paris, and the Emperor at Fontainebleau two or three days later. I saw him myself, and he said to me : “ Napoleon has not consented to accept Ricasoli’s programme. I thought as much. Our old friendship did not suffice to induce him. I consider it absurd to have appointed him President of the Council. He is too hasty in all the decisions he comes to. He has no dexterity. He will tie the knots again that we have been at such pains to undo. Napoleon is not averse to the withdrawal of the troops from Rome, but he wishes that a good understanding should first be reached about the Pope and ourselves, which is manifestly impossible with a man like Pius IX.”

“ The truth is,” I replied—“ and don’t be angry at my saying it—that Napoleon considers that you go to work too fast, the King and his Minister and you. You don’t know how to wait ; you want too much, and that too quickly, and he is afraid of getting compromised.”

Arese left Paris towards the middle of July.

* * *

In February I had an exceedingly interesting conversation on Italian affairs, and particularly regarding the preliminaries to the Revolution at Naples and about Francis II., with a man who had just passed some months in the Peninsula, where he had gathered information from one of the 200,000 *attendibili* whom the police under Ferdinand II. had put down in its books as suspects.

These suspects, under the tyrannous rule of the last King but one of the two Sicilies, were excluded from political careers (of course), and even from the liberal professions, watched, and as good as imprisoned in their corner of the town or the country, shamefully oppressed, and at the least hint thrown into one of those Neapolitan dungeons where they forget you as if you were meant to die there. A system like this begot disgust and anger, anarchy and venality, baseness in some and hatred in others, and the certainty of revolution, hidden under the ashes of fear till an outburst was possible. Ferdinand, moreover, alienated not only the other Italian Sovereigns, but the various European Cabinets, and he held out against the counsels of Liberalism to give himself the appearance of strength, because he foresaw that to yield abroad meant to crumble to ruin at home.

He admitted as much for that matter : " A single act of weakness would ruin me irretrievably." He saw his position clearly and stood firm until the end. But what a grievous heritage he bequeathed to Francis II. on May 22nd, 1859 !

Was a new policy going to be set on foot ? The young Prince was twenty-three years old. He was not tied like his father by thirty years of despotism. Without forfeiting his honour he could not indeed capitulate, but he could loosen all bonds, set free the captives, nay, grant a Constitution. He had as pretexts the sudden death of the Monarch he succeeded, the blood of Savoy flowing in his veins, and his desire for peace. In reality the difficulty might be met by frankly adopting even a moderate Liberalism. His position was analogous to that of Louis XVI. If the latter had realized the error of the old-time policy, if the Liberal movement of 1789 had been loyally accepted by him, he might have saved not only his dignity, but his throne and his head. Francis II. needed only to say one word, the word that was expected of him. And circumstances were propitious to him. England, France, Piedmont even, had no animosity against the newcomer. M. de Cavour actually displayed a certain sympathy for him, as a despatch of his shows.

In it Cavour offered Francis an alliance when it might have been war—an alliance which the King begged for a year afterwards, but then it was too late. But Francis was obstinate. He did not say the word expected of him. He did not take the measures, adopt the attitude he ought. He ruined himself when he might easily have saved himself.

Was it the lust of despotism that prompted him ?

No, it was indecision, irresolution. He was too young, perhaps, and he had evil counsellors. The Court of the dead Sovereign held him fast in the toils of reaction. The Queen-Mother, an Austrian and a despot, the Royal confessor, a fanatical priest, courtiers, a selfish and incapable wife—such were the advisers who brought to nought the auspicious resolves he might have framed.

He seemed nevertheless to be making concessions. He went through the motions of clemency. He made believe to proclaim an amnesty. He announced that he was striking numbers of *attendibili* from the red lists, yet he retained the vexatious system itself. He spoke of freedom, but continued to hold it in fetters. A decree that was hailed with delight was nullified by a secret circular. And, ere long, persecution began for all that, open and terrible. They arrested the Marquis d'Afflito, the Duke Giordano, Captain Vacca. Those who dreamed of Italian unity were given a hint that harsh measures were impending. A menacing finger was pointed at the Rock of Ustica, the place of deportation for political prisoners.

Under such circumstances, with what eyes could Francis look on Piedmont and the brotherly help that Napoleon yielded to Victor Emmanuel ?

"I do not know what Italian independence means," he declared. "I only know Neapolitan."

Hence the Peace of Villafranca filled him with anguish. It was a presage of the flowing tide of Piedmont, and he feared to be engulfed by it. He lost his head. He did not believe in the possibility of an upset. He obstinately maintained the *status quo*. He sent to the diplomatic congresses representatives that were dumb and passive,

and whose only duty was to checkmate their colleagues. He waited—he kept on waiting. Yet he was warned and advised. France said to him : “Take care. You are a sinking ship. Ally yourself with Piedmont, or it will swallow you up.”

“I am not brave enough, I will not shift my position,” was his answer.

And he tried to lean on Austria to strengthen his resistance. His mother, Cardinal Antonelli, the Archduchess Sophia, the Spanish Ambassador, put their heads together, and resolved—it was the end of 1860—to stake their all in the spring and declare war. It was a woeful miscalculation.

Then they massed Neapolitan troops in the Abruzzi, and enlisted foreign mercenaries from any and every quarter, persuading themselves that force added to violence would enable them still to hold out. What an illusion ! To gain time they played with the diplomats of Europe. A Satriano, a Cassaro following each other as Ministers tickled the gallery with programmes, schemes of reform, and vague outlines of changes and improvements, which never came to maturity. One more loophole for escape opened in January 1860, when Victor Emmanuel offered Francis to act in concert with him.

“Enter the Marches,” was what his ambassador, the Marquis de Villamarina, said in effect, “and merely recognize the annexation of the Romagna.”

The King of Naples did not stir. He closed all the outlets on himself. He suffocated himself within his own kingdom.

Then there was a regular outburst. The chagrined aristocracy, the furious middle class, the excited populace, some members even of the Royal family, justly alarmed, gave vent to their impatience. The storm gathered, then burst. The thunderbolt had a human form ; it was Garibaldi.

* * *

Touching Cochin China.—Scarcely was the Treaty of Tientsin signed (June 26th, 1858), when Admiral

Rigault de Genouilly made sail for the Gulf of Turania, and entered it on August 30th with a Franco-Spanish force. On February 17th, 1859, he occupied Saigon. At the outset of the Italian Campaign he endeavoured to negotiate with the Annamite Government. But the Cochin Chinese refused to accept the clauses relative to allowing our missionaries to teach the Catholic religion. "These missions are but traps intended to overthrow our liberties," they declared. "We will have none of them." Thereupon they were attacked. They retaliated. We pursued them into their marshes and forests, but the heat smote down our soldiers like flies, so a halt was called.

On April 21st, 1861, a second expedition was undertaken, commanded at first by Vice-Admiral Charner, and later by Rear-Admiral Bonnard. It ended on June 5th, 1862, after various actions and skirmishes, in a treaty which threw open to us three ports in Tonquin, ceded to us the provinces of Saigon, Bien-Hoa and Mytho, and secured complete liberty to Spanish and French missionaries.

CHAPTER II

YEAR 1862

Another good year—Mme Orfila and her salon—A strange story of the Revolution—How Emperors are deceived—The Chambers in session—Clericalism versus Government—*Les Misérables*—A proposed Income-tax—Inauguration of the Boulevard du Prince Eugène—Balls everywhere—The Baron d'Ambès at Compiègne—Italian affairs in 1862—Awakening of Prussia.

January 1st.—Brilliant New Year's Day reception at the Tuileries. Two reassuring sayings of the Emperor have been noticed.

"The year which has just elapsed," he said to the doyen of the Diplomatic Body, "has unhappily been marked by numerous disturbances in different parts of the world, and by cruel losses to Royal families. I hope that the year now beginning will be happier both for Sovereigns and peoples."

"I rely on you," he said to the President of the Senate, "to assist me in perfecting the Constitution, while preserving intact the essential bases on which it rests."

* * *

January.—Skating creates a furore. It also claims victims. Yesterday the ice gave, and twenty people fell into the water, four of them remaining there.

* * *

Undated.—Mme Orfila's receptions date back three reigns already. The distinguished people of the days of the last two reigns met there at the feet of this little

lady, who has the St. Vitus's dance of pleasure. Thus the Faubourg Saint-Honoré went down to the Quartier Latin—sometimes on the way to the Odéon, and sometimes to the Rue Saint-André-des-Arts ; but the Faubourg Saint-Germain went there more readily, as became a neighbour, to hear the good music that is made there. The lady of the house, Comtesse de Sparre and Comtesse Merlin make up an adorable trio ; then there are M. Orfila, who plays the violin ; Delagrangé, who has a very fine voice ; and the divine Malibran. Térésa Milanollo came out there, as did the brothers Lionnet ; add to whom the famous Mlle Falcon, whose fame, so widespread for a time, died so painfully, Sontag and Grisi, Mario, Ponchard, Vivier, Rinconi, Lablache, and even Alboni, of whom Mme Girardin used to say that she gave her the idea of an elephant that had swallowed a nightingale.

One day Delagrangé said to me : “ I heard yesterday at Mme Orfila's a lady who came with Prince Belgiojoso. He knows how to choose them, that Prince.”

“ For talent or for figure, eh ? ”

“ No, no ! ” but there, it's a strange story, and he proceeded to tell it me. I have found it since in the recollections of Mme de Bassanville. I prefer to leave the honour of telling it to that charming chronicler.

She records, to begin with, that the lady in question was the daughter of a Marquis who was confined at Charenton, and sets forth the tragic story as follows :

“ This Marquis de X—— had a wife whom he loved passionately. She was overtaken in the prime of her youth and beauty with a mortal disease, which carried her off after a few days' illness from her tender and inconsolable husband. But that was not all, for a cruel revelation had added its bitterness to the Marquis's grief. At the point of death she implored his forgiveness for an indiscretion which, till then, had remained buried in profound secrecy. The Marquis learned from this last confession that the wife whose virtue he had never suspected had, in a moment of aberration and exaltation, betrayed her wifely fidelity.

“ It was a thunderbolt to him. Yet he let himself be

mollified by the tears and entreaties of the dying woman, and granted her the pardon that her repentance and despair craved.

"Then he sought to learn who was the man that had mortally injured him. The Marquise entreated him to forgo a vengeance which might be fatal to himself. She refused to give up the name he asked for, and adhered unswervingly to this refusal until she had brought him to declare that he would not challenge the culprit to fight him on any pretext.

"Having no choice but to assent, the Marquis gave the undertaking exacted of him. Then the lady named his cousin, the Chevalier de Lancy.

"The emotions of this scene had exhausted the last strength of the dying woman, and she expired directly the Chevalier's name had passed her lips.

"Faithful to his word, the husband did not challenge the Chevalier, but for all that, he did not give up the desire and determination to avenge himself. He was debarred from a duel, but he reflected there were other means of revenge, and that the events which were then in progress might furnish him with the opportunity so eagerly sought for.

"The proscriptions were then in all their fury, and being vigorously enforced. The Marquis, alert and keen to find out, ascertained that the outlawed Chevalier had not left Paris, but was in hiding there. He himself had only by a miracle escaped till then the notice of the Committee of Public Safety, but it was impossible that such rare good fortune should last indefinitely. Sooner or later the Marquis was bound to be included in the fate common to all people of his caste. Prudence urged him to flee while escape was still open to him. But, whatever the peril, he would not leave the city in which remained the man whom his hatred had sworn to reach and strike down.

"However, to keep watch on the Chevalier it was necessary, not only not to leave Paris, but also to retain full freedom of action while there. Once let him be set down as suspect, arrested and imprisoned, and farewell to

his revenge. He must therefore above all things ensure his personal safety by managing to stay in Paris without annoyance or mishap.

“To make believe to adopt the Revolutionary side, to take up eagerly with the clubs, and play the demagogue, was a plan which had some chances of success, but which was too repugnant to his punctilious and passionate honour as a gentleman.

“Another expedient, perilous and strange, indeed, suggested itself to his mind. During the first days that followed the confession and death of his wife, he had, under the shock of violent moral upheaval, been a prey to a revulsion of ideas which offered all the symptoms of mental aberration. He had been looked on as mad. Then his excitement had calmed down, his soul had regained its tone, and he had recovered the fulness of his reason. The remembrance of this transient madness supplied him with the expedient he was in search of.

“‘They do not outlaw madmen,’ thought he; ‘a man sunk in a state of insanity and imbecility cannot be an object of suspicion, and if he does no harm they will leave him in peace. I will be a madman.’

“He arranged his part in the way most suited to his schemes. His assumed madness must at once protect and further his designs. He put on an enormous and preposterous wig, donned an old Court suit with tarnished lace, and went about the city scattering facetious remarks, firing off ludicrous conceits and comicalities, and giving free rein to the most laughable eccentricities.

“His success was immense: he soon became the favourite mimic of the streets, the delight of the crossways, the burlesque idol of the multitude.

“The police, who took alarm at anything in those disastrous days, cast its eye on this strange person, and learned that he was an ex-noble driven mad by grief at the death of his wife. But as his madness was harmless, and his divagations had no bearing on politics, and above all, since the people had taken him under its sovereign patronage, they let the madman continue his performances unrestrained.

"The Republican authorities were not sorry, for that matter, to see a member of the ancient aristocracy, a *ci-devant* Marquis, afford the crowd the spectacle of his degradation, and be its plaything and laughing-stock.

"During his erratic wanderings up and down Paris, and in the comical scenes which he acted so gaily, the Marquis was constantly taken up with the Chevalier, and wholly absorbed in his untiring search for him.

" 'Another day lost !' he would say to himself. 'But patience ! I shall certainly end by ascertaining his retreat or meeting him, for he cannot always remain indoors, and must go out sometimes.'

"One day, sure enough, led by certain hints that had put him on the track of the man he sought so doggedly, the Marquis found himself face to face with him in the Rue Saint-Honoré.

"The Chevalier was perfectly disguised in the garb of a workman. His hair dyed black instead of fair, the growth of his beard, and a scar artistically painted on his face, made him unrecognizable to any but an enemy to whom hate had lent the keen eye of the lynx.

"The instant he caught sight of him the Marquis rushed up to him and flung his arms round his neck, crying :

" 'Ah ! how are you, my friend ? How glad I am to see you, my dear Chevalier de Lancy !'

"Amazed at this embrace, and alarmed to hear his name proclaimed to the echoes, the Chevalier tried to release himself and flee ; but the Marquis had got hold of his two arms and held him fast.

" 'Let me go !' stammered the outlaw. ' . . . You are mistaken. . . . I don't know you.'

" 'Don't you know me again, my friend, my kinsman ? Me, the Marquis de X——.'

" 'The Marquis de X——. Yes, I remember you now. But let me go !'

"A ring of spectators had formed, believing that the Marquis was by way of enacting one of his usual droll scenes.

" 'I knew you again at once,' he went on, 'in spite

of your clothes, your beard, your dyed hair, and your sham scar.'

" 'Do you want to ruin me?' said the Chevalier in an undertone. 'Let me go, I say, or I am lost!'

" 'Lost! On the contrary, I have found you again. Oh! I won't let you go again; I'll keep you! I want to take you home to dine with me, my dear Chevalier.'

" 'Don't talk so loud. Are you mad to bawl my name like that?'

" 'Ah, ha! So you call me mad too? Oh! I didn't expect that insult from you, Chevalier!'

" By a violent effort the Chevalier freed one of his arms, and clapped his hand roughly over the Marquis's mouth.

" The latter replied by a blow.

" 'Well done!' cried the spectators, bursting out laughing.

" The struggle went on for a moment, the Chevalier trying all the while to break away from the grasp of the Marquis and shut his mouth, while the latter kept bawling out in a ringing voice:

" 'Why it's you who are mad, Chevalier de Lancy. What! I make friendly advances to you, and you answer me with cuffs! Why treat in that way a man who asks you to dinner? Have you lost your head, then, Chevalier?'

" The name of his interlocutor, thus proclaimed, could not fail to have its effect. Some guardians of order seized the two combatants and carried them before the Commissary of the Section.

" The explanation was brief, and had the expected result. The madman was let go, and the Chevalier taken to prison.

" That evening the Marquis went home in high spirits. He had not wasted his day, and was going to reap the fruit of all his labours. The Chevalier was brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal as a matter of form; he was tried briskly, and, superfluous to add, was sentenced to death.

" Since the outlaw had been seized and detained in the

Luxembourg, the Marquis had stood sentry in the neighbourhood of the prison. He was keeping guard over the prisoner. Others also were thinking of him, devoted friends who were compassing his escape by bribes. On the day fixed for his execution the Chevalier, in a soldier's uniform, issued from the Luxembourg Prison. All measures were taken to safeguard his flight outside Paris and beyond the frontiers. He looked upon himself as saved. But scarcely had he gone twenty steps when he saw the Marquis before him, with open arms and a smile on his lips.

“‘That wretched lunatic again!’ he cried. ‘Is it divine justice that places him in my path to prevent my rescue?’

“‘Delighted to see you again, my dear M. de Lancy!’ exclaimed the other. ‘I hope you are in a better temper than the other day. Repay me for the dinner you then refused by accepting the breakfast I offer you this morning.’

“‘For mercy’s sake, Marquis,’ the Chevalier rejoined in a low tone, ‘be silent and let me pass, I adjure you. My life is at stake. I am sentenced to death. Do you hear, and do you realize that? I have just escaped from prison. If you let me pass, if you are silent, I am safe; if you detain me, or call out my name, you are my murderer!’

“‘What the deuce of a story is this you’re telling me, de Lancy? You are drunk, I should think. Where did you sup last night?’

“‘Look here, Marquis, have a lucid interval. It’s my life I ask of you—my life!’

“‘Egad! A merry life is my motto, and let’s begin by going to breakfast. I shall not leave you, mind that! If you walk, I’ll do the like; if you run, I’ll run after you, crying out, “Come along to breakfast, de Lancy!”’

“A crowd was collecting round the two speakers, so the Chevalier took the Marquis’s arm, saying, ‘Very well, come and breakfast, but be quiet, I entreat you.’

“‘That’s right! You are delightful this morning,

dear friend !' rejoined the Marquis, leading him in the direction of the Luxembourg.

" 'No ! not that way !' cried the Chevalier, trying to make the Marquis turn round.

" 'I know my way, I suppose !' persisted the other, urging his prey vigorously in the fatal direction he had taken.

" 'Curse you ! It's to death you are taking me.'

" 'Lord bless me, I am taking you to a very smart little restaurant, of which you will give me a good account, de Lancy !'

" Already the escape of the prisoner had been discovered. The Luxembourg was in an uproar. Gaolers and guards were pouring out of the gates in pursuit of the fugitive. They were not long looking for him. The Marquis, still smiling and shouting, held him at their disposal. He was put back in his cell, and a few hours later entered the fatal tumbril which every day made the trip from the prison to the scaffold. The Marquis was standing there as he passed. He owed him a last farewell.

" 'Where are you hurrying to in that carriage, M. de Lancy ?' he called to him. 'No doubt you are bound to an assignation with your mistress, the Marquise de X——.'

" At the words the Chevalier trembled and cast a horrified glance at the Marquis. The malignant and terrible look of his triumphant enemy revealed to him in a flash the whole truth. He realized that the madness to which he was sacrificed cloaked a baneful scheme, and that it was the vengeance of an injured husband that had twice handed him over to the executioners.

" His work done, the Marquis remained mad for his own safety. When the Revolution was ended, he was for resuming his reason, but he shuddered at the thought that that meant disclosing his odious conduct, and so robbing himself of honour and repute.

" During the last hours that he had spent in prison de Lancy had set down the story of his cruel experiences and two fatal meetings with the Marquis. By a touching act of generosity the hapless man disclaimed any animosity

against his murderer. 'I can only forgive him,' he said. 'The poor man did not know the wrong he was doing. He was mad.'

"The Marquis's presumptive heirs, having returned to France, found in the madness of their relative a pretext for at once entering into possession of his property, which Revolutionary talons had spared.

"The Marquis tried to oppose them, but public notoriety and the Chevalier's will were too strong proofs of his insanity. He lost his case, and his opponents had him shut up at Charenton."

* * *

End of January.—The Emperor was asking himself the other day if he had not taken the wrong road in Italy. He wished—and his speech at the opening of the session goes to prove it—to define more clearly his attitude towards questions of foreign policy. He is afraid of being accused of plans of aggrandizement and bellicose intentions. He remembers how he said once, "The Empire is peace," and that he said it honestly.

"How difficult it is," he sighed, "to make people believe one had no mental reserve!"

"Alas!" I replied; "since in politics everybody has one, it will be difficult for your Majesty to make it understood that *you* are not like the rest of the world."

* * *

Undated.—Major Schneider avouched the following fact. In 1862 the method of recruiting the Army, largely modified, in spite of its good intention, at times gave bad results, thus forcing into the ranks young men who were exempted as sons of widows. Defective as it was, the method was declared admirable by the courtiers, because it had been devised by the Emperor, who, after all, might be mistaken, and would certainly have modified his plan if they had made him see the shortcomings of it. But a courtier cares nothing for the value or the consequences of a scheme of his liege's, and only troubles to applaud it. Thus we find the Marshal de Castellane sending a severe

reprimand to a General of Brigade who had ventured to express an unfavourable opinion in a report on this system of recruiting. The officer had to rewrite his report to a contrary effect. The Emperor, who, to enable himself to judge, had wished to read the reports of all the Generals, thus received a number of which the purport did not correspond to what his commanders really felt. He thought therefore that he had done right, and acted wrongly in good faith. How can one wonder at the mistakes of a Prince thus deceived? And how many of the errors imputed to his reign are really due to those about him!

* * *

February to March.—The Chambers began their annual discussion on January 27th, and the Emperor's speech showed his optimism with regard to foreign affairs. Several monarchs have been to see us. Easier relations are hoped for in Italy and America. Prussia has nothing to complain of. For the first time the Emperor referred to Mexico, where in concert with England and Spain, we have only intervened to protect the rights of humanity.

After some skirmishes came the turn of the Roman question, always a burning one, then that of the Mexican, and the whole ended by the carrying of the Address by a satisfactory majority. In the Chamber, Morny opened the sitting by declaring that we enjoy the form of government best suited to our character.

All things considered, the majorities we have—144 against 6 in the Senate, and in the Chamber 244 against 9—are a sure sign of inward concord. What a difference from the tumults of the old Assembly! It must be that the Empire is what this France of to-day wants; here is the proof of it.

In March the struggle became acute between Clericalism and the Government. M. de la Guéronnière demonstrated the wisdom of the Emperor touching the Roman question, and Prince Napoléon set forth the abuses of the Papacy, at the same time calling for the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome.

* * *

A saying of Persigny is reported in reply to a deputy : " The routine of the administration is indestructible. In France, Ministers pass and Functionaries remain."

* * *

May.—Everybody is reading and talking over Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*. It is a gigantic success, such as only the *Wandering Jew* and the *Three Musketeers* have ever enjoyed. Delagrangé said to me : " Properly speaking, it is only d'Ennery, Dumas and Eugène Sue, but with the intellectual weakness cloaked by a vast mantle of art. It is a realistic play turned into a novel, and one which tallies with all that the people loves. Then, into the bargain, cultured people find their account in it. Hence the applause is unanimous."

* * *

June.—The Pope will not compromise or listen to anything. It is for this reason that M. Thouvenel has had to hand over his portfolio to M. Drouyn de Lhuys. Ministers pass, but the Pope remains.

* * *

Summer.—With regard to the Budget, MM. de Casagnac and Roques-Salvaza have proposed a tax on current revenue, something like income-tax. The former is the more zealous. He wonders that Fould should introduce so poor a Budget in so rich a country.

MM. Segris, Magne, and Ollivier opposed de Casagnac. They regard the tax on revenue merely as a temporary tax, else they contend it will be impossible to put it through. As for groundholders, they will complain with good reason if the State takes from them in the form of a tax the debt it has incurred against them. And they are right. However, the amendment was rejected.¹

* * *

1862.—Very brilliant opening of the Boulevard du

¹ Is it not curious to find that it was the majority who were the first to call for a tax on income, and the members of the Opposition who would not hear of it? To-day the parts are exactly reversed. The old Opposition, become the Republican Party in power, calls for a levy on income, and it is the anti-Republican Opposition which opposes it. Such are politics!



PROPHETIC CARICATURE OF NAPOLEON III.

Hieroglyphic for the year 1863.

Prince Eugène. The Emperor, attended by his Marshals, with Prince Napoléon, Murat and the Empress hard by on a platform, delivered a great speech, in which he eulogized the son of Joséphine and wound up by congratulating Haussmann, whom he promoted to Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.

"I consented," he said, "to preside at the opening of this Boulevard in order to thank you for your untiring devotion to the interests of this great city. To transform the Capital while making it more extensive and beautiful does not mean merely to build more houses than are pulled down, or furnish employment for a crowd of miscellaneous industries, but also to introduce everywhere habits of order and the love of the beautiful. These spacious streets, these stately houses, these gardens that all may enter, these artistic monuments, while adding to comfort, go to perfect taste. And if people think that together with these vast works you are augmenting public charity, multiplying religious edifices and buildings meant for educational purposes, they should be vastly grateful to you for achieving so many things without in any way hazarding the prosperous state of the finances of the City."

I call to mind that the Emperor would not give the name of Queen Hortense to another Boulevard, lest people should think he kept such privileges for his own family. He preferred the name, glorious in the annals of industry, of Richard Lenoir, whom he had decorated with his own hand.

* * *

Spring of 1862.—Ball at Mme Gould's. Ball at the Marquise d'Aligre's. Ball at the Comtesse du Châtel's. Great dinner at Gudin the painter's. Great breakfast at M. de la Guérronière's. Great I don't know what at M. de Rouville's. Folks continue not to be bored. I make fresh acquaintances and lose old ones. So life runs.

* * *

1862.—I have read Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*,

which is making a furore. It must be owned that the book is astounding, tremendous, marvellous. Scarcely moral perhaps, but "romantic," as the phrase goes. What power of evoking associations ! What overflowing lyrical power, rising in more than one place even to the epic ! What artistic narrative ! It matters not that the man is a Revolutionary, that he has trampled on the Emperor, taught subversive doctrines, incurred the punishment due to inveterate enemies, to the criminals of Thought ; for all that, he is a great, an incomparable writer.

Not long ago M. de G—— said to me : "What a shameful book ! Fancy using one's genius to indite such absurdities, to become the apologist of rapscallions."

* * *

November, 1862.—Rouher has just abolished the bakers' monopoly—a very good thing ! This strange survival of the feudal ages was preposterous. To be sure, it might be useful in cases of famines or a dangerous "corner" in food-stuffs. But these dangers are things of the past. Rouher has no longer to dread the abuse of the protective system ; while railways free us on the other hand from the fear of too slow communications. So let the bakeries multiply at pleasure and be restricted only by commercial competition. They will be able to apply on a large scale for the future co-operative bread-making, make better and more cheaply. To make the bakery free is to ensure bread to the poor.

* * *

November.—On the first arrival of their Majesties at Compiègne, I was among the first batch of invited guests. On the 13th they gave us a taste of Sardou's *Les Ganaches*, which was not liked, and then more Sardou. On the 24th, Dejazet was vehemently applauded. She is a marvel of youth for sixty.

During his stay at Compiègne the Emperor went geologizing trips to Mont Berni and to Champieu with MM. de Saulcy and Rénier. He takes an interest in many things, or rather, nothing leaves him indifferent.

Five Arab chiefs invited to the fourth series of this year's entertainments and whose magnificent mounts added much to the brilliant turn-out of the hunts, were amazed at the knowledge and the tastes of His Majesty.

Delagrangé, always spiteful, said to me one day : " In a private station, with such gifts, he would have done something and become somebody."

* * *

Christmas, 1862.—We had a charming time at Mme Heine's, who was keeping her daughter's fifteenth birthday with lavish elegance. A never-to-be-forgotten evening, where there were several of us financiers. Well, well, merchants' daughters are quite as good as yours, aristocrats that we all are, with a touch of Philistinism at bottom. Look at Mlles Meyer and Say, Fould and Rozalès. Flowers, flowers everywhere. Diamonds on white necks. And the scarlet of red lips vying with the ruddy gleam of jewels. And eyes like carbuncles. Ah ! youth, youth ! Oh ! to be twenty again !

* * *

December 30th.—The Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Morlot, Senator and Grand Almoner to the Emperor and Head of the Imperial Chapter of Saint-Denis, died yesterday. He will not be easy to replace, for it is hard work to please God, the Pope and the Emperor all at once.

The year ends well. But I notice that this very day the Theatre of the Folies-Dramatiques opens on the Boulevard Saint-Martin. A significant title. I ask myself at times whether life is not a "tragic folly" too. No need to go and see it performed on the boards !

* * *

Awakening of Prussia.—I take it that these last two years have been epoch-making to Prussia. Between 1860 and 1862 she has put militarism above parliamentarism. What does that signify, save that she is progressing towards bellicose ideas ?

Her military reforms are significant. Henceforth, thanks to the reintroduction of universal service, her Army has a strength of 400,000 men. A large figure.

And then they have a very strange man, that M. Bismarck-Schönhausen, whom a telegram suddenly called to the head of affairs when he was at Biarritz, accredited to the Emperor. Here we have him Prime Minister. He has a brain of iron. I believe that he wishes to remain on good terms with us. He is making head against the Liberals of Germany. Will he gain the day? In any case, there is something that distresses me. Everybody knows that he dreams of the unification of Germany, even as Cavour dreamed of the uniting of Italy. Cavour succeeded; will Bismarck? To do so he will have to pull down Austria. No child's-play that!

CHAPTER III

YEAR 1863

"Progress of Liberty"—Debate on the Address—Marriage of Mme Rattazzi; reminiscences and anecdotes—At the Academy: Littré and Dupanloup, Liberalism and Orthodoxy—The Elections promise to be hotly contested—The Emperor and Béranger—Sudden death of Billault; Rouher his successor—The Empress's visit to Spain—Their Majesties at Compiègne; superb fêtes and magnificent dinners—Anecdote of Girardin—Italian affairs in 1863—Conversations with Arese—Prussia and Bismarck.

January 7th.—Fine ball at the Tuileries. In the Salon des Maréchaux an officer I do not know by sight said to me: "This year no footmen waiting at the buffets! Progress of Liberty, eh?"

* * *

January 31st.—The debate on the Address has only occupied two sittings, and was passed with only one dissentient voice, that of Prince Napoléon. Thouvenel practically admits—and I agree with him, and it's the truth—that the Roman question is not ripe for being decided. It is a galling thorn in the side of the Empire.

* * *

February 3rd.—Witnessed at a distance the marriage of Mme Rattazzi. What memories the name evokes! Nine years ago she was known as Mme de Solms. Six years before that she was Miss Marie Studolmina, daughter of Sir Thomas Wyse and Lætitia de Bleschamp, and, accordingly, granddaughter of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, great-niece of Napoleon I., and cousin

of Napoleon III. They tell a thousand strange tales about her. At five years old, in England, where she spent her youth, she wanted to see a sheep killed, "to learn what the pain of dying is, so as not to cry out the day that death came to *her*." At the time she made her first Communion she said to Abbé Gallard, Vicar of the Madeleine, who was giving her the rudiments of religious instruction: "If there is perfect happiness in heaven, how is it that the martyrs and major saints are to be more happy than the minor saints or those who have just barely enough desert to be admitted into Paradise?" It was a poser. The Abbé was nonplussed, and hesitated for a moment as to the answer. Marie Wyse at once supplied him with it. "Ah! I see how it is. It is as if a number of people drank happiness out of cups. If the cups are all full, but of different sizes, each of them gives as much happiness as possible and justice is satisfied."

At the convent where they put her she had the same startling proclivities. She who at three years old read without mistake and with the intonations of a dramatic artist, and at seven took passionately to the *Lives* of Plutarch, at fourteen flung herself on a man who was beating a black man in the streets. "All men are equal!" she cried, wrenching the stick from him; "by what right do you beat this man?" And the same year she broke her whip over the face of her drawing-master, who was bold enough to kiss her neck.

The tale of her first marriage is one of the strangest. In 1848—she was fifteen at the time—she refused to go with a low dress to a ball, when her mother scolded her, anxious for her to make an impression and proud of the beauty of her young shoulders. A quarrel ensued, which her mother stopped with a slap. This humiliation was felt extremely by the great-niece of the Emperor. She restrained herself, however; but being asked for a dance soon after her appearance by M. Édouard de Solms, who had been presented to her some weeks before, she proceeded to burst into tears when she was alone with him, away from her mother, and told him what had happened, declaring, "I cannot stay with her after such an affront."

I want to marry at any cost. Marry me!" "But I am married myself," replied he, smiling at the child's anger and eagerness. "Then get some one to marry me." "Well, my brother Frédéric is coming to Paris this autumn. If you are still of the same mind, you can become his wife in two months." He thought the summer would dry the young girl's tears and heal her wound. He little knew the girl's surprising and unusual character. When the autumn came, Marie Studolmina reminded him of his promise, and the proposal was made. Marie was not unpleasing to Frédéric; but was he pleasing to Marie? That is another question. She wanted him at once, to be rid of her mother, whom she had not forgiven for her insulting slap. The latter raised objections. M. de Solms was twice as old as her daughter; he was ugly, he was stupid, he was uncouth. "I like him so," was the girl's invariable rejoinder to her mother's objections. The lover was a lucky fellow; and she married him.

The two de Solms, to be sure, were set on the marriage, and small wonder. Who knows, however, if it would ever have been agreed to, despite Mlle Wyse's determination, but for the intervention of a personage of weight, Prince Louis Napoleon aforesaid, who used his influence, at M. Édouard Solms' instigation, to gain the mother's unwilling consent!

Ugly, stupid, depraved. A rotten soul in a slough of mud. Such was the man into whose arms this charming young girl had flung herself, all because of a slap from her mother. Did she regret it? Who can tell? She plunged frantically into a life of pleasure.

It was towards 1850 that I was for the first time received by Mme de Solms at her hôtel in the Rue Caumartin. What delightful Sundays the mistress of the house offered us! She is a superior woman of rare education, a very versatile singer, a finished musician, playing her own compositions, an astonishing reciter, declaiming her own verses, a miniaturist of whom even Mme de Mirbel spoke with respect, such a painter of genre subjects that her little canvases were taken for

Meissoniers, and, to crown all, the most wonderful of actresses. She has been compared intellectually with Mme de Staël. In one word she is an extraordinarily gifted woman. At her Sundays you met princes, dukes, functionaries, authors—among them Dumas and Achard, Mme Ancelot and Mme Segalas, Philoxène Boyer, Prince Galitzin and Lady Hamilton.

Her husband died January 4th, 1863—a month ago therefore. And, having no mourning to observe, the widow, who is still young, is marrying M. Urban Rattazzi to-day.¹

* * *

April 26th.—Yesterday, at the Academy, Littré was beaten by M. de Carné, and Monseigneur Dupanloup succeeded Pasquier unopposed. In other words, Orthodoxy carried the day against Liberalism. For everybody and everything is mixed up with the theological struggle to-day. They have had to forbid the *Fils de Giboyer*, which shocked the Clericals. At the Academy they now elect a man not for his writings, but for his beliefs. Albert de Broglie and Feuillet were chosen because they are good Christians. That makes the Emperor, who, is a sceptic, smile, and the Empress jump for joy; she is very pious, doubly pious as being a Spaniard. No; certainly the Roman question is not closed. The elections will add more fuel to the flame; it is going to be warm work!

* * *

May. Parties; elections.—The elections will be hot. Zealous parties stand opposed to each other. There is the Emperor's, that of order and progress—the larger. But there is also that of the malcontents, a solid block—the “Liberal Union.” Happily this block is ill cemented.

* * *

1863.—From time to time, after dinner, a restful

¹ Ten years later she became a widow once more. In 1877 she married M. de Ruth, a member of the Spanish Cortes, and lost this her third husband in 1889.

evening in the melodious atmosphere of a musical entertainment, or in the cheerful surroundings of the light comedy stage. I really believe that their Majesties prefer the latter recreation, which they rave about. Yesterday there was singing at the Tuileries. There were the two famous Lionnets, who gave us abundance of Béranger—"Mon habit," the "Dieu des bonnes gens," the "Souvenirs du peuple." The Emperor was moved, and congratulated them warmly.

A rather queer little incident then took place. Napoleon asked one of them, through Bassano, for the last-named of these songs. The singer owned he knew the lines, but said he only knew the tune of the refrain by heart.

"Well," cried the Emperor, "I will help you to remember the air of the verses." And he set to hum it, to the great astonishment of the musicians.

"Ah!" said he presently. "Remember it was Béranger that kept up in the minds of the people the memory of the Napoleonic glories. How could I be ungrateful to him?"¹

* * *

June 11th.—The triumph of the Opposition means the fall of the Ministry. On May 24th Persigny resigned.

Billault has died suddenly. His place is taken by Rouher.

I have already spoken of the latter, an Auvergnat. He is a sly fellow. His devotion draws tears from the Emperor's eyes. I don't think much of him myself. He talks a lot, but knows nothing. He is a mere talking machine, a pretentious nonentity.

* * *

October 30th.—The Empress has come back from a trip to Spain. The little Countess de Montijo wished to revisit her country in all the blaze of a glory which is

¹ Béranger died in 1857. He dedicated his last volume to Lucien Bonaparte.

reflected back on her own people. She has reason to be proud indeed. What a pity she should hail from that Peninsula which is dominated by a type of religion so narrow, so sectarian and so unaccommodating ! Thanks to her narrow bigotry, she will have done much harm, she will bear a heavy responsibility for doing so, and it is a pity, for she is pretty, agreeable and intelligent. . . . Ah ! at fifty I should surely begin to forget the charms of great ladies, and judge of them calmly. And, as regarding this particular one, my judgment is not unbiassed by a touch of bitterness. . . .

* * *

December.—Their Majesties this year left for Compiègne on November 8th, and did not come back till the 19th. An unusually long stay. Many guests. To begin with, Prince Napoléon and the Princess of Sardinia his wife ; Prince Joachim Murat, Princess Anna Murat, the Prince and Princess Lucien Murat, and many of the usual visitors, to whom must be added Mérimée, Doucet the younger, and Ravaisson. Then, in the second batch, Lord and Lady Dufferin, the Prussian Ambassador, Lady Evelyn Bruce, the Faverneys, Auber, Jouffroy, and Cugnet, and the like, not to mention Metternich, the Drouyns de Lhuys and other familiars. Then the third batch, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, the Manchesters and the Beauforts, Duke and Duchess of Tarentum, Marquis and Marquise de Gallifet, General Bazaine, and so on. Next, fourth batch, such men as Émile de Girardin, Feuillet, Ponsard, Sainte-Beuve, Quentin-Bauchard, Flémy, and Wey. What eclecticism ! Notabilities of all countries, all nobilities, of every fortune and every social position, of every school in Art and Literature. These gatherings at Compiègne do the greatest honour to Napoleon.

The dinners there are magnificent functions, served in the *Galérie des Fêtes*, and include as many as one hundred guests. The general aspect of the table is superb. Little etiquette, save for certain great personages. Folks take their seats so as to be next to their friends. The dishes pass round ; all choice and exquisite wines in

abundance. Metternich, the sly dog, supplies a certain excellent Johannesberg which fills his pockets and wins golden opinions.

After the meal, in the *Galérie des Cartes*, where coffee is taken, for a good hour Emperor and Empress pass from group to group, with a pleasant word for every one, a smart rejoinder, or a promise. Nothing is stilted, yet every one keeps his place.

This year they played a piece of Feuillet's, *Montjoie*, too long—meant to make people laugh, it sometimes makes them yawn; an indifferent piece by Adolphe Belot, which made the Emperor slip away after the second act. Then there was a well-contrived drama of D'Ennery's, and four acts by Jules Sandeau, ill received at Compiègne and hissed at Paris. A theatrical season which but poorly amused her Majesty's guests. Luckily, these are but minor incidents in the life there, where it is a pity they so often play *something or other* by *somebody or other*. There is scarcely, to be sure, any great author but Augier or Dumas at the present moment, and you cannot give the latter there. There remain only Sardou and D'Ennery, second-rates, and Meilhac and Halévy, too touch-and-go. It is not easy to supply the stage for great folks.

I have been told a piquant anecdote of M. de Girardin, just back from Compiègne. The Empress, they say, remarked to him one evening, touching the election of Pelletan: "So your friend is gaining the day? It's a great pity such men manage to enforce their ideas. But who can believe that the Chamber will yield any hearing to such opinions? Pooh! M. Pelletan is not so formidable,"—and so on, and so on.

She went on in this bitter vein; then, as Girardin was silent: "You don't defend him?"

Then the publicist, bowing, rejoined: "There is no need for me to defend those who win."

It was a sharp retort. The Empress broke off the interview short and turned on her heel. The elections of the year do not cease to make the Imperial Family uneasy.

"It is an ominous beginning for your party," declares Delagrangé, that prophet of evil.

* * *

Italian affairs in 1863.—The letter that the Emperor was to write to Arese at the beginning of January has been sent and, it appears, imparted to the Italian Ministers, who gave the following reply to the recipient of the Imperial missive :

"If he cannot help us to take Rome, let him help us to recover Venice."

I have recorded Napoleon's political difficulties this year in connection with the Polish question and the Greek question. He was not going to add to those complications the never-ending, impractical intervention of the sentimental "friend of Italy."

But Arese is a sly fellow. What he took into his head to suggest to the French Government was to found a Greek kingdom aggrandized at the expense of Turkey, make the Archduke Maximilian king of it, and, by way of compensation, ask Austria to cede to Italy the provinces of Venetia and Trent.

The Emperor, when talking to Conneau and me of the proposal, smiled, and sent back the answer that he thought it very chimerical.

Nevertheless, Arese came to Paris in the middle of March, armed with a voluminous bundle of instructions.

He was very well received. The Empress showed herself very gracious, so much so that he asked me with a smile : "Does she want to make me pay for her graciousness ?"

I was present with Conneau at several interviews. There was talk of the European situation. Arese declared that everything would change if only Austria turned honest (!) and the Pope died (!). The Emperor seemed undecided on the Roman question. M. Drouyn de Lhuys, who was at some of these meetings (Lord knows what for), patted the shoulder of the Milanese in a friendly way, saying : "There, now you are a State. If there is occasion, we shall be delighted to ask for your help."

Once the Emperor expressed the hope of obtaining the cession of Venetia by pure diplomacy, but added, laughing : " You must admit that it is going a bit too far to bawl everywhere that Rome and Venice are yours, and yours by right. Well, let be ; try and prevent the Pope from thinking our intervention necessary again ; manage it so that I can conscientiously, or at least apparently so, rid Rome of my troops. After that you can do as you will."

This speech of his surprised me a little, but I can vouch that it was made. Arese left Paris at the end of March.

* * *

Prussian affairs of the year.—Prussia continues to cause me alarm. The "Cavourian" idea of M. Bismarck-Schönhausen is gaining ground. It is, in the opinion of this statesman (a real and a great one like Cavour) the only solution of the German problem. Prussia is his Piedmont. He is not afraid to say "Prussia" instead of "Germany." He pits Prussia against Austria. The representative of Vienna having ventured to smoke when presiding over the deliberations of the Diet, in which Bismarck sat as the delegate of Prussia, the latter also lighted up a cigar. General astonishment. William's Minister laughed : "The rights of man, the rights of smoke !" and no further notice was taken. A great national movement furthered his plans. There was a German 1859 at the same time as the Italian. Two Associations were then formed, the "National Union" and the "Reform Union." The first of these aims at uniting Germany in favour of Prussia ; the second aims at the same without the hegemony of Prussia and with the participation of Austria.

In August Austria, in alarm, called a Congress of Princes to reorganize the Confederation, putting it under the guidance of six members, of whom three should always be the nominees of Austria, Prussia and Bavaria, the remainder chosen in rotation by the other States. These six would be supplemented by a Federal Council,

a Federal Assembly, and a Tribunal of the same. All was going well when suddenly Bismarck offered violent opposition to them all.

What he asked for was a United Germany, a Parliament chosen by universal suffrage by Germany as a whole—but Germany only—and a single Head, the King of Prussia.

What a man! And nothing discourages him; on the contrary, events help him. Lo and behold, at this point the question of the Duchies arose. On the death of Frederic VII., Christian IX. of Denmark and the Duke of Augustenburg became rival claimants to the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, till then forming part of Denmark. What does Bismarck do? He puts out his hand. He proceeds to play the third robber. What will the result be?

CHAPTER IV

YEAR 1864

The Opposition—Monseigneur de Bonnechose—Affairs of Mexico—The *Loi des Coalitions*—A *sans-culotte*, M. Darimon—Tax on bankers' cheques—Death of Meyerbeer—A storm in a teacup—Worth and the fashions—*L'Étrangère* (Dumas fils) censored—Morny and Pelletan—Shorter season at Compiègne—Italian affairs in 1864—Prussia: Bismarck triumphs; the Treaty of Vienna gives Schleswig-Holstein to Germany.

January 1864.—Delagrange tells me: "The Opposition of to-day no longer bears the same character as that of the 'Five.' It is at once more serious and less interesting. It is more serious because more weighty; less interesting because less well organized. It is more numerous, but less united. Nevertheless, Napoleon III. has taken a great step in advance by his Decree of November 24th, 1860, establishing the Address. He gained ground again by showing his hostility to the Catholic Party, the Extreme Right. And that is not enough. It will never be enough. The 'Five' started in 1857. In 1863 they produced their offspring, Berryer, Thiers, Pelletan—in fine, thirty-five dissatisfied members. Persigny had to make way. The elections of 1863 seem to have marked a fresh stage in the Imperial concessions, which of course means enhanced demands from the Opposition."

It is the same old story. Morny is trying to make friends with the Opposition. He will not succeed. To hold out a hand to it means allowing it to take a step forward to take that hand.

* * *

January 15th.—Yesterday Monseigneur de Bonne-

chose received the red hat from the Emperor's own hands. Great function in the Chapel of the Tuileries, where the Archbishop of Rouen received the Cardinal's purple.

Later date.—Monseigneur de Bonnechose laid down as an axiom that in attacking the Pope and God folks aim at the destruction of social order. That is frank anyhow. Not to accept blindfold and with forehead in the dust whatsoever falls from the mouth of the Roman Pontiff is to proclaim oneself a Revolutionary. The deuce! Why, the Emperor himself ought to be excommunicated at that rate.

M. de Royer asks that anti-religious publications should be prosecuted. What about freedom of thought? At bottom it is very difficult to pronounce on the immorality of a writer. It is odd to place M. Renan anyhow in the category of a vulgar corrupter of morals. However, order demands it, and Napoleon will endorse it.

* * *

End of January.—The Emperor is really very vexed at the expedition to Mexico, as he always was, and always will be, at all outside quarrels. He is a lover of peace above all things. He knows that the Opposition (and rightly, in his view) will badger the Government on the question. He sent for Morny, and said to him in my presence: "Let us see, is there no way of getting Jules Favre's amendment withdrawn? Thiers and Berryer are going to hold forth against us, and their speeches will certainly have their effect."

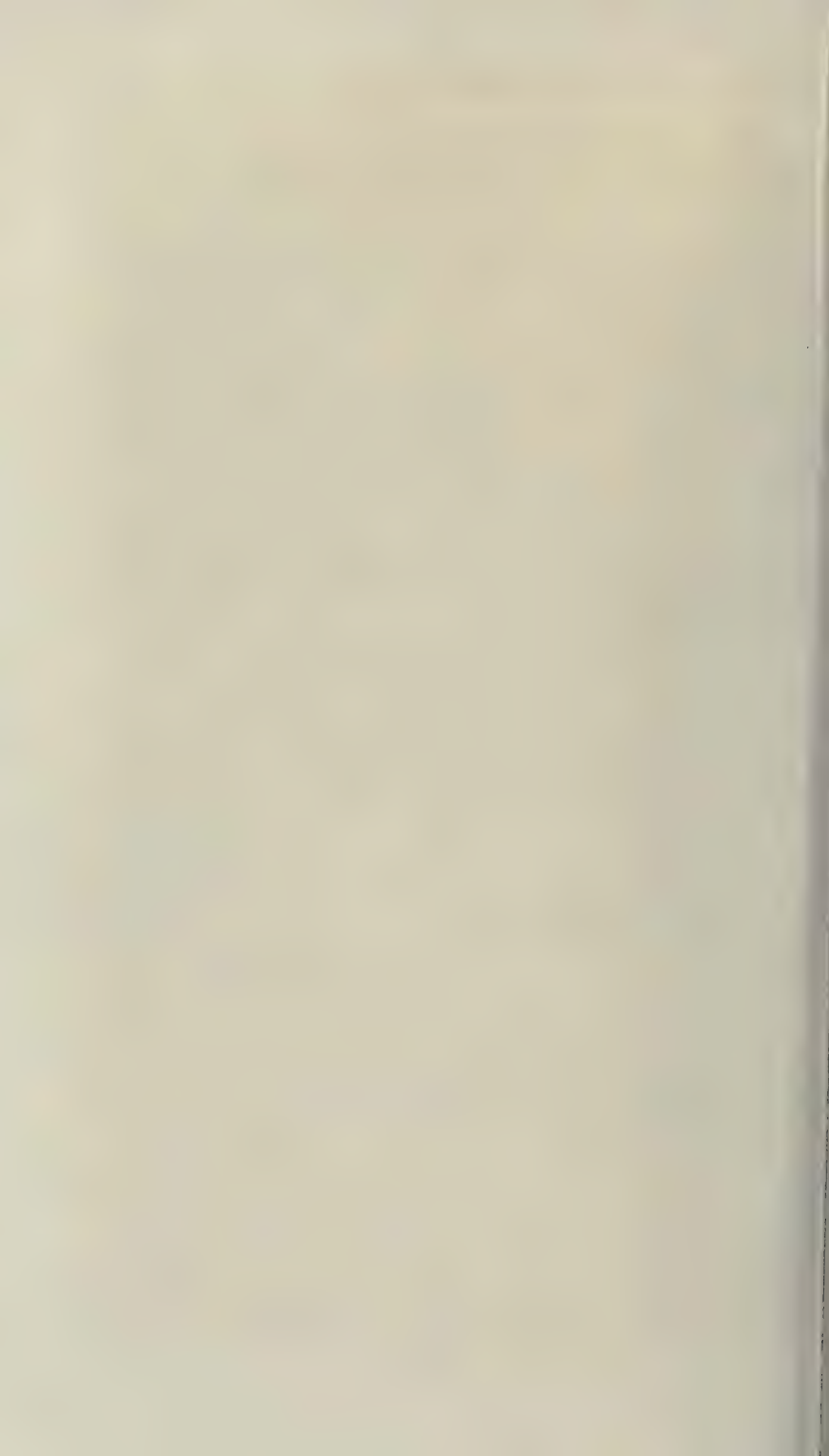
"I will try," he replied. At the sitting on the 20th he privately asked of one of the "Five," "Are your friends going to be hot on the Mexican business?"

"Certainly; they mean to fight to a finish," was the answer.

"You know, however, that we too want to get out of that wasps' nest. But we don't want, as you may fancy, to look as if we were yielding to the Opposition. If it makes things too warm for us, we shall have to stand our ground. Would it not be more patriotic in you to help us, instead of fighting us, under the circumstances?"



CARICATURE OF NAPOLEON III. IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE.



The words were repeated. The amendment was withdrawn. Morny is a 'cute hand!

* * *

The Delacroix Sale.—It lasted all the month. The canvases left by the Master realized in all the sum of 360,000 francs.

February 27th.—There is much talk of the famous "Law of Combinations." It is necessary that posterity should know for certain that it has not been wrung from the Emperor, but that he approves from the bottom of his heart all that can, without injury to order or without imperilling prosperity, tend to the widening of civil liberties. He loves the people. He can well understand that workers, if they experience injustice, are justified in holding together, in protesting, in combining together against a bad master.

The Law was discussed on the 24th in the committees. It was a sharp tussle. The majority seems against it. Jules Simon himself only asks for some modification of the existing legislation. A gathering of Republicans took place to-day—a stormy one too. I don't know what the result will be.

* * *

March 4th.—There has been much merriment at the Tuileries over a letter of M. Darimon, who was asked to the concert, where etiquette dictated that people should come in evening coats and knee-breeches. He got the invitation too late to provide himself with suitable clothes, and wrote to the Duc de Bassano, after thanking him: "The demands of etiquette have taken me unawares. I am literally a deputy *without breeches* (*sans culotte*). Pray, your Grace, thank the Emperor on my behalf, and beg him to accept my very humble excuses."

Subsequently.—Being asked again after a decent interval, he appeared at the Palace, not in breeches, which would be too aristocratic for him, but in tight pantaloons. The Emperor and Empress received him kindly. His position was awkward, for it was the first time one of the

"Five" had ever appeared there. But the Member's politeness and the Emperor's tact smoothed over the difficulties. I hear Darimon said to his Majesty : "I venture to hope, Sire, that your Majesty has not taken in bad part the opposition I have shown to your Government."

"Not at all," replied the Emperor. "The 'Five' have executed their mandate, since they were chosen expressly to oppose. It is quite another matter about the 'Ninety' who were nominated to uphold the Empire, and who tried to disparage it, and raise up difficulties for it. The 'Five' have sometimes given me quite useful hints. The 'Ninety' only give me trouble."

And in a very friendly way they went on talking over the "Law of Combinations." In particular, Darimon showed His Majesty that people understood nothing about His Majesty's intentions as set forth in that law. Thanks to him, it will certainly be improved on.

March 27th.—This Darimon is certainly a very intelligent man. Here is what he has just written in "*La Presse*," and which I fully approve :—

"Certainly, people have a strange conception of progress !. Scarcely does the cheque, that useful financial device which, having become general, allows of our settling a number of bargains by simple transfers and thus lessens the use of the circulating medium—scarcely, I say, does it begin to come into public usage before they take it into their heads to put a tax on it. The Corps Législatif has just, as a matter of fact, been made cognizant of a Bill which subjects it to a 10-centimes stamp. Severe penalties are imposed on those who infringe it—the drawer, the bearer, the banker, the house, or other party that cashed it are liable one and all, and without appeal, to a fine of 50 francs. They are jointly responsible for the fine and the stamp duties.

"If there be a law which goes against the stream of progress it is surely this one. What ! We are in a country where the smallest improvements have infinite trouble to force their way in, and they can find nothing better to do at the Conseil d'État to further a contrivance

which dates from yesterday than to impose a fine on those who make use of it ! ”

I congratulate him. I understand that other men of business had written to him. And he at once sent an amendment to the Budget Committee proposing to exempt from stamp-duty cheques drawn on banking and discounting houses.

Add to which that a banker at Boulogne, and, at my prompting, a friend of mine, the manager of the Société des Dépôts et Comptes courants, have sent Darimon all the papers calculated to assist him in the further advancing of this amendment.

* * *

March 28th.—A fortnight ago they broke up an electoral gathering at Garnier-Pagès's ; a search was made. What does this signify ?

Subsequent date.—Searches at Floquet's, Clansagerau's, and Carnot's also. Then a judicial inquiry, and *Prosecution of the Thirteen* accused of being members of an unauthorized society. A fine defence by Jules Favre, after which Berryer told him in the name of the Bar that all his colleagues declined to speak after him. A great success indeed for the young barrister. But the Thirteen, none the less, were fined 500 fr. each.

I can hardly think it is by such paltry means that an opposition is broken down.

May 4th.—The day before yesterday they passed the “Law of Combinations,” which gives the workers the right to strike.

* * *

May.—The body of Meyerbeer, who died on the 2nd, was taken on the 6th to Berlin. In the Station of the Northern Railway he lay in state some time. They had arranged for that purpose the hall, where he lay under mournful but triumphal trappings. The Academy of Music goes into mourning. Many musical enthusiasts came to do honour to the remains of the illustrious musician.

* * *

May 10th.—A stormy scene yesterday in the Chamber over Berryer's speech. We subjoin his reply to attacks on the Parliamentary system :

"*M. Berryer* : This allegation that the great upheavals that so many interests evoke are an argument against the system of Parliamentary Government forces me to say that in common fairness we should add, they have never cost the country so dear as the disaster which exposed her to the tyrannical domination of one man's will." (*Loud protests.*)

M. de Morny : "That is a very vague theory. It calls for explanation——"

M. Berryer : "In spite of the murmurs of some——"
(*Loud cries* : "Of many.")

M. Berryer : "I do not care to enter into an historical discussion ; I do not mean to set before you a period under which I have myself lived. I do not wish to recall in what state France, her prosperity, her commerce, her marine, were at the close of the First Empire, or her territory, profaned by the presence of the enemy whom we had twice summoned." (*Noisy interruptions.*)

General voices : "Summoned by whom?"

Counter cries : "By you!"

M. de Cassagnac : "By you, owing to the alliances entered into by your friends." (*Uproar.*)

M. Belmontet : "Yes, by traitors!"

M. Berryer : "I did not think there were men left who, after fifty years, could repeat what political enmities made men say at that far-off date. I never thought that they could, at this time of day, bring up the fable of the league of foreign armies brought into France by Royalty which brought us back liberty." (*Interruption.*)

M. Rouher : "It was the train the Restoration brought with it in 1814 which caused its overthrow in 1830."

M. Berryer : "What was that train? Who formed it? Who brought it here? Who led French armies all over Europe? Who was it roused the animosity of other Nations? (*Interruption.*) I did not mean to trench on political ground, but I have been dragged into it.

(*Outcry.*) Who was it, then, that roused the animosity of other Nations and cemented that great alliance of the Powers of the Centre and the North? Who carried war into the depths of Russia, to be afterwards pursued into his very Capital? That was the true cause of our disasters—disasters, I repeat, which cost France more dearly than all the Revolutions we have passed through since." (*Interruptions.*)

Eugène Pelletan intervenes. Rouher begs of him to be generous. Morny begs that debates of this sort should not take place, for they are irrelevant.

Whereupon Cassagnac cries excitedly :

" But you *cannot* suppress history ! "

Quite true ; but the Chamber is surely going outside its province in discussing the past. Has it not enough to do in looking after the present ?

* * *

May 20th.—I have got wind these last few days of a very serious scheme, in a conversation which I overheard, really without meaning to. It concerns the carrying out of a great reactionary shift of policy, and putting Persigny in power again, with a programme of such a sort that the Opposition would be entirely muzzled—suppression of the right of address, and abrogation of the liberties of the Press, and so forth—in short, a kind of Ministerial Dictatorship. Persigny starts with the axiom I have already formulated : " The more you grant, the more you'll have to grant. Nothing will disarm the Opposition. When all concessions have been made, it will put forward others. That is the high road to anarchy." Rouher, however, has run entirely counter to Persigny's plans.

* * *

1864.—The great sartorial magician, Worth, is now trying to hide the growing plumpness of the Empress by dressing her in yielding woollen materials—more loosely woven stuffs. He is diminishing the dimensions of her crinolines and the free use of silk. He leaves

with her a dressmaker *en permanence*, who carries out her fancies as soon as uttered, improvises, cuts, and clips, and, upon my word ! often makes her more charming in her rapid way than the designers who make a long and elaborate study of her costumes. The august lady has been advised to suppress the trimmed hoods that have been so fashionable ; to be sure, she never used them herself, but an authoritative word from her was wanted. After conferring with Mme Virot, they fixed on the creation of a hat with strings, as charming as possible—revolution !

August 15th.—A batch of decorations. Rossini is gazetted Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour ; Berlioz, Saintine, Legouv  , Clesinger, and Cabanel, *Officiers* ; Hal  vy, Paul F  val, Lambert Thiboust, Henri de Bornier, and Garnier, *Chevaliers*.

October 10th.—*L'  trang  re* of Dumas *fils* has been forbidden, the licensors thinking it wrong to portray on the stage women of the world who for an hour allow themselves the pleasure and the shame of leading the life of courtesans. They declare it to be immoral. The truth is that they are afraid of letting the author wound the susceptibilities of high Parisian society.

* * *

1864.—Nothing special at the meeting of Parliament, save that the workmen have achieved the right of union. Morny is inclining to Liberalism. There has been much comment on a speech of his to Pelletan which has not failed to astound members. It was the day of the bitter oration in which the latter opposed the resolution of M. Bravay for N  mes as irregular. Morny had made some biting interruptions, to which Pelletan for that matter rejoined wittily enough. At the end of the sitting the latter was just leaving the House when Morny tapped him on the shoulder.

“What is it ?” cried he, turning round.

“Why, that you are unfair to me,” said Morny.

“How so ?”

“You take me for an enemy of liberty. I showed on

the 2nd of December that I had some energy in my inwards" (this is modified ; the expression was very much stronger). "But I know well enough that the Empire cannot live without liberty, and I will give it liberty. But by degrees only. You must be as careful with liberty as with wine. Too much at a time makes men drunk."

The Session has been a long one, five times prorogued, and ending with a pleasant speech by Morny. It contained another *bon mot*. "Men may differ in perfect good faith," he said. "When Marshal Soult was not in power, everybody admitted he won the battle of Toulouse. When he became Minister, they vowed he had lost it."

The *Constitutionnel*, which quotes the hit, adds not less happily : "M. de Morny's mind and the genius of France are just one and the same thing."

Yes, wits—more wits than he has heart.

* * *

November.—Not so long a season at Compiègne, and more interesting than last year. There was some good Augier, *Maitre Guérin* to wit, in which Got was splendid, and all the actors were congratulated by their Majesties. An historical piece with allusions, the *Jeunesse de Mirabeau* with Félix and Mme Fargueil ; a one-act by Morny—yes, *Morny*, who styles himself Saint-Remy, who collaborates with Offenbach in operetta, who has the instinct of the theatre, a marvellous man, who sometimes even frightens me a little with his frantic activity, his craving to enjoy, to do everything and know everything—an act which is called *Les Finesses du Mari*, and which was wonderfully interpreted by Delaunay, Coquelin, Mme Lafontaine and Mme Ponsin. Lastly, some Labiche (*Le Point de Mire*) which was not well liked at Paris and is very pleasant all the same.

There were a number of great names there. Of the second batch, amongst others, not counting the regular guests, Augier, Carpeaux, Flaubert, Dumas, Meissonier, Viollet-le-Duc, Jules Sandeau, Lachaud, Feuillet, Caro, Gustave Doré, Tardieu, Janet, Claude Bernard, Cabanel,

Protais, Beaudrillard, Bertrand, and J. Boulanger. There, is not that the pick of the basket?

They even had the King of the Belgians, who always takes his bed with him. On August 15th they performed a charade in which the Prince Imperial spoke some verses. At the start he could not remember his words; so he called out, quite unperturbed, "Well, prompter?" He is eight years old.

* * *

1864.—The publishing trade has lost some leading lights this year, among them Hachette and Guillaumin. In another quarter Bouillet is gone, the admirable Bouillet, author of the famous *Dictionary of History and Geography*, so handy and well done. To-day, thanks to him, to having him in one's library, you are no longer an ignoramus, you inform yourself speedily, you even get together bits of learned conversations fit to astound your neighbours at table, even if they belong to the *Institut*. A "Bouillet" means the human race at your elbow, the formidable array of great and middling names which adorn it, the places it inhabits, the works that it produces. With a "Bouillet" there is no need for the thirty or forty volumes on biography of Michaud or Brunet or Guérard, or the ten folios of Moreri, or Bruzen de Lamartinière, or the fat and cumbrous tomes that he epitomizes so admirably. Ah, dear Bouillet! Thanks to him I am no longer unacquainted with the great men of all ages, from Ageron, the oldest Danish historian, to Zwingli, the most polished of the Protestants. I now know all geographical localities from the rivers called Aa to the town named Zwoil. Dear Bouillet, what a number of learned men will spring up in the future, thanks to thee!

* * *

Italian affairs in 1864.—The most salient event of the year is the Convention of September 15th. It leaves Rome and Italy face to face. What will the outcome be? The thoroughgoing solution would be that Victor

Emmanuel should say to the Pope : " Holy Father, the Italian Revolution is done for, it breaks itself against the gate of the Vatican and craves of your justice mutual liberty for Church and State. What we offer you is to ' reign, but not govern.'¹ Resign your temporal power. In return we will ensure you diplomatically all the privileges of personal Sovereignty." If the Church should accept, all is settled. I fear she will not.

Arese declares that he had no share in the Convention of September 15th, in virtue of which Napoleon would withdraw the French garrison from Rome, allow the Pope to organize his Army, and cause Victor Emmanuel to undertake not to move his forward upon the Eternal City.

* * *

Prussian affairs in 1864.—Bismarck has won, as might have been expected, in the matter of the Duchies. The Austrians and Prussians, united for the occasion by his Machiavellianism, have taken possession of Schleswig and Holstein. The Treaty of Vienna in October dispossessed the Danes in their favour. Now I take it they are going to fall out between themselves.

As I have said, from a letter of the Emperor to Arese, of which unfortunately I have no copy, but of which I know the tenor, Napoleon believes in an impending quarrel between Austria and Prussia. I even remember the expression "They are as thick as thieves at a fair ; but after the fair the fat's in the fire."

¹ The phrase was Marquis Gino Capponi's.

CHAPTER V

THE EMPEROR AT VICHY

Why Napoleon III. deserted Plombières in favour of Vichy—Vichy in past days—First arrival of the Emperor, in 1861—Details—The Auvergnats make holiday—Description of the town and environs—A quaint mistake—Second season (1863) at Vichy—Occupations and amusements—Napoleon III. and Cæsar ; visit to Gergovie—Rumoured plot against the Emperor's life—Third season (1861)—Excursions—Cora Pearl and M. de Gallifet—Napoleon III. and Mme de Gallifet—Embellishments and improvements—Fourth season (1864)—Illness of the Emperor.

February 1861.—The Emperor will go no more to Plombières, but to Vichy. Conneau, who has several times talked over his health with Andral and Petit, advised this change of medicinal water to try to get the better of his rheumatism and his anæmia. Having to go in a few weeks to see a friend at La Palisse, I shall take the opportunity to reconnoitre as far as Vichy and see if the needful will be done for Napoleon's reception.

Vichy is not a strange place to the Bonapartes. In 1799 Mme Lætitia Bonaparte went there for a cure with her son Louis. The village was enough to her liking for her to take an interest in it and get from her son, when he became First Consul, the sum needed to revive the thermal establishment, pull down some houses which crowded it, and extend the promenade of the hospital, since known as the Park. But the work was not carried out till much later, after many official difficulties, and the decree calling into existence the Park and improving Vichy only bears date June 20th, 1812. It was signed by Napoleon at Gumbinnen in Russia.

Most probably I too shall spend the summer in Auvergne, and shall go often to, and perhaps stay some time at, Vichy, a place I do not know.

* * *

June 1861.—The Hydropathic Company has arranged a bathing-room worthy of the Emperor, with a sitting-room attached, and all needful luxury and comfort. Conneau has confided to me that our friend has painful piles and an alarming irritation of the skin.

I have seen M. Strauss, who has offered his villa, newly built and surrounded by a garden that the municipality has made very elegant with plantations, fountains, flower-beds, tropical plants and the like. I have hired the Hôtel des Thermes, which is only separated from the Strauss Villa by a lane, to house the Emperor's suite, and required them to make two new entrances, so as to open a way of communication between the two dwellings.

* * *

VICHY, July 4th, 1861.—The Emperor reached here this evening. I was awaiting him. He came from Saint-Germain in a postchaise drawn *à la Daumont*, attended by his usual suite,¹ and preceded by mounted couriers who were relieved every quarter of an hour. On leaving his carriage he was subjected to a good harangue from the Mayor. Scarcely was he indoors when he confided to me his impressions by the way and asked me if there was anything in the nature of fun to be found. The question struck me as disquieting. He mentioned the fair Marguerite with a laugh.²

He next proceeded to the Park,³ where he was cheered, then to the Camp, to judge in person of its

¹ That is, here, a detachment of the Body Guard, his civil and military Household, Mocquard, Saccaley, Piétri; his aides-de-camp Fleury and Lepic, the Baron de Bévillé and Colonel Favé, and Captain Comte de Clermont-Tonnerre.

² Marguerite Bellanger, the Emperor's mistress at this period.

³ The old park. A new one was added. At the present time they are arranging a third. This massing of greenery all along the Allier is superb and delightful.

arrangement. Everything pleased him, and in the evening he was able to enjoy the illuminations of the town in good spirits. I enjoyed them as much as he. Not a window that did not display its lights and flags. A crowd everywhere on the Fatitot near the Camp at Le Pontillard. All these folks cannot find beds at Vichy. Many of them are going to spend their night in the open.

* * *

July 7th.—Last Sunday there was a great invasion of the Auvergnats. Ten thousand peasants trooped down on Vichy to see the Emperor. The Park became a second camp. Nothing more picturesque. You feel about you a sort of apogee of Empire.

I walked on the banks of the Allier, a lesser Loire, with wide foreshores.

* * *

July 13th.—Parading about Vichy. It is a little old town, quaint and crooked, with cobble pavements, and kennels in the middle of the streets. Mme de Sévigné loved it. I understand her affection, and I indulged in some day-dreams in front of the trim pavilion the Marquise inhabited. It is built on piles, it seems, and all embowered in greenery and flowers. I also saw the church of Saint-Blaise and its Black Virgin which draws the peasants on August 15th. The feast-day now at hand will assuredly increase the number of prayers which rise in pious incense to this Virgin of the Charcoal-burners and Negroes. The Maison des Baillis (so called because there were never any Baillis here) and the Clock Tower (which is all that remains of the Castle of the Bourbons) also called up for me the days of yore. The little winding streets are grouped round Saint-Blaise, as if round a cathedral. All old towns are alike in this—they have as central point the principal church. As railways gain ground another edifice acquires a similar importance, the railway station. The two are like two poles which attract the inhabitants. Between them the houses spring up, fill up the space, and every town will soon have its

old portion, picturesque and inconvenient, and its new, comfortable, but more commonplace. Vichy, which the Emperor thinks of endowing with a station, will follow the common destiny.

* * *

Undated.—Long talks with this and the other Minister, who often of a morning join the Emperor after his bath, in the saloon adjoining the bath-room, and hold grave discussions on affairs of State, and in the evening romantic talks on matters of love, discussions on politics, parliament, and friends. Baroche and Barrot, those two bars of flexible iron, the Duc de Grammont and Marshal Canrobert, Lepic and Fleury, those terrible rakes, Béville, a General on the make, and Prim, the famous Prim—such are some of my companions here. I say nothing of the ladies who have come here discreetly for His Majesty's behoof.¹

* * *

July 21st.—The Emperor was present at the ball given at the Hôtel Charmette by the officers of the battalion of Grenadiers of the Guard on duty here. He was pleased also to figure at the sergeants' and privates' ball and take part in a quadrille. That reminds me that he opened the Camp ball with Mother Babut, who serves out the water at the Grande Grille. It was fit to kill you with laughter. The soldiers' ball was held in the open air, among greenery lit up with lamps, near the Camp.

* * *

July 1862.—Here we are at Vichy for the second time. What changes already? Hundreds of men have been at work, and see! there rise from the ground as if by enchantment the thickets, lawns and ponds of a new Park, spreading along the bank of the Allier like a

¹ Is this an allusion to Marguerite Bellanger or Cora Pearl? They both came to Vichy to enliven the Emperor's stay. Mme de Castiglione was also to be seen there. (Simond, Poinso.)

beautiful green fairyland. There were eleven acres of bad land there which the landscape gardener, Marie, has transformed into a wonderful and blooming garden, planted with fine trees and strewn with delightful parterres. There is a station now where lately there was only a "halt." There are roads being laid out, improvements under way, all preparations making for a full tide of visitors. There is something stirring in these rapid advances of civilization.

We reached here on the 11th after halts at Nevers, where I pondered over the great church, mutilated by senseless violence; Riom, so bright and gay; the grave and stately Clermont; Gergovie, all athrob with Gaulish memories; and Bourges, with its Cathedral, at once massive and elaborate, its mighty portal opening on a disproportionately narrow square. On the 11th the Empress left us, and it seemed to me that the Emperor was delighted! That same day the Station-master at Vichy, M. Gravier du Mousseaux, the Mayor, M. Leroy as before, and the Town Council received us with abundance of compliments. I see what it means. It means prosperity for everybody alighting on the railway platform!

The Emperor is still housed in the Villa Strauss, and his suite in the Hôtel des Thermes. The guard duty is entrusted to the Chasseurs-à-pied.

* * *

July 1862.—The same occupations, the same walks, the same people, or nearly so, as last year. Henry and Lepic are still dissipating. Béville is still the same pompous nonentity. We still have Walewski, Barrot, Piétri, and Mocquart, while Turgot and Fould are newcomers. There will also be the bevy of pretty women who last season came to alleviate our solitude. He is looked after especially by Alquié, and follows his treatment with more exactness than last year; but he amuses himself more, nay, too much, and his nerves will feel it.

Not only does he amuse himself, but he works too. He works hard to finish his studies on Cæsar. He went

back incognito to Gergovie to study the Roman Camp. There was some trouble about achieving this. Emperors must employ artifice to travel as private men. He managed it this way—by driving to Saint-Remy without letting any one know, except a few safe friends like me, took a train given out as merely going back to the terminus, and not as a special, and got out at Sarlièves without a soul suspecting it. From there, by road past the little village of Pérignat, where, note-book in hand, he examined the locality. Home again without drum or trumpet. He was delighted. Manœuvres, balls, orchestras—it is one continual round. And always some graceful trait. The other day, what should happen but that in the middle of the opening of a quadrille His Majesty made for a pretty, but nameless, work-girl, and asked her to do him the honour to dance with him. A word to a steward, and the dance began, but amid cheers that drowned the clash of the band.

July 1862.—The day after the famous ball I read the following in the *Mémorial de la Loire*: “At ten I went back into the Park, smoking peaceably, when I was accosted by a middle-aged peasant, who asked me for a light for his pipe, then, tapping me on the shoulder, remarked by way of friendly thanks: ‘You saw him yesterday? He danced with Marie Boine.’

“‘You know her?’

“‘She’s my niece.’

“‘She must have been pleased?’

“‘Aye, and her family will remember it three hundred years from now. Look you, Charles X. was the Prince of the nobles, Louis Philippe King of the middle class, Napoleon is the Emperor of the peasants.

In three words my friend had given me the history of half a century.”

* * *

July 1862.—I have been a walk by myself to Les Malavaux. It is a wild and beautiful spot. There are poplars rising there to a height as if they wanted to pierce the clouds. Pointed rock pinnacles, almost as

slender as poplars, tower aloft. The Jolan sings a mournful stave that tells the legend of the cursed valleys ("Vaux mauvais")—the legend of the voluptuous Templars who carried off young girls, and yonder, at their orgy-polluted monastery, violated them, and laughed at their despair. The wind in the nut-trees and elms keeps up a soft, mournful dirge over their ravished virginities. Wind and water combine, and murmur in unison a very ancient ballad, which I would set to words if I were a poet. Unhappily, I am only a financier!

Cusset is a very pretty place, too, full of traces of the past that catch the eye. Here an arcade, there some corbelling, and yonder a bit of carving pitted by the rain. They showed me an old house where Charles VII. and the Dauphin Louis met to make friends, and put an end to the feud between them, and wooden buildings of the sixteenth century, nay, of the fifteenth, so queer with their mullioned windows, their pointed roofs, their generally tumble-down look, and an old feudal tower, and tortuous streets.

I had a talk with a Cusset dame, and the conversation turned on Vichy. I see jealousy peeping out through what she says. If Vichy has its Napoleon, Cusset had Mesdames the daughters of Louis XV. Are not two King's daughters as good as an Emperor? I laugh, and make my way home, just in time to learn that General Forey, my old friend of the Italian campaign, has been summoned to Vichy, and is talking over the Mexican business. He leaves again to-morrow.

* * *

July 1862.—A rumour has been abroad these last few days of a plot against the Emperor. They speak of a priest who wanted to hire a room overlooking the road by which he was to pass, and plant an infernal machine there. Let us hope it is only one of those purely imaginary incidents that pass from mouth to mouth, and go to keep up the old quarrel between the Clergy and the Empire.

* * *

July 1862.—The following occurrence is amusing, and highly significant. The Emperor had heard that the Municipal Council of Gannat was deeply chagrined at not having had a chance to greet the august traveller as he went by, the Imperial train having, owing to a misunderstanding, pulled up at Aigueperse station instead of Cusset. This gave rise to half a dozen letters, laments, explanations, regrets from the Emperor, answer from the Municipal Council, and so on.

* * *

August 5th.—His Majesty, attended by Béville, Fleury, Clermont-Tonnerre, Mauroy, Veauce and others, paid a visit to the Cusset paper-works. We examined the machinery carefully. When the cheers rang out as Napoleon was proceeding to the church, they were so deafening that I stopped my ears. To be sure, I was close beside a small boy who was making a game of bawling. What an anarchist I should have looked if I had asked him not to shout quite so loud !

This enthusiasm of crowds, will it last ? Will this man, like all others, see his reign end in death or downfall ? What plaudits will fill the air then ? Will they acclaim his son, or the restored Monarchy, or the Republic's momentary triumph once more ? . . . And I am not fifty yet !

* * *

August 9th.—We left Vichy this morning. The Emperor is very well satisfied with his second season. He has left the proof behind him by declaring matters of public utility the erection of a church, a *presbytère* and a *mairie*, authorizing the purchase or alienation of the land necessary for these buildings, and opening for the purpose a credit of 650,000 frs.

We are going away while they finish the Park, the embankment and the roads to the baths. His Majesty has consulted with the Hydropathic Company with a view to the creation of a Casino, the remodelling of the Baths and the Hospital. He also determined that they

should build him for next year a "Cottage" bordering on the Boulevard Napoléon. Thereupon Clermont-Tonnerre ordered one too.

* * *

July 11th, 1863.—We left Fontainebleau on the 7th. Toulangeon succeeds Lepic. Vassart is orderly officer-in-waiting. Mocquart remains faithful to us. *I* am the abiding friend who is never mentioned. . . .

A hearty welcome, but less enthusiasm. You see, Vichy is *accustomed* now to see the Emperor appear every year.

The Emperor has resumed his treatment, his walks, and his gallant adventures, and *I* my archæological excursions—the old Manor of Bourbon-Busset, with its loopholes and battlements, its towers and machicolations, and its superb terrace; the Château de Randan, magnificent, modern, elegant, comfortable, full of ghostly presences of wealthy Lords—Polignacs, La Rochefoucaulds, Choiseuls; Maulmont, a charming spot often chosen for the meet of the hounds; the ruined keep of Billy; Châteldon, all in the purest "style Auvergnat," with its Gothic oriels and leaded panes, its pointed roofs, its worm-eaten balconies, its worn staircases, its gouty lanes, its mouldy walls, its stumpy belfry, its rude, unpretending manorial mansion, its tumbledown guild-house, its earthquake-riven church—a sort of spasm, the whole place, of grotesque laughter from the Middle Ages!

* * *

July 20th.—A memorable day yesterday. The Marquis de Gallifet came to present to the Emperor five Mexican flags and thirteen pennons taken at the storming of Saint-Xavier and the action of San Pablo. Arriving the night before, he was received by Clermont-Tonnerre, Béville, Toulangeon, Lepic, and Vassart. It appears that Cora Pearl was there too—that infernal Cora, not really pretty, but such a figure, the flower of courtesans—and that she flung herself on the hero's neck, crying "How do, my little Gallifet?"

Next day at ten the Sergeants of the 3rd Grenadiers came to take over the flags, and paraded them about the town, which was frantic, and the more tattered the glorious breadths of green, white and carmine silk were, the more they were admired. The Mexican vulture seemed to be writhing his talons with rage.

* * *

Later.—Mme de Gallifet implored the Emperor the first time her husband was leaving for Mexico to spare him to her. The second time she smiled when the warrior left her. Why? Because in the meantime the Emperor had made her forget her temporary widowhood.

* * *

July 27th.—The Empress has come to Vichy. His Majesty did not seem to expect her. She stayed four days.

The world notes carefully anything to do with Princes; it is history. Here is a cutting from the *Moniteur des Communes*:

“The pavilion occupied by the Emperor consists of a ground floor, a vestibule, two drawing-rooms, and a dining-room. The Emperor’s own room and study are on the first floor, these two being hung with blue, grey and lilac material. The furnishing is as simple as is the general arrangement throughout in the ground-floor rooms, which are those in which the Emperor receives; there is elegance merely, but no luxury. The furniture of the drawing-rooms is mahogany, and that of the dining-room walnut. All this has been made locally, none of it came from Paris.

“It is in the little room adjoining this that the Emperor works, as we have said; the cherished books of the august historian of Cæsar go with him when he travels, and are ranged in a bookcase facing the table at which the Emperor often sits, whether to determine affairs of State or follow his favourite pursuit. An aide-de-camp has his room near those of the Emperor, while the second floor (the attics) is occupied by those affected to his private service.”

* * *

July 1864.—We left for Vichy at the same time to the day as last year. A more ceremonious arrival, with a triumphal arch, band, flowers, flags, cheers, and all the pinchbeck of a popular reception. The Voltigeurs are on the roster this year.

The Emperor installed himself at the new Châlet, with which he is delighted. Then the receptions, walks, baths, water-drinkings, began as before. It gets a trifle monotonous. I shan't come again—deeply attached to the Prince as I am.

The most noteworthy guest has been the King of the Belgians, who took up his quarters at Clermont-Tonnerre's châtelet. Our main excursion has been to Thiers, a delightful town and highly picturesque (Châteldon on a larger scale), with breakneck streets, bumpy pavements, tumble-down stairways, roads that climb at impossible angles, walls that are green with age, bridges that look as if they must inevitably collapse into the stream they span; houses that crowd and hustle, stand tiptoe and hold each other up, like an inquisitive crowd pressing forward to see; flowers growing at random everywhere, in tubs and on the tops of the walls; gardens that seem tumbling on your head; and windows that grin grotesquely to see the stranger go by.

Before leaving Vichy, the Emperor has once more bethought him how best to beautify the town further and show his gratitude for the benefits received from his stay.

Thanks to the new agreement arrived at with the Hydropathic Company, the baths at the Hospital are to be remodelled and the promised Casino built. Vichy is now fairly "launched"; I wish it all prosperity.

* * *

September 1864.—The Emperor passed through a serious crisis towards the end of August. He has told me about the agonizing pains he suffered one night, which he really thought would have been his last. Larrey, after examining the patient carefully, has diagnosed a stone in the bladder, and forbidden any future visits to Vichy.

CHAPTER VI

YEAR 1865

Quarrels concerning the Encyclical—Death of Proudhon—Léon Say and “Associations Populaires”—Fête at the Palais-Royal; a foretaste of the future—*Histoire de Jules César*—Illness and death of de Morny—Speech of Émile Ollivier—The Emperor pays a second visit to Algeria; the Empress as Regent—The Baron d'Ambès describes incidents in the African tour—Rouher and the “Liberal Empire”—Compiègne—Rose Chéri—Her life and triumphs—“A pretty pair of scissors.”

January.—The quarrel rages round the Encyclical, the Bishops protesting, and being referred to the Conseil d'État. Newspapers get abusive and are promptly suppressed. It's the old war, the never-ending war between Pope and Emperor, which bursts out afresh from age to age! Here are two Powers that have been in collision ever since the Middle Ages, since the first crowned head rose up against the Tiara. The Pope wishes to remain Sovereign Pontiff and lay down the law to the other Governments, to which he claims to be superior. So he is, no doubt, in the spiritual world. But he encroaches, and at bottom he remains assured he is so in the temporal world too. The proof is that he wants to be Lord of the Earth and considers Italian Unity and the Italian Kingdom a sacrilege. There will, however, be a very easy method of deciding the question. Why should the Pope not keep within his own rights by exercising absolute power over Christendom, outside of everything temporal? In other words, why not clearly divide Church from State, and let the faithful appoint and pay as they like their priests and spiritual heads? But will

the Church ever accept her freedom under such conditions as these ?

* * *

January.—"The Clergy," the Emperor owned to me, "is becoming a source of quite unbearable trouble. It is absolutely necessary to define its rights and indicate its duties. If not, the Concordat being shaken, the Church will recover a dangerous degree of civil authority and become once more a State within a State. I do not mean to allow it."

* * *

January 30th.—Proudhon died yesterday. He was, as Girardin rightly said of him, a great denier. Negation was the form his thinking took. That is why I have no sympathy with his work, which is rather destructive than anything else, because his mind exerted itself more to demolish society than to improve it. He lived too much by the brain and not enough by the eyes. He devised systems, but he made no attempt at practical solution of social questions that are so difficult, complex, and delicate. Or, when he did give any solutions, they were almost always paradoxical. His strong point was to keep denouncing—that is describing minutely—the vices of the existing organization. He was not capable of acting as a legislator. I do not say he was lacking in intelligence. I do not even say that he was useless. I do say that he succeeded in creating nothing directly practical.

* * *

February 4th.—In contrast to Proudhon's abstractions, how I love to think of Léon Say's attempts, who has just instituted a committee for the propagation of popular associations. Perhaps it might be objected that the common law is enough for the people for the preventing of encroachments, and it need not organize associations in its own special interests. That is open to doubt. The Conseil d'État will decide the issue. In any case I look favourably upon these institutions, these amalga-

tions which result from personal initiative and may give excellent results. I know that Odilon Barrot, Casimir Périer, Cochin, D'Haussonville, and de Lanjuinais have set their names to a Bill intended to protect these workmen's associations. Nevertheless, I think we shall have to pay heed to this co-operative movement as to all popular movements. They are so apt to degenerate with fatal rapidity into systematic opposition to the Government.

* * *

February 12th.—Strange function at the Palais-Royal. Prince Napoléon wanted to give a great people's ball which should be attended by the Emperor and Empress, and at the same time representatives of all classes of society. A weird medley. People did not know how to act in the matter of etiquette. Accordingly, you saw Dumas *fils*, Pauley, and Darimon in knee-breeches of state; the Emperor in tight pantaloons, or semi-state; and others in ordinary trousers. I was one of the latter, a bit annoyed all the same at having listened too readily to this democratic Prince and so appearing ill dressed as compared with others better advised, and who, knowing that the Emperor would deign to mingle with this omnium gatherum, had thought the best thing to do was to take example by him.

The sight seemed to me a foretaste of the Republican gatherings of the future, if, mayhap, a Republic, the third, should ever establish itself as successor to the Empire. That Republic will of course show "progress" as compared with its two predecessors, as also with the Empire; but then what meaning are we to attach to the word "progress"? No doubt politeness will gradually cease to exist in it, thanks to the constant rising of the lower classes. What will happen if the popular element triumphs definitely and finally? I can't think of it without a kind of terror. But pooh! I shall be dead before then, no doubt.

* * *

February 16th.—M. de Morny is not in good health.

On the 14th he stayed at home. I went to see him, and met Émile Ollivier there among a crowd of visitors. He spoke of laws as to associations and the founding of co-operative societies. Morny inclines more and more to Liberalism. He vented this dictum : In politics you cannot stand fast in the *status quo* ; you must either go forward or backward." He, for his part, means to go forward. He sails with the wind, which is certainly not a contrary one.

The people I meet are far from reassured about his health. It seems he trusts to charlatans and swallows quack medicines of all kinds. I tried to dissuade him from this dangerous drugging. He is restless, feverish, over-anxious, like a man who is afraid he is going to die.

* * *

February 28th.—The first volume of the *Life of Julius Cæsar* appeared three days ago. The first time, I should suppose, that a Sovereign Prince has avowed himself a man of letters, and brought out a book like any one else. I already knew something of the work, of which His Majesty was kind enough to read me more than one passage. People will not fail, to judge by conversations I have already heard, to make out that the book is a covert apology for the Empire, exalting the providential part played by certain distinguished men, and that it thinly veils hostility towards the men of 1815. I don't believe a word of it. It is a perfectly sincere book, written out of love for History, Archæology, and Literature. To laugh at it would be absurd. Would to God Princes never spent their time worse ! The lesson of this is a fine and noble one. It is an encouragement to Letters by force of example—the best form of encouragement.

* * *

March 9th.—Morny is as bad as can be. The Chamber, his friends, and men of business go in a body to the Presidential Palace. I have been myself. I met the Emperor, with tears in his eyes.

I have, I may flatter myself here, more than once

counteracted Morny's influence, which, to my thinking, was not always good. I have set down in this rambling diary, as capricious as myself, more than one defect of the man's, for he had some that were serious. But at the terrible hour of *leaving* (the word is his, and he has used it often for some days past), I ought to forget all that, for, on the other hand, he possessed some extraordinarily fine qualities.

He used at times, on occasions of quarrel, to bring out suddenly, like a jack-in-the-box, his claims as a natural son of his patron's mother, to frighten the Emperor and get what he wanted from him. But that never went down with me, and I stood up to him as an old friend of the Exile of Arenaberg should. This he could never forgive me, the less so that I have never asked his Imperial brother either for decoration or place, or any of the favours that were only to be got by bowing down before Hortense's second son.

* * *

March 10th.—Morny is dead, just dead. It is the greatest event of the spring. Schneider will perhaps succeed the Duke as President of the Chamber. But he will never take his place on the Boulevard, at the Opera, in fashionable drawing-rooms, at the Tuileries, or wherever this consummate Parisian carried that personal prestige of his, which History will not forget.

Morny died literally worn out by pleasure and work, by his rare and excessive energy. I believe he knew he was thus wearing himself out, and that his end would be untimely, and I remember very well having heard him say one day, at the beginning of this very year :

"I have no more time to lose if I wish to settle the business there is in hand."

"How is that ?" asked his hearer.

"A woman is waiting for me, the one that comes last, and beckons you away. . . ."

I don't know if the rest understood, for he turned on his heel. But the irony made me feel cold about the spine. He complained of a pain in the side that would

not stop. On coming back from his last trip to Auvergne, he said: "I shall never go back to the Château de Nade again."

It seems—I have it from the Duchess—that just as they were leaving that abode, a mirror cracked from top to bottom, without apparent reason. This occurrence had a great effect on her, for she remembered that a glass panel broke in the same way a little while before the assassination of the Duc de Berry.

"It will bring us ill-luck!" she declared to everybody.

Morny, for that matter, was not a Hercules, but an Apollo. He took care of himself, to be sure, often saw his doctor, and took pills—the famous ones with arsenic in them which they tell such wonders about, but which I do not much believe in; but as he would not rest, he hastened on his complaint all the same.

During the last months his face was alarmingly livid at times; he was always calm and cynical, and the most *distingué* man in the Empire, but there was something painful, something pathetic, about this appearance of imperturbability.

He would not give in, but continued to haunt the theatres, drawing-rooms and clubs, and to work desperately hard at all hours of the day and night. Latterly he was very anæmic, and became more and more susceptible to cold every day. On February 22nd, a Friday, when the Duchess received, and the day that the *Life of Cæsar* appeared, a copy of which he received with a charming inscription from Napoleon, he felt better. I saw him in the drawing-room after midnight, for I left him very late that day. He seemed in good spirits.

"I am less ill than I was," he assured me; "my breathing is more easy, and that's what I rejoice in most. Nothing is so dreadful as to feel yourself choking."

On the 28th he went for a drive in the Bois, but came back with a touch of bronchitis. Yet he was in a carriage, and had not caught cold. Such are the vagaries of illness. They thought at first that this was not serious. And then alarming rumours began to get about. From that time, I often went to see the sufferer.

Some days before his death, he asked the Comte de Montguyon to tell him the truth. And Montguyon owned to him as a comrade, with a break in his voice and shaking head: "I believe you are done for, my poor Auguste."

"How," I asked Montguyon some time after, "could you be so brutally frank?"

"We promised each of us frankly to warn the other when the moment came. I am cut to the heart that it fell to my lot to perform the duty."

Was he? I cannot say. Morny showed no symptom of alarm, he assured me. He only rejoined: "It's early days to die. Well, so much the worse."

Anyway, an attack of fever took hold of him. Delirium ensued. Then he became master of himself again, and sent for his secretaries to sort his papers and destroy a number of them, only keeping his diplomatic correspondence and some historical notes. All this with an amazing calmness, interrupted by attacks of pain and weakness. He called his friends to him. Oh that last grasp of the hand! It makes you forget everything. I did not think, however, that his leaving was so near at hand, so frightfully near, and I was not one of the very last that he bade farewell to. On the 7th their Majesties went to see him. Flahaut was weeping. The Emperor broke out into sobs too. The Empress prayed. They sent for Monseigneur Darboy, who administered the last rites of the Church to the dying man. Some hours later, as they were raising him up in bed to remove a blister, he gave up the ghost.

* * *

Added at a later date.—It seems that Morny did not have all the papers burnt that might reflect on his memory. The Duchess found love-letters which vexed her extremely. For another thing, his affairs are in disorder, the estate more or less compromised. He was mixed up as a speculator in many shady concerns. His death may yet prove a vaster catastrophe than one thought. . . .

* * *

March 28th.—Yesterday a startling speech by Émile Ollivier, who approves of the Government for once. I listened to him attentively, and watched him, as a judge of public speaking. His delivery is not ready or graceful, but the matter is carefully arranged. You might think it a sermon of three heads, methodical, well thought-out, and unimpassioned. I have known him as a more romantic character, this tribune that was so fiery of yore and to-day is so deliberate. Now only the quality of his voice smacks of the South. Hardly any gesticulation. Only his right hand marks his periods, and its rise and fall punctuates his oration. His eloquence is cold—cold, but solidly impressive.

* * *

May.—The Emperor left on April 29th for Algeria. The Empress acts as Regent. To put herself *au courant* of affairs she invited to dinner the members of the various committees of the Corps Législatif. It is a happy thought. She will thus, between the dessert and the cheese, get a good grip of the law of associations, of co-operative societies, and the disputes about the liberty of the Press. I gather—one must be loyal—that she read all Darimon's Report on cheques, and had a long talk with Ollivier over Liberal reforms. During that time the Emperors of France and Russia met at Lyons, and ours subsequently betook himself to Algiers.

* * *

May.—I have not been able to follow His Majesty in his progress, which I know has been triumphal, through our fine colony. It appears that the stir and enthusiasm there are extraordinary. The Chiefs hurry in from the most remote parts of the provinces. The country round is thick with tents. The *goums* (armed escorts) that attend *caïds* and *agas* camp at the gates of Algiers, where receptions and ovations follow one upon the other. The family of the most revered marabout of the Metidja has come to render homage to the Emperor.

After Algiers, journey to Boufarik and agricultural fête. The Duc de Magenta, Fleury, Castelnau, Reille,

the members of the Household, the Governor, and the Préfet surrounded His Majesty, who decorated two famous agriculturists, MM. Arnoult and de Francieu. After Boufarik, Koléah and Milianah. The same enthusiastic reception. I hear the Monarch is feasted on galantine of gazelle, joints of camel, cold ostrich, and lizard mince. Lucky man—our Emperor !

After that, Médéah, Oran, Mostaganum, where the Emperor, whom the Arabs call "A Sultan given by God," passed under triumphal arches ; Fort Napoléon, which its name-giver, Napoleon, entered just eight years to a day after the submission of Kabylia ; Constantine, where the Palace of the old Beys is a miracle of Moorish architecture ; and Lambessa and its curious mines. Everywhere respect and sympathy combine to welcome the illustrious guest, who, during this journey, has made full inquiry into the past progress and future needs of Algeria.

On his return he expressed to me his pleasure at having traversed this second France, at length pacified, and we both spoke of Magnan, who is lately dead.

* * *

Undated.—Rouher, I know, urges the Emperor to a policy of resistance which is in process of being formulated and will be known as "Liberal Imperialism." Is he wrong? I do not know, and lie low. To withstand is difficult and perhaps useless. To adopt "Liberal Imperialism" is, under a deceptive title, to tend towards the fall of the Empire. One must know how to march forward with a wary hand on the bridle. That is the whole art of governing.

* * *

Autumn of 1865.—Compiègne is always a delightful place of meeting for the celebrities in Letters, Art and Science. This year I saw at the Palace, Gustave Moreau, Le Normand, de Lesseps, Cuvier, Nélaton, Eugène Lamy, Ambrun, Thomas, Pasteur, Paul Baudry, Paul Dubois, Alphand, Théodore, Rousseau. Verily, there is something exciting about this chosen band, and it is a peculiar delight to find oneself in its midst, to chat with this or that man

of learning, engineer, painter, sculptor, or poet, who often in a few words reveals his fine personality. And my word ! it is a thing that makes you *forget* the theatrical performances, even Sardou's *La Famille Benoiton*, which is a great success.

They played a spectacular piece by M. de Massa, *Les Commentaires de César*—very successful. Mme de Metternich played three parts in it with unexampled verve ; Mme de Pourtalès was France, a France you would like to eat ; Mme de Poilly made a charming African ; Mme de Gallifet, Industry. I forget the male characters, except the Prince Imperial as a grenadier and Baron Lambert as Monsieur Prud'homme.

Fould, when chatting one evening with Chaix-d'Est-Ange, told him about the first piece he ever saw given at Compiègne. It was the *Fils de Famille*, played by Lafontaine, Lesueur, Pristin, Bressant and Rose Chéri. Louis Napoléon had just been proclaimed Emperor. In the Imperial box was to be glimpsed the all-conquering beauty of the young Comtesse de Théba, whose maiden brow the master was to crown. Fould was one of the audience with the Princesse Mathilde, Morny, and Lord Cowley.

The Rose Chéri in question was then twenty-eight. I have seen her since in her home circle and read her history. She deserves a place in these notes. The lines will at the same time call up before me hours of delight.

Her name was Rose Marie, and her mother, Sophie Garcia, belonged to a wandering troupe managed by her husband Jean Baptiste Cizos, and which further included two sisters of Sophie's with their husbands and parents. In short, it was a whole family party that roamed from town to town, acting with intelligence, fidelity, and decency. Sophie and Jean Baptiste sang, and the latter even painted the localities through which they passed. They were artists, loving their trade, and by no means Bohemian.

At Étampes in 1824 they were to play in the hall of the Coq-en-Pâte, but Sophie instead gave birth to a very fine girl who, when scarcely five, proceeded to mount the boards. For that matter, all the brats of the family

played, sang, or declaimed alone or in chorus, to the great delight of the spectators packed in some barn decked with foliage. Rose soon had a sister Anna, who achieved regular triumphs with her in the *Enfants d'Édouard* or *Le Petit Poucet*, for the audience actually threw them bouquets. They even put on opera or operetta, and the *Châlet* was always one of their especial triumphs.

"My father played the sergeant," Rose told me. "He was an excellent tenor. Unfortunately, we were short of soldiers. Thereupon we simply took four of the village firemen, and I sang as drum-major instead of the chorus, for they did not want to 'cut' any of the music. When it was fine, folks asked us to supper instead of listening to us. The public was very fond of us. It was extraordinarily intelligent."

And then, they were quite respectable. Never a soul in the wings. At fifteen Rose acted very well and tinkled on the piano more than pleasantly. At Périgueux some one, carried away by Rose's and Anna's charms, launched from his box the pun "What a pretty pair of Cizos!" (*Ciseaux*—scissors).

The house burst out laughing. It was the Préfet of the Dordogne. The Cizos, however, were vexed that their name should have lent itself to a pun. So they took it off the bills, and substituted that of Chéri, because wife and daughters called the father so among themselves. It's all very pretty.

In that same town of Périgueux one evening the Cizos, now the Chéris, received a visit from the celebrated Loïsa Puget, who congratulated them, and promised them her support should they come to Paris. Next day they had a letter signed "Romieu." It was the punning Préfet of Périgueux. He made up to them for his little joke by a recommendation to Bayard.

So our wanderers took the diligence, with a letter from Romieu and a boxful of newspaper articles which they showed, the moment they arrived, to Romieu's old fellow-worker. Bayard smiled and assured them the letter was worth more than the cuttings. Then he added to it a line of his own to Poirson, Director of the Gymnase.

A fortnight later, in the year 1842, Rose came out in Scribe's *Estelle*. But the young provincial had not the "go" of the Parisian young ladies, a Nathalie or a Volnys. Two days later she was politely dismissed. You can fancy the poor girl's tears and the anguish of her family.

Trouble was in sight. They thought of trying the suburbs, which then meant Montmartre, Belleville, Battignolles, and Montparnasse, with their second-rate stages. The same icy reception. It was enough to make them desperate. Cizos made a last effort, and went back to the Gymnase to beg them at least to take on Rose as an understudy. He was so eloquent that he prevailed. She was taken on at a salary of 75 frs. She wept for joy this time, for, if the post was but poorly paid, Rose, who was sure of herself, could wait for an opportunity, which came two months later, and which is thus described by M. de Mirecourt :

The Gymnase at that time was giving *Une jeunesse orageuse*, by Charles Desnoyer and Émile Pagès. Mlle Nathalie, who had the principal part, did not find it at all to her taste. By the thousand-and-one means that a capricious actress always has at command, she sought to have the piece that was so unlucky as to displease her taken off the bills.

"One evening she found herself suddenly indisposed, and only let them know at the theatre when the box-office was opening. There was no time to alter the piece, and Monval was in a great quandary. They sent for Rose in all haste, and the Manager asked her,

" 'Do you know the part of Henriette?'

" 'Yes, I know it,' replied the girl.

" 'Dress, then, and make haste and get on the stage. You will be getting us out of a great difficulty, my girl.'

"Rose did not hesitate a moment, and ran to slip on the costume for her part. Meanwhile the house was stamping with impatience. The hour for the play to begin had long since struck, and, as everybody knows, those who are least anxious to hear the piece are those who make the most noise.



THE PRINCE IMPERIAL AT THE MESS, ALDERSHOT, ON JULY 22ND, 1876.
From an original sketch by Colonel L. G. Pawkes, R.A. lent by General Sir H. L. Geary, K.C.B.

“ ‘Curtain ! Curtain ! ’ the pit kept bawling, stamping furiously the while. At a sign from Monval it was raised by the shifters. Then our Manager, in his dress clothes, came forward gravely to the footlights, and bowed three times to the audience, according to custom.

“ ‘The management, gentlemen,’ said he, ‘regrets to inform you that Mlle Nathalie is seriously unwell.’

“ ‘Bah ! ’

“ ‘What nonsense ! ’

“ ‘We know that kind of being unwell.’

“ ‘Just now I met her in an open carriage,’ cried a big man, standing up in the middle of the pit. At these words the storm redoubled.

“ ‘I have the honour to assure you,’ said Monval, addressing himself to the advancer of this assertion, ‘that you have been the dupe of a striking resemblance.’

“ ‘Nathalie ! Tell Nathalie to come ! We want Nathalie ! ’

“ ‘It seems to me,’ resumed the Manager, ‘that you might believe the management when it assures you through me that Mlle Nathalie is ill.’

“ ‘Go along ! She is no more ill than you are ! ’

“ ‘And not so sick as we are ! ’

“ ‘Well, the piece will be acted, gentlemen. A young actress, a novice, knows the part.’

“ ‘We will hiss your novice, then,’ cried several hotheads.

“ ‘If she deserves it,’ said Monval, ‘nothing could be more right ; but if she performs her task to your satisfaction, why, I hope you are too gallant, gentlemen, to refuse her your applause.’

“ This artful rejoinder calmed the audience. There was much clapping of hands as the Manager withdrew.

“ But Rose had heard the shouts of the pit. The poor child was frozen with stage fright, and when she came on the stage she dared not lift her eyes. Seated at the back of it, she seemed nailed to her chair. Emotion made her voice shake, tears rolled from under her lids. This very confusion and alarm were a stroke of luck. At

the beginning of her part, Henriette is supposed to be in distress.

"At once the spectators thought that the actress's performance was the proof of a great natural gift, and the last symptoms of annoyance vanished. They listened to Rose, they noted her sweet voice, her dignified bearing, the distinction of her person. Some old haunters of the pit remarked that she possessed a very pretty hand of her own, a charming arm, and very fine eyes, which she presently began to raise on this much-dreaded audience, seeming to crave mercy of it. In short, a murmur of approval ran through the house, and soon applause was heard. Encouraged by this good reception, Rose took heart of grace, and gave play to her gifts. They admired her fresh and ringing voice, her pure delivery, the exquisite grace of her manners. Quite recovering herself, thanks to the good-will of the house, she drew from certain words and situations wholly unexpected effects.

"The talented actress was revealed. There was an outburst of unanimous enthusiasm, and when the curtain fell on the last scene the spectators gave way to an uproar as general as that which preceded Monval's announcement, but it was not Nathalie they called for this time.

" 'Henriette! Henriette!'

" 'The new actress!'

" 'Her name! Tell us her name!'

" 'Quick, dear child!' cried the Manager behind the curtain. 'What is your name?'

" 'Rose Cizos.'

" 'Cizos! That's no sort of a name. I certainly shan't announce that. Let us find something else—and be quick about it. They are breaking the benches.'

" 'My father in the country went by the name of Chéri.'

" 'That's the very thing. I like that much better. First-rate—first-rate.'

"And Monval ran to fling the public that delightful name which so many successes have made famous, and which since then we have heard sounded so loud and long every evening amid applause.

"Yet for a time she seemed fated not to rise.

"Very fortunately, Montigny took over the management of the Gymnase in June 1844. Aided by his brother and by the favourite authors of the public—Scribe, Bayard, and Mélesville—he restored the Gymnase to a leading place, and Rose Chéri was the harbinger of this success. Fortune smiled on her, and love came, and happy were those favoured by that seductive beauty.

"It was then that the Odéon offered 10,000 frs. to the charming actress to play Agnès de Méranie. She refused, not wishing to leave the Gymnase, which had given her her start. There she created a number of fine parts in notable pieces from the pens of Augier, Dumas, and Sardou. She showed herself so ready to oblige; she actually learned in forty-eight hours a part thrown up by a traitor in the camp. She shone by her naturalness, her never-flagging energy, her feeling, her perfection of detail, her gestures, and changes of face and features. Dumas pressed her to his heart the evening she created the Baronne d'Ange in *Le Demi-monde*. The public called her a second Mlle Mars. She was grace incarnate in *Quitte pour la Peur*, by de Vigny, the great poet *par excellence* of proud, unconquered sorrow.

"London called her in 1846. She went there to earn 20,000 frs. in six weeks, but at the same time the fury of M. Scribe, several of whose parts she left in the lurch.

"On her return he took his revenge in a characteristic way. One evening the Cizos were at home together. He appeared ceremoniously attired.

"'Why, it's M. Scribe!' cried Rose. 'You are bringing me a part?'

"'Yes, mademoiselle. A part which is suited to you above all others.'

"'Pray, what part is that?'

"'That of wife to the Director of the Gymnase.'

"'What do you mean?'

"'I have the honour, Monsieur Cizos,' repeated the writer of vaudevilles, 'to ask you, and you also, Madame, for the hand of your daughter, on behalf of M. Montigny, Director of the Gymnase.'

"To say truth, the rumour of this alliance was already afloat in literary circles. Rose only half believed it. Scribe's words made her turn pale with emotion. She was indeed reaching a lofty height, and her heart beat as if she were out of breath.

"The Cizos, you may fancy, received the request with respectful delight, but referred him to their dear child, who replied with a smile :

" 'My director offers me a part too exquisite for me to hesitate a moment about accepting it.' "

* * *

During the Revolution of 1848 things went ill. Rose had to sell her jewels, and act in the provinces. She sent as much as 12,000 frs. a month to her husband to cover his expenses at a time which was ruinous to many others. At last the Empire came, and brought tranquillity with it. Rose refused fresh offers from the Comédie Française. It was about this time that I made her acquaintance, not at Compiègne, where she never went, but at Paris, in 1854. Seven years later, death carried her off before she was forty, and every one mourned her.

I was told quite lately a story of her that is so strange that I have difficulty in believing it, albeit it is generally allowed that Rose Chéri was far from being a coquette.

At the time of her first appearance at the Gymnase a young man fell in love with her. He came every evening to applaud her and throw her bouquets, in fine, to perform the usual little comedy of love until she paid heed to his demonstrations. Then he put among his flowers ardent missives, appeals, assignations. No answer. Rose showed everything to her parents, garlands and epistles. In despair he replaced the *billet doux* by a dividend warrant pinned among the roses. What was his astonishment to find himself sent for next day by his father, who scolded him roundly ! Cizos had brought him the flowers and the coupon, begging him to put a stop to such equivocal tokens of admiration. Surely a page of stage history this of a sort not often to be read !

CHAPTER VII

YEAR 1866

Napoleon III. opens the Session of 1866; firm language—Prim—Cuvillier-Fleury and his competitors at the Academy—The Austro-Prussian War a cause of grave anxiety—The King of Siam; a high-sounding name—Fine fête at the Élysée—Sadowa! and then?—The Luxemburg question—Villemassant and the five-franc piece—Poor Lamartine!—Critical days for the Empire—At Biarritz—Carlotta Patti—The theatrical season—Edmond About at Compiègne—Death of Gavarni the caricaturist—Danger of the policy of *laissez-faire*.

January 26th.—On the 22nd the Session was opened, very quietly. The Emperor took a firm tone against the Progressives, Liberals, Third Party, and other initiators of wild schemes. He spoke of the Constitution of 1852, and the need for adhering to it, while extracting from it only what it contains that is admirable.

It is well that Napoleon should from time to time let it be felt that he is not inclined to run the risk of fantastical novelties in government. Unhappily at this juncture such language does not calm, but excites the more.

Yesterday Morny's successor was chosen. Two men were on the watch for the post—Schneider and Jérôme David. The former has already done the duties in the interim, and done well. A journal of the day has referred to the "irregularity" of his private life, and made it an argument against him. Pray! was Morny a model of the domestic virtues? David has all the good wishes of their Majesties. The Empress says of him that he is the only vigorous tamer capable of mastering the wild beasts of the Left.

And then there came a fine surprise. Neither of them won! Walewski put his claims through. The chief of them is, maybe, that his wife has managed to win the heart of our Sovereign. To be sure, he was a fellow-worker of Morny, whom he succeeds, to the great chagrin of his rivals.

* * *

Prim.—Prim, Count of Reuss, Marquis of Castillejos, Grandee of Spain of the first class, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, Grand Cross of the Order of Charles II., of Isabella, of San Fernando, of the Dannebrog and of St. Hermengild, Knight of the Cruz Laureada, of the Diamond Nicham Iftikar, of the Order of Leon, of the Sun of Persia, and I know not what else, is a fashionable type, nay better, an historical type. He came out one fine day as a matchless, ardent and resistless orator. He is a fine man, and harangues the Senate with his fist, beating the desk of the tribune, addresses a regiment sword in hand, or a crowd from horseback, with the same triumphant fire. He is rich, and travels like a crowned head. He is cultivated, and surrounds himself with authors and artists. He is brave, and loves to be in the society of heroes. He has been seen in Madrid, knowing the insurgents to be massed in a street, make straight for them, after pulling on his gloves, as if bound for the theatre. He is a trifle theatrical, and loves a saddle-cloth of velvet, and a gold-tasselled sash like Murat. He is always well groomed, he speaks as a rule in the dulcet voice of a woman, but, if need be, his speech breaks forth like a thunderclap. His soldiers adore him, his peers respect him. Kings show deference to him as to a god of war and glory.

* * *

March 19th.—An important day and a disquieting to boot. An amendment of the Left regarding par. 10 of the Address, and known as the Forty Two's amendment, evoked a speech from Rouher and a rejoinder from Ollivier.

The amendment is thus worded: "Stability is nowise incompatible with the prudent advance of our institutions. France, firmly loyal to the dynasty which assures her order, is not less devoted to the liberty which she holds necessary to the accomplishment of her destinies. Hence the Legislature believes to-day that it voices the public feeling when it lays at the foot of the Throne the hope that your Majesty will give to the great Charter of 1860 the sequence that it implies."

The game is up. A regular Opposition to the Empire has come into being.

* * *

End of April. Cuvillier-Fleury.—He has just succeeded Dupin at the Academy. His competitors were Henri Martin, Champagny and de Loménie.

The first of these is a famous historian, crowned by the Academy, a rival of Thiers, very popular. May I venture to observe that he is as tiresome as rain? He is conscientious and his attainments are prodigious. His sense of perfection makes him, every time a new edition of his work appears, deal with recent discoveries. He won the Prix Gobert. All this does not make him write well. He is correct, but cold. I prefer Augustin Thierry. I even prefer Michelet, though he goes so far wrong at times. I don't say this because he holds advanced opinions. I was for Balzac against Noailles.

It is Cuvillier-Fleury who has hit the mark. He had more luck than Martin, his only serious competitor, in being an Orleanist. He was tutor to the Duc d'Aumale. He is the friend of the family and their protégé. Let us forget that formerly he was Bonapartist. Why? *Quâ* secretary to Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland. His gratitude is of the cupboard order; he is the partisan of those at whose table he eats. The least a man can do. As the Empire does not employ him, he is no Imperialist. For that matter is he a writer? Scarcely. A critic, a compiler, a reader, a publicist. His books are newspaper articles set end to end. He has written a great deal in the *Débats*. He is connected with a number of Academicians.

He was simply fated to be their colleague. His election adds nothing to the glory of the Assembly. M. Monnier, tutor to the Prince Imperial, said to me of him: "He was born to be of the Academy."

* * *

May 9th.—The external situation is serious. They have found it out in the Chamber. The Austro-Prussian quarrel rightly alarms people, and for my part I see it grow more and more bitter with great misgivings. The matter of the Duchies was only a sort of interlude. That of the remodelling of the Confederation was bound to accentuate the crisis. Bismarck, who reckons on Russian neutrality, went to see Napoleon at Biarritz as early as last autumn, to get his assent to an Italo-Prussian alliance. The Emperor, who has always made the mistake of letting sentiment induce him to countenance National aspirations, favours German unity as he fostered Italian. May he have no cause to regret it!

Bismarck came to an agreement with Italy after having gained the assent of France. Last month, by a treaty concluded at Berlin, Italy undertook to attack Austria if Prussia opens the ball within three months. To be sure, all Germany is not on the side of Prussia, and the ambition of the Hohenzollerns is not agreeable to not a few Prussians even. However, the iron will of Bismarck overcomes all obstacles. How far will that triumph go?

The wave of foreign feeling makes itself felt amongst us. To-day Rouher has spoken. He voiced the sentiment of the majority in his declarations of neutrality. "We leave to Italy," he said, "the risks of aggression against Austria." He was cheered. Then there was a sensation, for Thiers begged a hearing. He astounded the Assembly. He attacked Prussia and Italy. He asked that France should disown the policy of Bismarck. He demanded that the Italians should be sharply spoken to. And I own that this time I was from the bottom of my heart at one with the great and luminous spokesman of the Opposition. Yes, we were wrong in fostering the growth of Italy as a Power. We need only have furthered

her freedom. In the same way we may set ourselves against the oppression from which certain German peoples suffer. But we do wrong every time we call into being a strong neighbour at our doors. It is, as the saying goes, making a rod for one's own back. This is a more serious matter. We are pointing the cannon at our own heads.

* * *

The King of Siam.—The Monarch who died some weeks ago was styled His Majesty Somdecht-Phra-Paramendr - Mahaisvaraisa - Rangsarga - Phra - Pin - Clao-Cacao-Wu-Hua. A pretty little parlour game to say it three times running without making a mistake !

* * *

June.—Art and Letters more and more tempt men of society. This rivalry is perhaps rather unfair to professionals. But how keep an amateur from enjoying the delights of artistic creation ? How keep the Comtesse de Grandval from going on the boards at the Opera, Comte d'Alton-Shée from handling a pen, his wife from jingling the piano, Mme Conneau from singing, Mme de Rothschild from composing songs, Princesse Mathilde from painting, or Mme de Nadaillac the same ? For that matter, have not they all, men and women, talent ? And then, does not His Majesty set the example ?

* * *

June 11th.—Such a pretty fête at the Elysée ! A restricted invitation to dinner, a more general one to the party, where there were three or four hundred of us. Electric light flooded the gardens, where we were regaled with Auber's music. The Queen of Hawaii, in white satin and with a tiara on her brow, was much noticed. Princesse Mathilde, the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, Prince Napoléon, Prince Metternich, and Count Strogonoff were at the dinner, during which the band of the Gendarmes of the Guard performed various pieces, among them Elwart's celebrated "Salut Impérial." I noticed that

the Emperor chatted a long time with Metternich. The serious events that are impending are the reason. One could feel the phantom of Bismarck hovering ominously among them all.

* * *

July 4th.—The victory of Sadowa is a thunderclap. Will it shock people's minds sufficiently?

The Prussian army, marvellously organized and trained by Moltke, supplied with the latest engines of destruction, and accustomed to new and skilful tactics, has overwhelmed the Austrian army. The story runs that Bismarck was not sure of himself, that he declared, "I shall get myself sabred in the last charge if things go wrong," that he even loaded a pistol and lighted a cigar in readiness to blow his brains out on July 3rd in case of defeat when the cigar was finished. He finished it and saw the Crown Prince drive back Benedek, who left 13,000 dead, 13,000 prisoners and 20,000 wounded behind him. He did not blow his brains out, and, in the last curls of smoke of his cigar, might well catch a glimpse of his country leading Germany and in the front rank of Western Europe.

In France it would seem they arrived yesterday at the following decision—viz. to mass 80,000 men on the Rhine to checkmate Bismarck's ambitious projects.

This is a mistake. I have seen the Emperor. He desires to confine himself to the part of pacific mediator. He is wrong in doing so.

The Luxemburg difficulty.—This has been given precedence in the Chambers since the beginning of April. Bismarck, who has twice offered the Emperor to let him take Belgium if he consented to an alliance (an alliance with a view to laying hands on the Duchies, which is done, and to beating Austria, which is likewise done), Bismarck, I say, to my mind, tried, and is still trying, to fool Napoleon, just as Cavour tried to fool him. He answered Beningsen evasively when the latter brought the question before the Assembly of the Confederation of the North. On the 6th, Rentes fell 2 frs. here. Great disturbance in England

and Holland. Opinion is against Prussia. A deputy said: "If war was really declared against Bismarck, there would be no doubt of victory, or of peace either, for it would be just the time to put a bit in his mouth."

Bismarck refuses France any expansion beyond the Rhine, even at the expense of the Bavarians. Is it that he dreams of putting Germany in his pocket, and, once strong enough, encroaching himself on our eastern frontier?

End of April, however, a relaxation of tension. Prussia agrees to evacuate the fortress of Luxemburg on the basis of the neutralization of the Duchy.

* * *

Undated.—Villemessant is a witty man—there can be no doubt of that. Seeing a five-franc piece of 1849 signed "Oudiné," and having on the obverse a Republic in a coiled chignon with a star above her head, and on the reverse the motto with the three words divided by a stop ("point"), he described the Republic thus: "Je ne vois que *détresse* [des tresses] partout. Où diner sous la République? À la belle étoile. Liberté, *point* [no !]; Egalité *point*; Fraternité, *point*!"

* * *

Poor Lamartine! He has already given us his *Confidences* and *Nouvelles Confidences*; he has related to us his life and his loves; he has served up his life-story for us in slices. And here he is again, announcing his *Mémoires*—memoirs of whom and of what? We know them by heart already. The fact is, he wants money. Hence someone's cruel remark: "It's not his own memoirs he's publishing, but the reminders of his tradesmen."

* * *

October.—I am reflecting in solitude. My thoughts are not bright. The Empire is passing through a crisis—so much is certain. Opposition flourishes. I look for the causes. There are some that are matters of fate, beyond any man's power to alter. The Emperor is not

decided enough ; but he has to sustain perhaps the hardest struggle that ever fell to the autocratic Head of a State—a struggle that is the prelude, if he loses the trick, to the setting up of a system as yet hazy in its tendencies, but wholly new, and hostile both to the dynasty and to all authority. Who will have the upper hand ?

* * *

BIARRITZ, *September*.—I have fixed my abode here for some time. How the place has changed in half a score of years ! This charming little spot is now a celebrated watering-place. The Emperor set it going without meaning to. He is just known to be fond of it and to come often—like the Duchesse de Berry and Dieppe.

They are at the present moment constructing a strong jetty. Palaces and hotels are springing up. Great works are in progress between the old harbour and the *Atalage*.

In ten years this will be a city of luxury and pleasure. I take advantage of its last days of charm, for when fashionable people have invaded it, its simplicity will be gone for good and all.

I go and walk on the beach and watch the superbly handsome daughters of Spain bathe ; the little ladies chatter, and old gentlemen saunter with eyes on the watch (I forget I myself have turned the corner of fifty). All this pretty bustle, with the blue sky above and the boundless sea below, the noble cliffs on either side of the town, and the place itself rising under the magic wand of contractors, all this gay life takes never a thought of troubled politics at home or perilous complications abroad. The seaweed and the pebbles are deaf to parliamentary debates. Why am I not as they ? But in spite of all, these hours of quiet do one good. I don't read the paper every day. What a blessed existence !

* * *

November 17th.—By what chance was it that I found myself this evening at Girardin's among the newspaper

fellows to hear the first performance of Carlotta Patti. It was Delagrange took me there, the wretch! He will have it that Carlotta will dethrone her sister Adelina. I don't believe a word of it. Her high notes are simply excruciating, though true enough—fit to set your teeth on edge. It may be clever, but it gets on one's nerves. Adelina has the best of it in charm, by a long way.

* * *

1866.—A brilliant season at the theatres. Offenbach scores with *Barbe bleue*. Opening of the Nouveautés, of the Délassements Comiques, and Menus Plaisirs. Concerts by Liszt, to which all the women run; the Abbé will certainly preside at the piano in heaven. They belaud Verdi and his *Trovatore*. Patti back again in *Linda*. Ponsard obtained a great success with *Le Lion amoureux*, Durantin with *Héloïse*, Augier with *La Contagion*, Sardou with the *Bon Bourgeois*, Vacquerie with *Le Fils*, Ambroise Thomas with *Mignon*, Meilhac and Halévy with *La Vie parisienne*, and Plouvier with *Le Mangeur de fer*.

* * *

December.—At a dinner I sat next Edmond About, lately invited to Compiègne, and who is dedicating flattering verses to the Empress. I did not think he was such an Imperialist. He spoke to me of the party on the 5th, when he met at the Palace, Doucet, d'Harcourt, Blanche, Pinard, and Lauriston, besides princes, counts, marquises, and barons galore. He is quite dazzled by it all. He saw Mme de Metternich, the paragon of beauty, Count Moltke, the Duc d'Albufera, the Walewskis, the Duchesse d'Elchingen, the Maréchale de Saint-Arnaud, Amiral de Dampierre, names that make his mouth water. He was still at Compiègne when there arrived, in long gowns with violet buttons, the representatives of the Republic of Andorra, among them the Baron de Sénaller, "Syndic-Procurateur-Président" of that miniature State, so proud of remaining free among its mountains between Imperial France and Royal Spain. And these worthy folks amused him enormously. He

spoke to me of the charm of the Empress and her Court, the graciousness of the Emperor, and his admirable qualities as a ruler.

Added subsequently.—Dear, dear! In reading these notes over, I am amused myself. M. About is now editor of the *Dix-Neuvième Siècle*, a convinced Republican and violent anti-Imperialist. So he is disillusioned!

December 1st. Gavarni.—He died on Saturday; a draughtsman no longer, but a mathematician. He had long lived only in the domain of the speculative sciences. When he drew his last breath, his mind filled, his body exhausted, with the consideration of high scientific problems, it was eight months since he had been out of the house, and years since he had drawn, divided between his books and his bed, his whole soul absorbed in solving equations. It was fifteen years since he had been to the theatre, and he knew none, or scarcely any, of the men of letters and art and celebrities of the day.

He was an extraordinary man, a great philosopher, the Balzac of the pencil. The words he put underneath were as amusing as his sketches themselves. They form an album of reflections worthy of a Rochefoucauld. Bitter but profound, and no mere empty wit, jesting, affectation, or airs of superiority.

Delagrange once took me to see him at his house in the Avenue de l'Impératrice. He was a brilliant talker, witty, and only appearing paradoxical at first sight. Happily, such men have no great influence, to my thinking, for their chronic pessimism is a powerful solvent. But I admit that Gavarni was some one out of the common, and that he will live.

* * *

December.—We are leaving Mexico and Italy at the same time. Double evacuation. Let us hope the Pope and the King will get to understand each other and draw closer. An inevitable change is about to take place in the material order of things. No doubt but that little by little Italianism will peacefully permeate the Roman State. All tends to unity. Or at any rate, let me say it again, let us hope so.

What we must wish for is the end of our intervention in Italian affairs. I am sorry to see Fleury entrusted with a mission to Rome. I regret the Empress's desire to go and pay the Pope a visit. I was not able to dissuade the Emperor from the first error; I will try to save him from the second.

I record—to have done with Italian affairs of the current year—Arese's journey to Paris in March, on the eve of the war, to ask Napoleon his opinion as to the amnestying of Mazzini and the Italo-Prussian Compact. The answer was that he cared nothing about the former, though he advised it, and that he was not opposed to the treaty, but did not pledge his responsibility regarding it.

For my part, I tried to convince the Emperor of the danger of this policy of neglect. He went his own way, and was sorry for it. He confided his apprehensions to me after Sadowa. Yet, in spite of that, he has but allowed Prussia's triumph to have become more marked than ever. God grant he may not pay for it one day !

CHAPTER VIII

YEAR 1867

An epoch-making event: Cora Pearl appears in *Orphée aux Enfers*—Deaths of Ingres and Victor Cousin—Skating in the Bois—"The Empire is Republican"; what next?—"Something more than meets the eye"—Ball at the Hôtel de Ville; fairylike scene—The Emperor *tired*—Thiers, Ollivier, Rouher, in foreign affairs—Article by Émile de Laveleye on Germany—Prussia's designs on France—The Luxemburg difficulty again—Jérôme David prognosticates war—Portrait of Manet at the Salon—A Revolutionary in Art; Zola champions him—Delagrangé and d'Ambès disagree, as usual—L'Exposition Universelle—Royalties in Paris—The Emperor indisposed; the Bourse upset—Rouher.

January.—Assuredly the month has brought us our full tale of events and emotions. We have had to mourn the deaths of Marquis H. de la Rochejacquelein, of Ingres and of Cousin. There has been the revival of the famous right of interpellation in the Chambers. Then the Skaters' Festival in the Bois. Then the opening of the *abattoirs* of La Villette. But all these are of minor importance. The fantastic, the thrilling, the unexampled event has been Cora Pearl's appearance at the Bouffes Parisiens in *Orphée aux enfers*. She acted—you can guess—Cupid.

Cora, Cora! You are setting the boards on fire now, after setting hearts. And that is the ultra-Parisian event of which they talk more on the boulevards than the passing of a great painter or the recognition of a political right!

However, to be serious, the Empire has entered on a new and important course of action. It has deprived the Opposition of its very mainspring. The famous Decrees



MARSHAL PÉLISSIER.



MAXIMILIAN, EMPEROR OF MEXICO.

grant the right of meeting, the right of interpellation, the freedom of the Press. Who will venture henceforth to speak of tyranny or terror? Saint-Arnaud, Morny, and Magnan are dead, and the 2nd of December is no longer an incubus on anybody.

The Empire is Republican, or very nearly so. Surely it has done enough for liberty? I hear people answer: "No." Liberty is insatiable. The more you give her, the more she wants. Then I ask, what's the use?

* * *

January.—There is something more than meets the eye. Ollivier has seen the Emperor privately several times since the 3rd, the date of their first interview. He is a sly fellow, and is on the look out for portfolios. He ought to be against Rouher, who acts as a drag, yet he, Liberal as he is, urges Napoleon to keep him. He runs with the hare, as they say, and hunts with the hounds. I believe, myself, that he was willing to accept a combination proposed by Persigny and Walewski. Girardin supports him. The Empress, I happen to know, is against him. But for that he would have laid hands on the Ministry of the Interior, leaving Walewski that of Foreign Affairs; Magne, the Treasury; Buffet, Public Works; Niel, the War Office; De la Guéronnière, Public Instruction; and Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, the Navy. Then everything fell through. The Emperor, however, wrote a civil letter to Ollivier, whose share in all this is strange, suspicious. Prince Napoléon is on his side and said so loudly at his house. It is all terribly confused. The decrees of January 19th confound men's minds as undiluted wine intoxicates. Some, like Pelletan, are not satisfied in spite of everything. What do they want? Girardin is in a rage. They tell me that at Princesse Mathilde's he squabbled with M. de la Valette, vilified Napoleon, declared, throwing himself flat on his face: "That's where the Empire is"; then, springing to his feet again: "But it won't recover as easily as I do." Jérôme David exclaimed, "The Empire is making the same mistakes as the Restoration.

It will perish in like manner. Within six months you will hear the guns in Paris."

I must own I don't understand things one bit.

* * *

February.—A fine ball at the Hotel de Ville the other day. What a host of pretty women! The Princesses Primoli and Gabrielli Bonaparte, elegant nymphs with beaming smiles! Mme Rimsky Korsakov, whose grey dress with its long train attracted all eyes; Mme de Metternich, with her impish beauty; Mmes Abeille, Estienne and Feydau, all three sovereignly charming in their several ways. Then Mme d'Assailly, who deigned to let me admire her devoutly in the Salon des Cariatides; and others, lips, eyes, and shoulders of divers moulds, diamonds in their hair, and on their necks an avalanche of jewels. I make no mention of the men—friends, acquaintances, official personages, great manufacturers, men of business, and financiers. I had seen them at the midnight fête in the Bois two days before, on the 11th, among the walks overflowing with carriages, under the oaks turned into lamp-posts, in the cheerful light. It was fairy-like: the ice was all aglow, the snow sparkled. The hum of the skates rose and died among the leafless trees, which yet were joyous with all the clamour. The sleighs darted by gaily. And, in passing, I recognized Princess Metternich, who is to be seen wherever people amuse themselves, Princess Narishkine, Countess Aguado, Marquis de Castelbajac, Prince de Sagan, and Comte de Saint-Priest. And the skates flew, leapt, and slanted. It was a dazzling spectacle. Why was I not young—young as that cavalier yonder bending right against the cheek of the young girl whose sleigh he was pushing with giddy speed?

* * *

February.—The crisis continues; the majority are getting frightened. Albufera dreads only one thing—Ollivier in the Cabinet. Thiers is satisfied; the Pereiras are stirring. Walewski hates Rouher, and wants to upset him.

Dances every night at the Tuileries.

In the middle of the month the Session opened. Their Majesties' entrance seemed to me coldly received—a bad sign. The Emperor read his speech rather quickly, rather low, in a tired voice. Never was I so much struck by this fact: *he is tired*.

A tired Emperor, like a sick King for that matter, is a serious thing. "The Head of a State should never be ill." The saying is Louis XVIII.'s. Nothing is truer or sadder.

Ollivier is the order of the day. Everybody speaks of him. On the 26th he gave in his adhesion to the words of Rouher when he uttered his defence of the reforms of January 19th. The majority were astounded; they believed him on their side. He is reported to have said "Bah! They are a heap of dead leaves that I will sweep away."

Thiers also made a very amusing speech. They have been at work in the Salle des Séances of the Chamber, and placed the tribune differently. The little, great man observed to the architect: "I shall never be able to speak in it. It will swallow me up. They would barely see the top of my head. I am going straight to Walewski about it. As they let me use the tribune, they must at least adapt it to my height."

Whereupon, the architect said afterwards to a third party: "Why, it's the very same tribune it always was. It was used in '48. Can M. Thiers have grown down since then?"

* * *

March.—The event of the month has been the three-fold pronouncement of Thiers, Ollivier, and Rouher on foreign politics. Thiers's harangue on the 14th in particular was a long and tedious history lesson, and useless, at least in the earlier part, while the second went to prove that we ought to ally ourselves with the English, and seriously reconsider our attitude during the Austro-Prussian War. A terrifying phrase, more telling than true, concluded it. "Take care!" cried the little man. "There are no more mistakes left for us to

commit." Not that he is altogether in the wrong in putting us on our guard against Prussia. But is the English alliance absolutely necessary at the moment? Ollivier next day rejoined, supporting the Government and combating the policy of Thiers. The two speeches balanced each other admirably. On the 16th Rouher answered. All that is very fine. But how satisfy everybody in the Chamber, and still more the rest of the world outside the Chamber? The Emperor offers reforms, and they misinterpret his intentions. He wants peace and prestige abroad, and they don't give him the means to win them; they want to entangle him in combinations that are at variance with each other. And all the while Bismarck is watching at the keyhole.

* * *

August 1867.—I was reading lately an article by Émile de Laveleye, very well supported by documents, on Germany and its progress since 1867. In it he goes into the organization of the Prussian Army, and ends in these words, which I approve only to a limited extent :

"The French Army certainly has rare qualities; but the system adopted in Prussia has great advantages, which none can deny, since everywhere people are trying to make them their own. What do these advantages result from? The fact that Prussia has gone very near to the plan of territorial militia levies. Her military force is properly the Nation in arms. To-day more than ever it is the big battalions that turn the scale. Thanks to railways you can in a very little while concentrate at the decisive point enormous bodies of men, and by the help of co-operating armies outflank the enemy with crushing rapidity; but to carry out these sweeping movements you need a vast number of men. Now, how can these be got without ruining the country in peace time and weakening it by the dislocation of its finances? The perfected system of militia solves the whole problem. Universal enrolment, making all able-bodied men join the colours, keeping them there long enough to learn soldiering, and then sending them to their homes as

reserve men, with the right to call them up in case of emergency—such is the organization which was the salvation of Prussia in 1813, and which Switzerland alone to-day enforces in all its rigour.”

I have spoken of reserves. Assuredly, I am peacefully minded, but I ask myself if it would be as absurd as M. de Laveleye opines, not perhaps to declare war against Prussia, but to speak to her in a tone which would lower her pride, and that before her armaments are completed. M. de Laveleye does not believe that Germany would gain anything by wresting from us a slice of territory. Wrong! Prussia would find in it the consummation of the prestige which she needs to establish her hegemony. And that is a thing that must be avoided at all hazards.

* * *

May.—Intrigues are rife about the Emperor. Rouher has upset Walewski. Was not Fould rather short-sighted? Schneider is like a weather-cock. There appears to be an unspoken, unavowed desire to overthrow the Ministry. And what then?

* * *

June.—Now there is talk of dissolution. On the 18th, at the Ministry of the Interior, M. de La Valette was much besieged, but I was able to get near him. M. Buffet was just putting him this very frank question: “Is the Government going to prorogue the Chamber or dissolve it?” La Valette was very evasive; but I know that the Emperor, who is greatly vexed, is much inclined to exercise his prerogative. He hesitates because he feels that strong measures are becoming dangerous.

Meantime Jérôme David said to me one day: “The end of the Luxemburg affair will be a Franco-Prussian war, neither more nor less.”

The *Moniteur* of May 12th nevertheless announced the signature of the Treaty settling the matter of the Grand Duchy. The withdrawal of the Prussian garrison stationed in the Fortress of Luxemburg is definitely

decided on. It is a cleverly contrived revenge for Napoleon, who was baffled in his scheme of buying the Duchy of King William III. of Holland. But what is the upshot going to be?

The Emperor and Bismarck hate each other henceforth. The former, to spite the latter, will probably make up to Austria. He has already supported Maximilian in Mexico.

This understanding between the Cabinets of Paris and Vienna will be regarded with disfavour by that of Berlin. Hence a rupture. David was perhaps not wrong. Fortunately, if the sequel to this incident were a war between Prussia and ourselves, the chances are in favour of our not experiencing a Sadowa. But will it not be a little late in two or three years' time to attack Bismarck and Moltke? Who knows whether, between this and then, they may not have taken the precaution to arm themselves formidably?

* * *

1867.—The Empress is receiving more. The Salon Blanc at the Tuileries is no longer large enough, and they have opened the Salon des Maréchaux. The parties there are something less select. Mmes de Metternich and Castiglione are growing old, and the Marquis de Caux, methinks, has no longer so much wit. And yet they seem to enjoy themselves, to be more and more intoxicated with gaiety. Some crusty, critical people talk of the decline of the Empire. Why so? It goes with the times, grows more liberal to such a degree as it should to let the Opposition remain at about the same level. If there is decline, is it not rather because every system is born, has its day, and dies like all of us, like plants, beasts, men, nations, civilizations? If the Republic one day comes in its stead, will it last for ever? Doubtless not. It will have its day. But why conjure up this gloomy future? There is nothing at present that points to the fall of the throne. And look at all those laughing lips in the drawing-room full of lights and perfumes round the Empress, who for her part is growing grave! It is

rather the Emperor who makes me uneasy. He is growing weak. He seems more and more a dreamer, who holds himself apart, disillusioned as to the power which he won with such dash. Who knows if this philosopher still cares about the throne?

1867.—In the Salon this year the portrait of Manet by Fantin-Latour was much noticed. The former is of course admired by friend Delagrangé, the perennial revolutionary. What is Manet? A madman who paints in violet. That is enough to secure him the wonder of Delagrangé.

Two years ago Manet sent to the Salon an "Olympia," of which the best that can be said is that it is in cardboard. This, like the "Jesus Reviled" roused the wrath of those who still retain some taste. Already the "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe" had set sensible people dancing. That probably is exactly what the gentleman wants. Nobody paints like him. Barbarous execution, based on sheer indecency.

The nude, yes—but the nude made as suggestive as possible. His Parisienne is a common sight enough on the streets; she is not fit to figure in an exhibition—not to mention that she is ugly and ill-built, the creature, the most ridiculous model that could be found!

But this is ancient history. Last year they refused the two canvases he sent in. So this year he has had an exhibition of his own.

There is a man Zola, who has taken up Manet's defence. Last year, in the *Figaro*, he classed him among the masters—neither more nor less than that! Hence a general outcry against him and Villemessant. The latter let Zola drop; but Arsène Houssaye took him up in the *Revue du XIX Siècle*! To-day it is Paul Mantz who passes sentence on Manet's private exhibition in the just verdict—"Daubs! daubs!"

The exhibition was worth seeing. Courbet also held one of his own—both of them in a lot of sheds, near the Pont de l'Alma. The Press and the caricaturists did their best to make fun of the two lunatics.

"They are in earnest!" bawls Delagrangé. "They are

looking in good faith for something new, or rather trying to be themselves, to give play to their true temperament, without heed to conventions."

"It is equally a convention, my dear man, to wash yourself, to cut your hair, and to wear clothes. Nothing prevents any one from letting his hair and nails grow at will and walking about the streets as naked as a savage. There are some conventions that become laws by being universally accepted."

"One day they will say that my savages are geniuses," prophesied he.

"Well, we shall see."

* * *

1867.—The Exposition ! the great event of the year. On April 1st, the opening day, a madding crowd. A hundred thousand people jostling and pushing for the barriers. At two o'clock Emperor and Empress appeared in an open carriage—he with the cloak and grand cordon (of the Legion) ; she in a plain dress with a train, and, as usual, the tiny hat. Accompanying them were the Princesse Mathilde, the Prince of Orange, Prince Murat, the Prince of Leuchtenberg. I came later with my friends, taking care to cut the speeches and homilies and all the unending jabber of opening days.

It rains kings, princes, and grandees on Paris. Here is the King of Prussia with Fritz Bismarck ; the Emperor of Russia and his two sons, Grand Dukes, and Hereditary Princes ; the Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Aziz ; and the spokesman of the Italians, Crispi. Then the King of Würtemberg, the King of Portugal, and the Emperor of Austria. And what wonders, to be sure—wonders upon wonders ! The engines of war by Krupp of Essen are particularly admired !

This Exhibition will remain, I take it, the finest proof of French prosperity under Napoleon III.

* * *

1867.—The great ones of the earth appear one by one. On April 29th it was the King of Greece ; on

May 14th, the King and Queen of Belgium ; on the 24th, the Crown Prince of Prussia ; on June 1st, the Emperor of Russia, who was entertained on the 6th at a dinner of fabulous magnificence, and with a gala performance. On the 5th came the King of Prussia, who is housed at the Tuileries, and before whom defiled the superb Army brought together at Longchamp ; on the 16th, the Viceroy of Egypt ; on the 30th, the Sultan of Turkey ; July 20th, the King and Queen of Portugal ; August 2nd, the King of Sweden ; October 24th, the Emperor of Austria.

How fatiguing for Napoleon and Eugénie ! In September they went for a rest to Biarritz. Years like this use up a ruler, no doubt of that. His Majesty seems more and more weary. All these receptions, banquets, and speeches, and it may be weightier cares, undermine his strength.

* * *

October 4th.—Fall on the Bourse. The Emperor is unwell. But the rumour had been spread that he was seriously ill, and, for another thing, that a Prusso-Italian alliance had just been concluded, that an answer had been given in threatening terms to a note of Bismarck's, and that an insurrection had broken out in Rome.

Such panics are disastrous. They teach me to spread my investments more widely, to be on my guard, to watch. The situation is growing tense. Can the Empire be coming to the dusk of its day ?

* * *

November.—The Ministry is falling apart. It was only to be expected. Rouher is fiercely attacked. He had on the 13th to give the Finances to M. Magne, and accept at the Ministry of the Interior, Pinard, whom he detests. These shufflings are not marks of stability or order. There is talk of Revolutionary proclamations launched among the people, of secret societies forming, of the appearance of incendiaries, of numerous business failures, and much ill-feeling among the workmen.

* * *

Duruy.—His “reign” has lasted five years. He is one proof more of the Liberalism of the Emperor. They really cannot reproach him with having knocked under to the Church, while he has interdicted the *Syllabus*, suppressed the *Univers*, and given Education to *Duruy*.

The man has on the whole done good work. It will not be forgotten that he was the first to raise the position of elementary teachers, that he procured gratuitous teaching for the poor, that he introduced contemporary history into the curricula of secondary schools, that he re-established degrees in history and philosophy, that he created secondary education for girls, and encouraged scientific research.

* * *

December 31st.—A word about Rouher. He is getting very fat. He waddles nowadays like a goose. The voice is strong and powerful, issuing from his heavily built, ponderous, but puissant Auvergnat organization.

“Rouher,” as a deputy said, “is more heard than listened to.” He lives very quietly—for a very good reason: the man is a miser.

“*Economist*? is it—no, *economical*,” to quote another little play upon words.

* * *

With this I bury the year. The diplomatists do the like on the chess-board of the world—as trivial a play, when all is said and done, as the other.

CHAPTER IX

YEAR 1868

Legislation—Great ball at the Tuileries—Merson and the Press Law—*Le Bilan de l'Empire*; attack on the financial administration of the Empire—A little dinner at Sainte-Beuve's—Marriage of Prince Murat with the Princess of Mingrelia—The Emperor goes to Plombières for his health—Incident at the Sorbonne—Autumn at Compiègne; the Prince and Princess of Wales; a grand hunting-party; tableaux vivants—The Spanish Insurrection; Queen Isabella flies to France—The Empress is injudicious—Deaths of the year.

January.—The year opens with Parliamentary debates on the Army Bill and the Press Bill. The uneasiness relieved by the magnificent phenomenon of the Exhibition is reappearing. This Army Bill does not seem popular. M. de Broglie observed: "This is the day of follies; the Opposition says them, and the Government commits them."

* * *

January 23rd.—All this is no hindrance to dancing. Great ball yesterday at the Tuileries.

Some of my friends are distressed—still—at this famous Army Bill, which the very officers do not like, because, as one of them explained to me, it favours the marriage of reservists, it hampers the authorities by giving the men the right of passing at the end of five years into the Reserve (in time of war this right would be disastrous), and the right not to come forward except in the case of war being actually declared—this Bill that the Senators find ill put together, but are willing to pass merely to put an end to the alarm in the country.

The Emperor is harassed. There are some who hold—and I am one of them—that this Bill may actually bring about the fall of the Empire.

* * *

February.—Delagrange is put out over the probable modification of the regulations regarding the Press.

"Happily," he said to me, "my friend Gras has taken measures for a congress to which all the leading journalists from the country will be invited. We must keep the Emperor from a mistake that would cost him dear." Merson is the secretary of the Congress Committee. He will speak in person in the name of all to the Emperor.

Rouher and Lavalette received Merson, who half convinced them. They told him to repeat his arguments to the Emperor. And he drew up a memorandum, which he read two days later to His Majesty. He pointed out to him the danger of the Bill, not only to the Press in general, but to that of the dynasty in particular. The increased caution-money and the stamp are heavy burdens. If they are increased further, it will spell ruin. At the same time, the Opposition will gain by it.

Merson himself and then Rouher commented on the memorandum. The Emperor has had the Bill recast. How can they accuse him of being despotic? He is always ready to tread the path of justice and progress.

* * *

Dated later.—M. Pinart did not alter the political character of the Bill; it was only the financial aspect that was remodelled. Merson, editor of the *Constitutionnel*, went once more to the Tuileries with Gras, Moirand, and de la Grangerie. He told me about the interview. Napoleon received the four of them in the Ministers' Council Chamber. Merson was spokesman. He was eloquent, he told me, because he believed what he said.

The Emperor appeared convinced, but he could not

withdraw the Bill. He advised the publicists to induce the Corps Législatif to reject it. As the four were passing out, Cossé-Brisac, the Chamberlain, begged them to go to the Empress's apartments. She thanked them for their action, and implored them to do their utmost to compass the withdrawal of "that dreadful Bill." The Emperor followed them. His wife questioned him with her eyes. He refrained from answering. But Merson declares that on leaving the Tuileries he remarked to his colleagues: "I seemed to see wandering through the Palace the shades of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. The Emperor hesitates, gives way, and courts disaster, like the hapless King whom the Revolution beheaded. The Empress pressed my hands as the Queen of yore did those of Barnave, crying: 'Save us!' I see it with sorrow, my friends, the time is at hand; I foresee already the end of the Empire—*finis imperii*."

Merson goes a trifle fast, to my thinking. . . .

* * *

March 20th.—Trial of the International Union of Workers. It will certainly be broken up.

But what above all upsets the Emperor is a pamphlet by a M. Horn, entitled *The Balance-sheet of the Empire*, accusing the Imperial Government of having spent thirty-one milliards (thousands of millions) in fifteen years. To begin with, the figure is exaggerated. In the second place, the enormous expenditure is warranted. I have offered to answer the pamphlet, or get it answered, and have come to an agreement with M. Conti on the one hand and M. Vitu on the other.

Vitu is the principal editor of *L'Étendard*. It will be easy to prove that the outlay has not been mere reckless waste, but the base on which industrial and commercial France of to-day rests; that this expenditure has made Paris the capital of the world, and its two Universal Exhibitions two beacons of civilization the like of which have never been seen before.

* * *

April.—On Good Friday there was a great flesh

dinner at Sainte-Beuve's, as an advertisement of anti-Clericalism ; the health of " the late Jesus Christ " drunk at dessert. At this banquet Renan presided, ventripotent, Flaubert thundered, Taine played the pontiff, About talked at large. Mlle Jeanne de Tourbet alone was out of key with the menu, asking that the Saints—the poor Saints—might be spared !

* * *

May.—As for the Tuileries, the Prince Imperial made his first communion on May 7th, and on the 10th the marriage was celebrated of Prince Achille Murat with Salomé Dadiani of Mingrelia.

The little Prince is a man now. They have taken him to see the École Polytechnique, Saint-Cyr, and so on. He takes interest in all he sees, asks for explanations, and seems highly intelligent.

* * *

July.—The Emperor left on the 19th for Plombières, a week before the close of the Session. I know that he has asked Ollivier to go and see him, so that, in case Rouher should retire, they may have a new Press Bill to come.

* * *

August.—The summer is a warm one. There is storm in the air. Luillier has slapped Paul de Cassagnac's face at the offices of the *Pays*. Jules Claretie has won a fine of 1,000 frs. for an article in the *Figaro*. Rochefort has left for Belgium, after having seen his paper seized on the 11th ; fined 1,000 frs. on the 14th, and on the 28th 10,000 frs. for inciting to ill-will against the Government.

* * *

August 15th.—Serious affair at the Sorbonne. On the 12th the son of Cavaignac declined to go and fetch his prize from the Prince Imperial on the platform. The Empress is very greatly upset by this affront. They call the boy the Dauphin of Democracy. People are asking

whether there is a dynasty of Cavaignacs. They joke about the crowning of Cavaignac II. . . .

* * *

August.—Few decorations, after the 15th, among men of letters. Why? Because Jules Simon, President of their Society, refused to submit the names. The Emperor, according to a letter I have had, is once more very unwell. Same symptoms as in 1866. This distresses me beyond measure, for it seems to me that, by dint of continually tiring himself out, my poor friend is shortening his days.

* * *

Autumn of 1868.—Fresh names added to the old among the guests at Compiègne. Indeed, the number constantly grows. Eighty in the first batch! Among them were the Canroberts, the Vandals, Sainte-Claire-Deville, Gustave Doré, Paul Féval, Henri Rivière, Duruy, Nisard, Cabanel, Schneider, Faye, all more gratified the one than the other with the high favour of the Emperor.

The Prince and Princess of Wales came and took part in a great hunt, in which the Prince fell with his horse, but happily not badly. The next day he went out with Napoleon and Count Moltke to shoot. Viollet-le-Duc and Cabanel gave a display of living pictures. There is a great fancy for them in Imperial circles. Here is the programme—bright and amusing enough, I can tell you!

First tableau.—Waldteufel performs an andante of Beethoven's, while the Duchesse de Mouchy and the Marquis de Las Marismas represent Esther and Ahasuerus.

Second tableau.—The same plays David's *Marche de la Couronne*, while Vicomte Agnado and Comtesse Mercy d'Argenteau conjure up Jacob and Rebecca.

Third tableau.—Ambroise Thomas plays Morceaux from his *Hamlet*, while the Marquise de Las Marismas poses as Ophelia.

These three—Ophelia, Esther, Rebecca—had a more striking success than the Princesse Nadège in *Comme elles sont toutes*, Suzanne in *Les Souliers de Bal*, or Jane in *Une*

Femme qui se jette par la fenêtre, three little pieces performed the night but one before. They are not great ladies for nothing. All the same, Mlles Pierson and Angelo are deucedly pretty and act charmingly. In December an archæological visit to Mont Cypres, where there is a Gallo-Roman cemetery.

They stayed late this year at Compiègne. The sport there was first-rate, especially the shooting. In one single day the bag was 1,400 head. The Emperor's share was 180—deers, pheasants, hares and partridges. The best guns were Metternich's and Pourtalès'.

* * *

October.—I insert here a page I found subsequently in the diary of Darimon, the deputy, which tallies wholly with my feelings at the time that the Spanish Revolution of 1868 took place. The insurrection is victorious in Spain. A provisional junta is established at Madrid. Queen Isabella II. has sought refuge in France. They have placed the Castle of Pau at her disposal.

"This insurrection is not an unexpected occurrence. It was arranged long beforehand. Several months ago the plan was mapped out, and since the exiling of the Vicalvarist Generals to the Canaries it has been easy to foresee that the throne of Isabella would very shortly experience a final shock. It was impossible that the Emperor should not be posted in impending events. Such were the circumstances under which the Count of Girgenti, brother of the ex-King Francis II., and married to a daughter of Isabella, received at Fontainebleau a reception such as is usually accorded only to crowned heads. This visit has given rise to comments of all kinds, as it was bound to do.

"The Count of Girgenti, by family alliances, stood at once for the reaction in Spain and the counter-Revolution in Italy. At this moment endless reports were afloat. There was talk of restoring the throne of Francis II. and despatching to Rome 30,000 Spanish troops, should France, entering the lists against Prussia, find herself deserted by Italy. None of these rumours rested on any

$$T_{\alpha}(\lambda) = \frac{1}{2} \left(\lambda + \frac{1}{\lambda} \right)$$

Il a soulevé
le pauvre
dans sa misère.
(David, C.VI, 1.)



A LA MEMOIRE

22

NAPOLÉON III

EMPEREUR DES FRANÇAIS

Zr. minz. Tulleries, le 20 avril 1903

[illegible]

Paroles de Napoléon III

Recevoit les injures sans haine et sans rancune, pour ne pas encourir les maux, jamais les venger.

Il est encourageant de penser que, dans les dangers extrêmes, la Providence réserve souvent à son seul digne instrument du salut de tous.

Figure 1. Schematic representation of the experimental design. The subjects were divided into two groups: the control group (CG) and the experimental group (EG). The CG was divided into two subgroups: the control group (CG) and the control group (CG). The EG was divided into two subgroups: the experimental group (EG) and the experimental group (EG). The subjects were divided into two groups: the control group (CG) and the experimental group (EG). The CG was divided into two subgroups: the control group (CG) and the control group (CG). The EG was divided into two subgroups: the experimental group (EG) and the experimental group (EG).

MEMORIAL CARD ISSUED FROM CHISLEHURST
AFTER THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON III.



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¹ Cette étude a été financée par la Direction de la Recherche et du Développement de la Santé (DRDS) du Québec, et de la Fondation de la recherche en santé de la région de la Capitale-Nationale.

C'est à tort, dans l'aval et près de la tombe de l'Empereur, que l'on a vu des événements, qu'il m'a laissés; je trouve dans l'écrit, ce point le principe de la souveraineté nationale et le point que le monde.

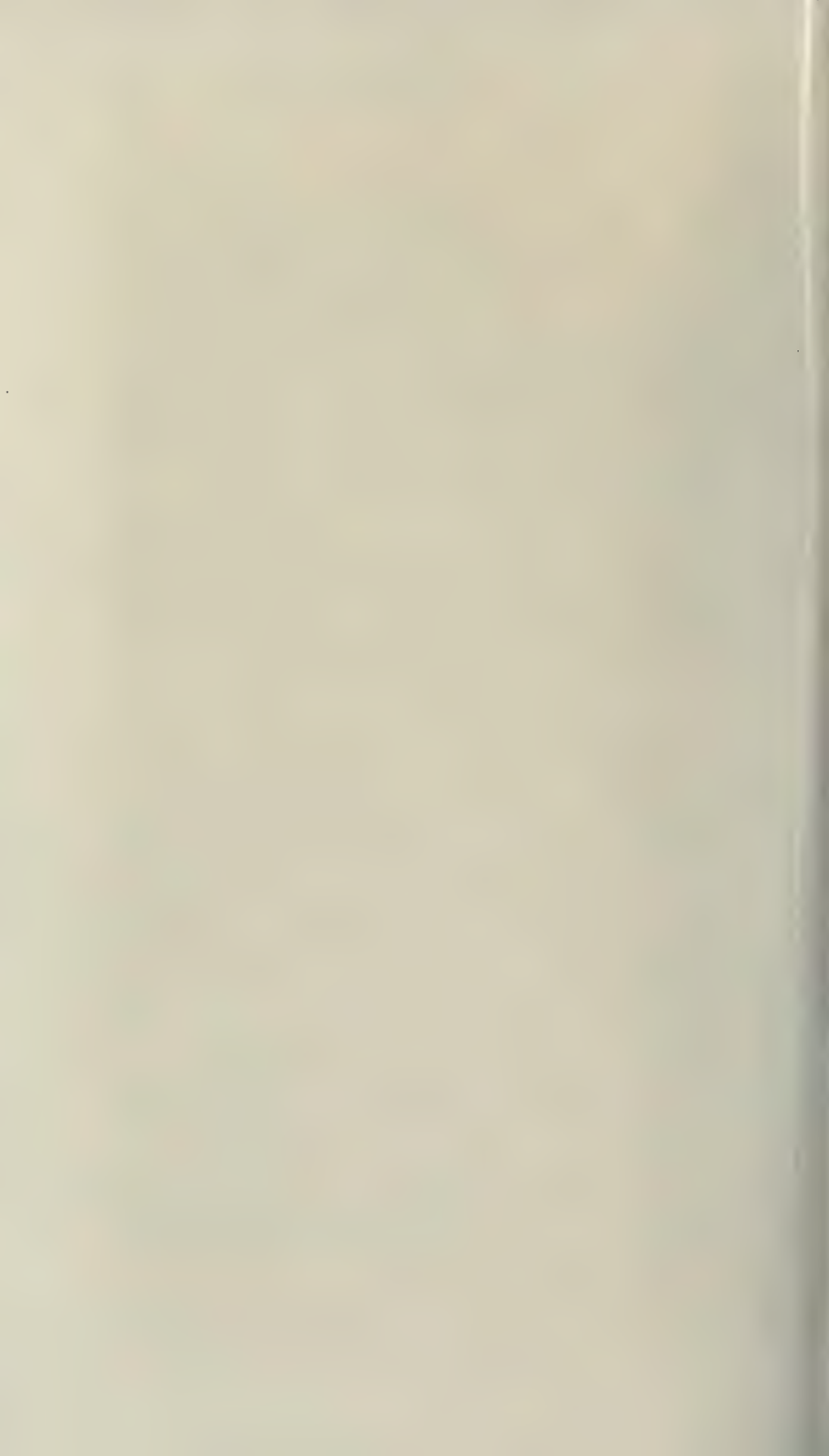
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NAPOLEONIC BROADSIDE OF AUGUST 15TH, 1873,
WITH PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.



firm foundation. But in politics no step is without consequence ; the sympathy shown to the Count of Girgenti and his young wife could, and was bound to, be taken as encouragement shown to the contemptible policy of the Cabinet of Madrid.

“ Another imprudent step was to consent to an interview with Queen Isabella. The Emperor is unable to resist sufficiently the whims of the Empress, of course a quondam subject of the Queen of Spain, and now her equal in rank ; while the Empress always yields to the temptation she feels to play the part of *parvenue* Princess. The choice of Biarritz as an autumn resort has a large share in this feeling of childish satisfaction. It is when she finds herself in the presence of her countrymen that Eugénie feels an Empress indeed. Hence every journey to Biarritz results in an interview. The Emperor ought long since to have made it clear to his gracious Consort that she is French first and Spanish afterwards ; that her sympathies should be guided by the interests of France, and that it is a detestable policy to cultivate relations which, though purely private, may give rise to misinterpretation and spiteful comments. From all points of view, the meeting at San Sebastian ought to be averted. When the Queen of Spain was harassed as she was, it was no good to go and pay her a visit of politeness which people would not fail to regard as an act of moral support. Why make the Emperor seem as if he were interposing in Spanish affairs ? In that instance the Empress showed little judgment, and has raised serious doubts as to the range of her political foresight.”

My opinion is this : The Empress should forget that she is of Spanish origin. The Emperor has given way to her too often. I have several times, to make him understand, employed circumlocutions and allusions. But the matter is so delicate. The influence of this woman will be found to have been very malign, many and many a time. And history will not fail to lay on her at least one-half of the shortcomings of the Second Empire.

* * *

1868.—Some interesting first appearances at the theatres this year : Coquelin *jeune* and Mlle Reichemberg at the Français, Mlle Nilsson at the Opéra (what a pretty, pretty child she is !) ; Barré the tenor at the Opéra Comique, and Alphonsine at the Palais-Royal. Nothing remarkable in the way of pieces. Among the dead, Viennet, Rossini, Empis, Delavigne. Of these, two were very celebrated, but only one was great—the second.

CHAPTER X

MEXICO

1860-1868

Juarez suspends payment of foreign loans (1861)—Negotiations—The Empress and de Morny prevoke the war against the Emperor's better counsels—Ultimatum—Expedition of 1862—National resistance—Military operations—Puebla—The French enter Mexico City—Maximilian of Austria—His confidence in Bazaine—A recent treaty—Maximilian arrives in Mexico—Insurmountable difficulties—War to the knife—Maximilian captured and shot at Queretaro.

July 1861.—In Mexico the position of Juarez grew more and more difficult. He found himself quite unable to liquidate the debt left by his predecessors. He suspended payments by a Law, first submitted to the Congress in July 1861. This was the signal for hostilities. Our Minister, M. de Saligny, replied to this Bill by an ultimatum, and Juarez adhered to the *status quo*. Diplomatic relations were broken off. England followed our lead, and Spain did the same on other pretexts. War bade fair to break out.

* * *

Negotiations.—In reality it was the Empress once more, and Morny aiding and abetting, who urged on the Mexican Expedition—the one out of Clericalism, the other out of Financierism. Once more Napoleon, that lover of peace, was going to enter against his wish on a war proclaimed by two personages whose influence my counsels were not always able to countervail. I have often in my time seen the Emperor hesitate. Can I be sure I have ever made him change his mind when these

two voices or that of Arese murmured in his ear words of rashness, bigotry, or greed ?

I know that the official papers, those that were laid before the Legislature in 1861, ascribe the Expedition to grievances with which finance has nothing to do, consisting in the violation of the rights of our subjects. Witness the following passage : "It would be impossible to enumerate here the long list of injuries, cruelties and wrongs inflicted on our countrymen, and it would be hard to estimate the exact amount of the indemnities to be claimed in one shape or another. But the figure taken as a whole for the past few years could not fall below ten millions, to say nothing of failure in payments already begun, and to-day completely suspended. Moreover, acts of personal violence unhappily have been as little spared from our countrymen as the unjust and vexatious measures which so seriously affected their material interests. Many of them complain of having been arbitrarily imprisoned, or they have had to seek safety in flight after their properties had been plundered and burnt ; the very children were not spared."

Yes, there is much truth in all this. But if you go to the bottom of things, you still find the Empress's bigotry and Morny's rapacity. Here, as elsewhere, what an account both will have to render to History !

Nevertheless, Napoleon did not at once plunge into war. He kept hoping for a settlement. September and October went by in negotiations. Lord Russell drew up a form of pacification. France and Spain accepted it. The latter at the last moment, hoping to place an Infante on the throne of Mexico, withdrew her assent, found fault, turned and twisted, and finally despatched a fleet before war had even been declared.

In January 1862 there was a great perturbation in the Cabinets of London and Paris on learning this violation of the settlement put in hand in London. However, neither of them would or could do anything but take the field in their turn. The Anglo-French fleet reached Vera Cruz on January 7th.

Thus 10,000 allies, French, Spanish, and English, found themselves banded together against Juarez—a man far superior to any of the adventurers who preceded him.

The Spanish Commissioner, Prim, took command of the forces. Our Commissioners were MM Dubois de Saligny and Jurien de la Gravière.

At first the negotiations seemed fairly under way, Juarez did his best to satisfy the Allies. On February 20th, at Soledad, they even signed the preliminaries of peace. But they did not suit the book either of Morny, or Jœcker, or the Empress. What they wanted was to oust Juarez and set up Maximilian of Austria. There naturally resulted a misunderstanding between our Commissioners and their colleagues. Verbal disputes, dissatisfaction, bitterness. General Lorencez and Almonte, the Royalist agent, reached Vera Cruz on March 3rd. There were fresh occasions for dispute touching this Almonte, a shady character whom Juarez wanted to have deported, and Billault took the part of. Our Commissioners refused to have him deported. Peace remained out of the question. An exchange of Notes took place which ended in the first forward movement of our troops.

* * *

Expedition of 1862.—War was declared. On the one side France, on the other Mexico and Juarez, who felt himself backed by the United States. General Almonte, the official cause of the rupture between the three Allies, remained with the French force, and was proclaimed Acting Supreme Head of the Nation (April 17th), and signed a proclamation calling on the Mexicans to come to terms.

General de Lorencez took the responsibility of a rupture. The Expeditionary Force set itself in motion on April 19th. It consisted of the 99th of the Line, the 2nd Zouaves, and the 1st Battalion of Foot Chasseurs, the 3rd Regiment of Marines, a squadron of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and three batteries of Artillery. On the 20th it entered Orizaba, where it fell in with General

Prim, who was marching out with the rearguard of the Spanish troops.

Meanwhile resistance was being organized almost everywhere against the French. General Zaragoza, with 12,000 men, was making ready vigorously to defend Puebla, the most important town in the country next to Mexico, and lying on the high road from Vera Cruz to the capital. On May 4th, after an awkward encounter with him, the French troops advanced to Amoza, and on the 5th appeared before Puebla. M. Dubois de Saligny and General Almonte were at Lorencez's elbow. They were convinced that they were awaited as liberators. They were received at short range with the hottest of fires. They were in contact with General Zaragoza, defending the Heights of Lorette and Guadalupe. Forced to fall back on Orizaba, the French force executed, in covering thirty leagues of country intersected by ravines and woods, a movement that did credit to its courage and endurance. But the Mexicans had learned their strength. They were for pressing the advance.

The French Commanders began to find difficulty in getting fresh provisions. To crown their troubles, money was exceedingly short. At the news of the check before Puebla, the excitement was considerable in France. No organised resistance had been expected from the Mexicans. The disenchantment was such that the Emperor determined to raise the effective of the Expeditionary Force to 30,000 men. On October 25th, Lorencez, in dudgeon, handed over the command to General Forey, and left on the 10th of the next month.

* * *

In 1863.—General Forey, who had been firmly planted at Orizaba since October 20th, began offensive operations. He made preparations for raids on Ialta, Tehuacan, and Tampico (in December). But he saw that, as long as the French had not entered Puebla as conquerors, the situation would remain precarious. General Douay was pushed forward, and then General Bazaine. At last Forey himself made up his mind (February 22nd). His

effective strength was 35,000 men. On learning the approach of the French, Juarez issued a proclamation full of vigour, and went back to Mexico. General Forey determined on a siege of Puebla in form (March 16th). General Bazaine swept forward with his Division, and carried the position (March 29th).

Despite the courage of the Mexicans and General Ortega, the French were finally masters of Puebla, and entered it in state on May 19th. That day made a great stir abroad as well as in Mexico. But directly afterwards unwise measures were destined to minimize the results of it.

* * *

Meanwhile Juarez did not feel safe in Mexico. He addressed a proclamation to the people, to whom he vowed that he would carry on the war. Then he left Mexico, and marched on San Luis de Potosi with his men. Thus the French entered Mexico City with very little difficulty on June 10th. They found the city perfectly tranquil. A march-past of the troops, and the ceremony of handing over the keys, struck the inhabitants with admiration.

As early as June 16th the General commanding the French Expeditionary Force, regarding it as matter of urgency that the public power should be in definite hands, signed a long decree by which thirty-five citizens of Mexico were to form a Superior Junta of Government, which should proceed to nominate three citizens, who should exercise executive power, and two deputies, an Assembly of notables of 215 members, selected from among the natives, without distinction of birth or position, which should determine the final form of government for the country. This decree ran counter to the Imperial plans.

A second decree, posted up on the 18th, specified the members of the Superior Junta. All belonged to the party which had opposed Juarez. Meeting for the first time on the 11th, they nominated as a Provisional Government a triumvirate composed of General Almonte,

Monseigneur Labastida, and General Solar. The first-named became President of the new Government. Of a mild disposition and affable manners, ambitious, clever, and wonderfully apt at dissimulation, Almonte was an adept in political intrigues.

On June 29th the Junta nominated 215 notables chosen from the reactionary party that favoured intervention. On July 10th, at noon, its second public session opened, and M. Aguilar read a report, which concluded with the following propositions:

“(1) The nation adopts as its form of government a limited, hereditary Monarchy under a Catholic Sovereign.

“(2) This Prince will take the style of Emperor of Mexico.

“(3) The Imperial Crown of Mexico will be offered to His Imperial Highness Prince Ferdinand Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, for himself and his descendants.

“(4) In case, owing to circumstances that cannot be foreseen, the Archduke Ferdinand should not take possession of the throne thus offered him, the Mexican Nation leaves it to the goodness of His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon to name another Catholic Prince to whom the Crown shall be offered.”

These proposals were adopted almost unanimously. After this act of servility the Assembly passed a vote of thanks to the Emperor of the French for the protection extended by him to the Mexican Nation. The populace received the news with incredible enthusiasm, doubtless rejoicing in a change for the mere sake of change. The Empire was proclaimed.

In France the enthusiasm was not so great. The Emperor considered they had spent too many men and too much money over the Expedition. General Forey was recalled, and only General Bazaine remained in command. In a letter to him the Emperor did not disguise his fear of the bad effect of a hasty nomination which could not be regarded in Europe as the legitimate expression of the wishes of the country.

A deputation appointed by Congress proceeded to Europe to wait on Maximilian and inform him of the

“desire of the Nation,” while the Provisional Government endeavoured to prepare the way for a Royalist restoration, and styled itself the “Regency of the Empire,” governing in the name of Maximilian I., Emperor of Mexico.

* * *

The Regency.—Maximilian was born on July 6th, 1832, at the Castle of Schönbrunn, just when the King of Rome was expiring at the age of twenty-one. He was son of the Archduchess Sophia and Archduke Francis Charles, brother of Francis Joseph. He was frail and delicate in childhood, but the care of his mother succeeded in making him a robust man. At an early age he showed his predilection for the sea. On October 26th, 1850, he donned the uniform of a naval Lieutenant and made some notable cruises. The Mexican deputation reached Trieste on October 1st, and was received at the Town Hall. On the 3rd it was received at the Castle of Miramar at one in the afternoon, in the great Blue Saloon on the ground floor. Its head, M. Gutierrez de Estrada, expressed the desire of his country. Maximilian replied that he did not decline, but held it wise to wait till more numerous and influential demands should come to him from Mexico, and till the pacification of the country was achieved.

While awaiting Maximilian's decision, the new Mexican Government began to take measures of administration, to organize a police, to construct telegraph lines and high roads. But what needed thinking of above all was extending the preponderance of our arms throughout the country. General Bazaine made his preparations accordingly. He marched out of Mexico City on November 18th, and made for Guanajuato. Between the 24th and 27th he massed his troops and entered that city on December 8th. From that day forward his progress was astonishing. On January 8th, 1864, he entered Guadalajara without striking a blow. Thenceforward, acts of adhesion to the new Government became frequent. General Santa Anna, a former President of the Republic, asked leave to return to the country, promising to abstain from playing any political part in it.

The Emperor had great confidence in Bazaine, but he was in too great a hurry for the pacification of the country to allow of Maximilian freeing France from responsibility.

Meanwhile the question began to be asked whether Maximilian really meant to come and take possession of his realm. It was high time he made up his mind, as the position of the Provisional Government was becoming more and more difficult. Bazaine was forced to break off his campaign in the north and return to Mexico City (February 4th), after having to some extent improved the military situation in the country.

* * *

In 1864. Arrival of Maximilian.—It was on January 30th, 1864, that the Official Gazette of Mexico printed the telegram announcing the early arrival of Maximilian. The Archduke and Archduchess went first to Paris (March 5th). The Emperor received them warmly, and gave three great evening entertainments in their honour.

After a stay in London, Maximilian went back to Vienna. The Emperor Francis Joseph wished to make him sign an Act of Renunciation. Maximilian, nettled at this conduct, left the Palace abruptly and betook himself to Miramar.

At last, on April 14th, 1864, Maximilian embarked on board the frigate *Novara*. He proceeded first to Rome to receive the pontifical blessing; but left all religious questions still unsettled, reaching Vera Cruz on May 28th, 1864. At Cordova and Orizaba 10,000 Indians came in to acclaim their new Sovereign. On June 5th he made his entry into Puebla, and on the 12th into Mexico City.

* * *

An impossible Empire.—From the moment of his arrival he encountered insurmountable difficulties. Benito Juarez and his last Minister, Lerdo de Tejada, at first isolated in the north, were preparing to make a demonstration, in order to arouse Mexican patriotism. Against the invaders they carried on an incessant guerilla warfare, which exhausted the French, cutting off their supplies

and reducing them to a vexatious defensive. Bazaine wanted to strike terror into them, so by a decree of October 3rd, 1865, signed by Maximilian, it was proclaimed that thenceforth no prisoners would be taken. The execution of Generals Arteaga and Salazar was one of the first instances of its being put in force. From that time forth the Mexicans held the name of Maximilian in abhorrence. Bazaine in reality did what he could to make the Emperor's task arduous. That Commander had just married a Mexican lady, niece of a former President of the Republic, and dreamed of taking Maximilian's place. Hence he dragged out the contest, keeping his troops round the capital and refusing to send them in flying columns in pursuit of the Juarists. He ended by exciting the suspicions of his own officers, who scented his ambitious design. But he retained the confidence of the Emperor.

Thus the Mexicans were enabled to make great progress. They cut up a body of French at San Nobel on the outskirts of Mexico City, seized Tampico in the northern part of the Province of Vera Cruz, and threatened the French lines of communications with the sea. Meanwhile financial difficulties were increasing, and the French Treasury could no longer make advances. On the other hand, the War of Secession was over, and the United States were dropping hints to our Government. By carrying on the Mexican campaign Napoleon was risking war with that Power. He preferred to promise the American Ambassador that he would recall his troops.

At this news Maximilian sent the Empress Charlotte to Paris to remind him of the terms of the Convention of Miramar. The answer given was that "it would not do for him to seem to rely solely on the support of foreign arms, as that obviously lessened his prestige with the Mexicans." He had a moment of weakness in which he all but abdicated, but presently he recovered himself. Napoleon sent his aide-de-camp, Castelnau, to him to receive his abdication and get the troops discreetly withdrawn. He could get nothing out of Maximilian.

Epilogue.—On February 5th, 1867, Bazaine and his army evacuated the city of Mexico. The Emperor was powerless to maintain himself in his capital. He resolved to place himself at the head of his supporters and carry on the struggle to the end—even to the death, if need be.

This procrastinator, this dreamer, gave proofs in his last moments of a marvellous energy. He was captured and interned at Queretaro with his principal supporters, Miramon and General Mejia. All three were shot on June 19th, 1867. It cost the Empress her reason.

* * *

Note.—I was at Saint-Cloud when the Empress Charlotte came to France to put before Napoleon the difficulties with which she was contending.

Never shall I forget that visit, which startlingly revealed the tragedy that is sometimes latent in the highest positions.

She came in an open carriage. It drew up in front of the Emperor's private apartments in the right wing of the Palace, for it was a wholly personal and secret interview that she sought. His Majesty came forward from the vestibule, greeted her, and led her personally to his study. The conversation lasted a full hour. I learned subsequently that the Emperor had been unable to afford the unhappy lady the support she asked. This whole Mexican business, indeed, was absolutely lamentable, and Morny is morally guilty of the bloodshed and misery that resulted from it.

On coming out from the Emperor's room, Charlotte's features were drawn with grief and her eyes red with weeping. She seemed at once furious and heartbroken. She refused the hand of the aide-de-camp who offered to help her into her carriage. She made a point of not saluting the flag which the Guard lowered to her as she passed out. The act told France how ill it had done in entangling her and her husband in such an adventure, and then sacrificing them to the monstrous fetish of political expediency.

CHAPTER XI

YEAR 1869

The most-read authors—The Emperor's speech at the opening of the Session—Baron Haussmann defended—Deaths of Lamartine and Berlioz—Sardou's *Patrie* a great success—The Salon and the elections—Gambetta's programme—The Hundred and Sixteen—Sainte-Beuve dead—The Baron d'Ambès despondent for the future of the Empire—Troppmann, the Pantin murderer—Evil omens.

January 1869.—An amusing report by the Mayor of the Eleventh Arrondissement on the authors most in vogue. Here is the upshot as regards his Municipal Library. Erckmann-Chatrian are first with 265 readers, followed by Thiers and Victor Hugo with from 115 to 120; Voltaire had rather more than 100, and Balzac rather less; Mayne Reid and George Sand hover round the half-century, Musset has only 36 lovers, Scott 34, and Chateaubriand 23.

A Liberal member said the other day: "The most undoubted outcome of public meetings has been to show that, since the Revolution of 1848, envy, hatred and malice have made vast progress among the working classes."

Here is the close of the Emperor's speech at the opening of the sitting. I admire it for being so clear:

"Sustained by your approbation and your support, I have determined to persevere in the path I marked out for myself, viz. to welcome all real progress, but with it to maintain free from dispute the fundamental bases of the

Constitution which the vote of the Nation has placed out of reach of all attacks.

“ ‘The tree is known by the goodness of the fruits it bears,’ says the Gospel. Well, if we look back at the past, what is the principle which has given France seventeen years of steadily increasing peace and prosperity? To be sure, every Government is liable to error. Fortune does not smile on all enterprises, but what constitutes my strength is that the Nation is not unaware that for twenty years I have done no single act which has not been prompted by the interests and the true greatness of our Country.

“Moreover, the Country knows full well that I was the first to desire a strict control of the management of affairs, that to that end I have increased the powers of the deliberative assemblies, convinced that the true mainstay of a Government is the independence and patriotism of the great bodies of the State.

“This Session will add fresh services to those you have already rendered the Country. Soon the Nation, convoked in its *comitia*, will sanction the policy we have pursued; it will proclaim once more by its choices that it desires no revolutions, but wishes to base the destinies of France on the close alliance of power and liberty.”

* * *

February.—They are heckling M. Haussmann greatly over his having spent such large sums of money in beautifying Paris and rendering it healthy. They do not sufficiently foresee the consequences of this work, which has borne heavily on the Empire, but is a blessing to the Governments that will follow, and I approve greatly some remarks by M. Charette that I find in a paper this morning:

“Like the wild boar who charges straight in front of him, overturning all obstacles, the Préfet of the Seine has pressed towards his goal with a vigour which has inevitably made him jostle private interests. The fact cannot be denied, and amounts to a technical illegality. But when one wishes to look at the thing from an

elevated point of view, as the result arrived at bids us, can we not condone these few private interests having been sacrificed to the public good?"

* * *

March.—On the 2nd, at the same hour of the night, two men passed away—Lamartine and Troplong. I put the poet first. Next day it was the turn of Berlioz.

What terrible losses! To be sure, I should rank as a thoughtless fool, financier and busy politician though I am, if I were to put the three men on the same level. Let us leave Troplong to enjoy the sleep of eternal insignificance. But the others are two stars that leave the earth to join on high the constellations towards which throughout the ages the dreams of men aspire.

Lamartine had gone back greatly of late years, but we must forget what he was in his years of retirement, which began with the Empire, and remember his brilliant years of yore. And it will not be the least part of his glory to have been the bright, harmonious soul he was, a gentle, lyrical temperament, regarding all nature as though floating in luminous mist, a very god of soft harmony, as contrasted with the other, the mad, volcanic, wild-haired, mighty, stormy musician. They were two rival sublimities—one of the clear unclouded sky, the other of the stormy heavens.

* * *

March.—Sardou's *Patrie* has gained a vast success. Enormous enthusiasm. The sly fellow succeeds everywhere. It is because he writes in the taste of the day and gives us comedies of observation at a time when the public counts for good and best authors who know how to look about them in the world of men. When fashion runs in favour of comedies of manners, he gives us those. He produces historical dramas when he knows the public wants them. He has a keen scent, and his cash-box fills apace. For that matter, he is marvellously adroit and extraordinarily omniscient. He is not forty, and is the foremost dramatic figure of the century. He

occupies more space in it than Dumas or Augier. He has only one rival, Scribe. But he is superior to him.

On the 11th, reception at the Tuileries, the last of the season. I talked some while with Jérôme David. He appeared displeased, but then he is always dissatisfied. He confided to me: "The Government is not straightforward enough, that is its great fault. It is always hesitating. We ought to know whether it does or does not mean to follow the Liberal path. We should help it or fight against it, no matter which, but roundly. It tries to conciliate all, but will end by setting every one against it."

* * *

May.—The yearly Salon. Seventy thousand visitors. Execrable paintings on the walls—no doubt thanks to the Revolutionaries. How Delagrange rubs his hands! I gnash my teeth. But what does the Salon matter? The Elections—there's the great event of the month, the year, and perhaps the dynasty.

Not a single official candidate has been approved in Paris. Ninety constituencies have nominated Opposition candidates. We have travelled a long way since *the Five*!

The mischief is that they have made the Emperor believe that these elections were after all favourable. What madness! They are either fools or criminals who try to deceive His Majesty so flagrantly.

* * *

Undated.—So here are the parties face to face. The Irreconcilables led by Gambetta, the Third Party by Ollivier, and lastly the Arcadians (so called from the Club in the Rue de l'Arcade where they meet). I am not inclined to side with the last named in their dislike for Liberal concessions and the Emperor's love of peace, for I hold that there is danger in thwarting liberties and dreaming of war. But I cannot help fearing, apart from the violence of Gambetta, the concessions that Ollivier asks for. How difficult it is to be of—the prudent party!

* * *

June.—What is it Gambetta wants? The following complete and unqualified application of universal suffrage :

Absolute personal liberty.

Abrogation of the law of *sûreté générale*.

Liberty of the Press in its entirety.

Liberty of meeting without restriction.

Every political offence to be tried by jury.

Absolute liberty of combination.

Separation of the Churches and the State.

Primary secular education made obligatory and gratuitous.

Abolition of standing armies.

Reform of the state of society in accordance with justice and equality.

That and no more. It is a democratic programme in all its rigour, pushed to the utmost extreme. I will add—to absurdity.

* * *

July.—Rouher was nominated President of the Senate after the choosing of the Provisional Ministry which is to bring about a new state of things. Vaillant takes the Emperor's Household ; Duverger, Justice and Public Worship ; La Tour d'Auvergne, Foreign Affairs ; Forcade, the Ministry of the Interior ; Rigault de Genouilly, the Navy ; Bourbeau, Education ; Grenier, Public Works ; A. Leroux, Agriculture and Commerce. The Ministry of State is abolished. They are groping—and floundering.

The 116 members of the Third Party have caused the Emperor to be undecided between Rouher's policy of a firm stand and Ollivier's of progress. He ended by yielding to the latter.

A *senatûs consultum* has recorded the wishes of the 116. Ollivier is entrusted with the forming of a Ministry that shall command a majority.

I learn that Rouher's acceptance depended on the decision of his wife, who has a daughter to marry, and cannot find her a suitable husband unless her spouse's position remains brilliant ; and besides, "having always lived in

palaces, he does not wish to sink lower." (Literal wording !)

* * *

August.—A mess. The *senatûs consultum* substitutes the most lamentable Parliamentaryism for the Constitution of 1852. Some folks believe that this system will check Socialism. What a mistake ! The torrent will sweep over the dyke.

The Bourse is booming. *So much the worse !* For the first time, perhaps, I regret it. It means the public is delighted with what in reality is leading us to ruin.

* * *

September 10th.—The *senatûs consultum* is carried. The Senate loses all its prestige by it. They might have extracted from the Constitution of 1852 all the good that it contained. They have not done so. They wanted to overthrow the apparent dictatorship of the Emperor, and they have put in its place that of the Corps Législatif, which is worse still. The present Ministry is unstable. The Emperor is sick. So is the Empire.

* * *

1869.—I mentioned among the deaths Lamartine, Berlioz, and Troplong. There are other celebrities too, for the year is strewn with corpses—notably Sainte-Beuve, who was a sound critic.

* * *

October.—"There are three crises at present," said Delagrange to me the other day. "They are the ministerial crisis, the constitutional, and the dynastic." The two first will not be ended, he declares, without the sincere and distinct adoption of Parliamentaryism. The third will be settled by the death of the Sovereign, a war, or a revolution. He does not believe that the Prince Imperial will succeed his father.

His utterances left me vastly sad. In old times I should have had a dispute with him. To-day I shook my head and left him.

* * *

November 29th.—Opening of the Legislative Session of 1870. Since October 3rd all political activity had been suspended. The Emperor hoped the prorogation would allow of people's minds calming down. They have had during the two months the Troppmann murders at Pantin to talk about. But that was not enough. He hoped there would be more time to frame the measures which are to be submitted to the Chambers. What is plainest is that the bye-elections of the 21st and 22nd inst. have shown more definitely what a storm is brewing on the horizon. Girardin exclaimed : "It's the Republic they have voted for !" Arago conjuring up the Second Republic, Rochefort the chosen of the populace, and Crémieux ! . . . In short, these Elections are a challenge from Paris to the Empire. What shall we see next ?

* * *

December.—Disturbances, hesitations, disputes, intrigues. The Ministry has been made and unmade ten times over. Which shall we have for a New Year's gift ? What will happen in 1870 ?

I am very sad at heart these last minutes of the year. Troppmann was sentenced to death two days ago. The monstrous crime at Pantin seems to me a notable incident, the precursor of a host of calamities each more atrocious than the other !

CHAPTER XII

PARIS IMPROVEMENTS—BARON HAUSSMANN

Two Budgets—Works ordinary and extraordinary—Vast improvements executed between 1852 and 1865—Details and figures—Great debate in the Chambers of 1869—Attack and defence—Haussmann vindicated.

I HAVE more than once mentioned in my jottings both Baron Haussmann and the formidable enterprise undertaken by him. I should like to set down here a few more particularly in detail. These will certainly be handy in days to come for me and others to refer to, and they will then no longer be obtainable without some difficulty.

I have followed with the keenest interest the task so ably executed by the Préfet with a patience, a devotion and a capacity that set him not only above all material criticism, but all moral blame as well. He may have made mistakes here and there, for who is infallible? His reputation none the less stands superior to all suspicion.

* * *

Haussmann had two sources to draw from—the City Treasury and the Public Works Fund. The former provided for necessary works of maintenance and development, the other for exceptional works such as have constituted the real transformation of the Capital.

I should like to quote some figures to show the immensity of the task carried out by him. In January 1866 the receipts were 118 millions and the expenditure 260. The Boulevard Sébastopol on the right bank and its approaches cost 85 millions, the Halles Centrales 50, the approaches of the Français, the clearing of the Hôtel

de Ville and the Caserne Napoléon 17; that of the colonnade of the Louvre nearly 8, the Rue de Rivoli 83, the lowering of the Pont Notre-Dame a million and a half.

These works were authorized by the Acts of 1849, 1851, and 1855. Those which are due to that of 1857 figure out at a revenue of 32 millions and an expenditure of 59. The Boulevard Saint-Germain cost 22 millions, the Rue des Ecoles and its approaches above 8. I say nothing of the widening of the Rue de la Sorbonne, the Rue Saint-Jacques, and so forth, each costing a million on an average.

For the works attaching to the Bill of 1858, 250 millions were paid in and 305 out. Of these the Boulevard Prince Eugène cost 55, the Boulevard Magenta 19, the Rue de Turbigo 4, the Avenue de Vincennes $10\frac{1}{2}$, the Rue de Rouen and the new Opera 48, the Rue de Rome 13, the Boulevard Malesherbes $40\frac{1}{2}$, the Boulevard Beaujou $19\frac{1}{2}$, the new Place de l'Étoile 3, the improved Boulevard de Passy $6\frac{1}{2}$, the Boulevard de l'Alma (right bank) 8, the Avenue de l'Empereur 8, the Boulevard de l'Alma (left bank) 5, the Avenue du Champ de Mars 3, the Boulevard Saint-Marcel 3, the Boulevard du Palais 8, the completion of the Boulevard Magenta 22, and so on.

As to the works carried out after the Act of 1859 and that of 1860 relative to the extension of Paris, the receipts were 165 millions and the expenditure 177 millions. Public roadways cost 62 millions, barriers 5, markets 87, municipal buildings 6, gardens 26, drains 39, schools and places of worship 7, new paving 2. Apart from these "authorized" works, there were others requiring an expenditure of 322 millions as against 144 available. Up to January 1866 the outgoing was 165 millions for roads, 84 for the buildings and monuments of Old Paris, $18\frac{1}{2}$ for public promenades, 36 for new works in connection with the water service. Grand total 1,122 millions in all.

In 1865 the City was authorized to issue a loan of 250 millions, on condition of using 200 millions of it in outlay attaching to the extension of the Capital. I have a copy of the admirable words published by M. Devinck in answer to friends and enemies—words that well sum up the gigantic task executed between 1852 and 1865 in

adorning Paris. Here they are in all their relentless and majestic force :

“The new roads opened to traffic have a total length of some 51 miles, while those rendered possible by the Loan of 1865 will extend to $14\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The two taken together give a mileage of over 65, in which are included extensive avenues, such as those de l'Impératrice, de la Reine Hortense, de l'Empereur, de l'Alma, de Wagram, Daumesnil, d'Jéna, de Friedland, Joséphine, Rapp, Bosquet, Duquesne ; magnificent boulevards also, such as the Boulevards Malesherbes, Sébastopol, Saint-Michel, Magenta, Prince Eugène, Saint-Marcel, Latour-Maubourg ; and broad thoroughfares, such as the Rues Lafayette, Turbigo, Auber, de Rome, and so forth.

“The bridges built or rebuilt—the cost being shared with the State—are twelve in number, viz., the Ponts Napoléon, de Bercy, d'Austerlitz, Louis Philippe, Saint-Louis, d'Arcole, Saint-Michel, au Change, Solferino, des Invalides, de l'Alma, du Point du Jour. Besides which, the City bought and freed the Pont de Grenelle.

“The network of sewers has grown by a length of 173 miles, while that of the main sewers, provided with boat and trolley, is some 24 miles. The network of conduits for the distribution of water has grown by 383 miles, and in addition the City has acquired 166 miles from the Water Company. To these figures must be added the water system of the Bois de Boulogne and Bois de Vincennes. The number of hydrants has increased by 1,300. The power of the steam and hydraulic engines used in raising the water has been increased from 12 to 1,400 h.p., not including a plant of from 300 to 400 bought of the Water Company. The water of the Dhuis has been acquired, and an aqueduct constructed in two years of a length of some 87 miles.

“The capacity of the reservoirs has been increased by 276,000 cubic yards, it having been only 44,000 before. The reservoirs constructed at Passy, Gentilly, Charonne, and Belleville are to-day arched over, and the arches again covered with mould, which enables the water to be kept more pure, and protected from the dis-

advantages of the old reservoirs, which were uncovered and exposed to the action of light and all the changes of temperature.

"The amount of water supplied every day, which was only 15,400,000 gallons in 1852, now exceeds 44,000,000. Soon it will reach half that amount again (66,000,000 gallons), and ultimately rise to twice as much (88,000,000 gallons) in the twenty-four hours, when they have finished the aqueduct, tapping the high springs of the waters of the Vanne, which have been purchased, and the plan for utilizing which will appear in the Report.

"The Municipal buildings erected since 1852 are no less than 171, not including Departmental structures or those that depend on the Boards of Public Charity (*Assistance Publique*) subsidized by the City.

"Within the ancient boundaries four great Churches, Saint-Augustin, Saint-Ambroise, Saint-François-Xavier, and La Trinité; in the outlying zone, Notre-Dame-de-Clignancourt and Notre-Dame-de-la-Croix, Saint-Bernard and Saint-Pierre-de-Montrouge, beside restored façades added to old churches; Presbyteries for Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, Saint-Vincent-de-Paul, Saint-Leu, and Saint-Étienne-du-Mont. Add two Protestant Churches and a Consistory House, and a Synagogue, the foundations of which have been laid.

"The great buildings which have been cleared of hamper are the Louvre, the Hôtel de Ville, the Luxembourg, the Sorbonne, the Palais de Cluny, the Tour Saint-Jacques-la-Boucherie, Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, Saint-Leu, Saint-Laurent, Saint-Gervais, Saint-Nicolas-des-Champs, Saint-Nicolas-du-Chardonnet, the Imperial Archives, and the Théâtre Français.

"The Lycées Saint-Louis and Bonaparte have been enlarged and restored. Ninety-six new schools have been built, and a great number of others subsidised. Five new town halls, and the ground purchased to build five more. The barracks of the Municipal Guard remodelled. New toll-offices erected at the 65 gates of Paris; five buildings already completed to house those employed

in that service, and ten more that are going to be allotted.

"The Halles Centrales raised, new markets opened, and old ones replaced on a better footing, among which may be quoted those of Saint-Honoré and the Temple. In process of completion, the great Cattle Market, the *abattoir*, and the railway which is to serve them, the whole occupying 125 acres. We have acquired at Bercy, with a view to the possible creation of a second *depôt*, land, 165,000 square yards in extent, and the buildings already on it.

"Many walks and plantations entirely transformed. Fifty thousand bordering trees transplanted on a new frontage of over 50 miles. The old waste ground of the boulevards and quays, where no single place of rest could be found, have given place to avenues, of which the walks are asphalted and studded with seats.

"Public lighting has undergone important improvements. The volume of light along the streets has been trebled, the system of gas-pipes more than doubled, its extent being no less than 620 miles, and the City has made a considerable sacrifice to enable the inhabitants of the absorbed districts to enjoy by private subscription the same advantages as the consumers of Old Paris. The jets which amounted to 12,000 now number 30,000.

"The Bois de Boulogne has been rearranged over an extent of 2,180 acres, more than 75 of which are ornamental pieces of water. The same is the case with the Bois de Vincennes, enlarged so that it now covers 2,250 acres, of which 55 are ornamental water.

"Within the limits of the City proper you may find three parks, covering not less than 120 acres, one completed, the Parc Monceaux, and two in process of formation, the Buttes Chaumont, and the Parc Montsouris on the hill-side on the left bank of the Bièvre.

"Twenty-one squares or gardens, distributed among the various districts, those of Saint-Jacques-la-Boucherie, Les Innocents, the Arts et Métiers, the Temple, Montholon, Vintimille, Louvois, Sainte-Clothilde, Montrouge,

Grenelle, Batignolles, La Chapelle, and others. They offer to the residents the enjoyment of an extent of 220,000 yards of shade or grass lawns, not including 320,000 yards of gardens round the Avenue de l'Impératrice, on the level borders of the Champs Élysées, and on the arches of the huge construction covering in the Canal Saint-Martin. Twenty-one new memorial or ornamental fountains have been erected.

"The remodelling of the old exterior boulevards has been carried out over an extent of upwards of 11 miles, and land has been acquired to create on the high ground of the Place du Roi-de-Rome a vast amphitheatre 550 yards in length by 275 in width. This 'Place' is destined, in virtue of its importance and prominent situation, to receive embellishments that will undoubtedly make it one of the finest in Paris.

"Such is the hasty and imperfect enumeration of what has been done for the hygienic amelioration and embellishment of the City, as well as for the convenience and well-being of the inhabitants. Surely, when we hear every day the favourable opinion of our foreign visitors on the New Paris, may we not venture to think that the Capital of France will be entitled to offer herself with just pride in 1867 to the verdict of the jury of assembled Nations?"

Such is this masterpiece of administrative eloquence. It was to serve as preface to the famous Parliamentary debate of 1869. This began on February 22nd with the attack of Garnier-Pagès. Haussmann, he declared, had gone too far; he had exceeded all limits!

"The work of improving Paris is no new idea. Under the Government of July, and under the Republic, measures were taken to make healthy the unhealthy districts, and to drive a series of new streets, made necessary by the requirements of traffic. Hence the Opposition has never reproached the Government with well-conceived and really useful improvements. What it has imputed to it for blame is having exceeded the just limit, letting itself drift at last into a situation from which there is no way out. I ask you, was this right?"

“According to the Report, the City of Paris has spent a sum of 1,865,000,000 frs. ! Is there any sort of moderation in that ? Have they in these gigantic works paid any heed to fitness and proportion, and really reached the goal they aimed at ? Doubtless they have opened out some thoroughfares that were needed, and purified some unhealthy districts. But when they made the Trocadero, was it because fresh air was to seek in that part of Paris ? When the Boulevard Haussmann was constructed through large gardens and wealthy mansions, was the object to let air into an ‘insanitary quarter’ ? No ; there was nothing except the sheer satisfaction of the man who wanted to give his name to the new Avenue. And while they were indulging in these prodigalities they were neglecting other districts where the works were really needed, and where the money so ill-spent would have found really useful application.”

Picard followed him in impeaching Haussmann as a despot, a dictator. To be sure, the idea has passed through my brain as well. Genteur replied, summing up admirably in these words :

“The remodelling of Paris was forced on us by the pressure of circumstances. In fifteen years we have made it the finest and the healthiest city in the world, and the most attractive to the foreigner. It draws into a focus all the talent and all the genius of the country ; from it, as a centre, radiate our ideas, our ways of feeling, our manners and customs, ensuring our intellectual superiority. So much for the political side.

“From the economic point of view we have practised true brotherhood, that which goes to the help of the weak, and, by putting the opportunity to become possessed of landed property within his power, enables him to rise to a higher level of civilization. True, from the financial aspect, the New Paris has cost two milliards, but of these we paid one milliard out of our surplus incomings without imposition of further taxation.

“Doubtless we leave the other milliard to be paid by future generations, but is not that fair ? Will they not reap the benefit ? Besides which, we leave them the

means of coping with these calls. This is the truth, the plain truth!

"I say it advisedly, if this gigantic task has involved some errors in detail, if it evokes certain criticisms, as a whole it deserves the admiration of the country and the gratitude of the labouring classes."

Thiers next mounted the tribune, and began by deploring (he, of all people) that Haussmann's performance had encouraged a taste for profusion. He said some quaint things which made his audience laugh, but did not convince anybody. "Over and above the ordinary extraordinary Budget there is the extraordinary extraordinary, otherwise known as the extraordinary budget allocated in Special funds." And again: "The Préfet of the Seine declares, 'My work is done.' No, it is not your work that is at an end, it is your resources. What I regret not to see finished, is not the great thoroughfare from the Tuileries to the Opéra, and which will cost God knows how much—it is not the Rue de Rennes, but the works of every day, the works of necessity, for which you have nothing left over."

"Your resources were exhausted," he concluded, "so a third loan of 138 millions was granted. The City of Paris had become like a State—it had its funded debt, and they determined it must have its floating debt as well. It has sometimes been said of M. Rouher that he was a Vice-Emperor. If that name belongs rightly to any one, it is not to the Prime Minister, but to the Préfet of the Seine."

Such were the arguments of the man in spectacles. Rouher raised the tone of the debate while defending the Imperial idea: "To wish to make the Emperor responsible for the details of the management of the City is a strange thing indeed. He may indeed have grasped the need for the remodelling of Paris, advised the opening of the great thoroughfares designed to spread through this vast metropolis light and air, and to render traffic easier in the direction of the great railway stations which carry in and out of the City 100,000 citizens a day. But to try to blame the Sovereign on questions of solvency or

management is an error that cannot be overlooked. Here the default is more circumscribed—it only weighs upon the executive agent; let it not be recklessly made to involve a higher responsibility. The question is no political one, only one of administration, of financial management.

“Need I go afresh into the matter of the need for these works? The subject is exhausted. Is there any need to examine whether the revenues of the City are capable of constant increase, or if on the other hand they are liable to diminish? A few words only. To me the upward movement is certain in the future and is the outcome of the constant increase in the population. That increase is one of 30,000 a year, consumers all of them, and those not merely workmen attracted by the expansion of employment in Paris, but also members of the well-to-do or wealthy classes, who come to settle in the City and take part in that great industrial movement which has raised our production from 1,693 millions in 1861, and 3,000 millions in 1866, to the present figure of 6,000 millions by making Paris the universal mart of luxury.

“This is simply a law of civilization. Such progress is visible as a matter of fact in all the capitals of Europe simultaneously. It is due to the general movement at work in the country districts, and which makes the peasant, by his work and thrift, the owner of the soil, while driving to the cities that secondary middle class, which used to live modestly in country towns, and now seeks in the great centres wealth, to be won in trade and commercial or industrial employment. Whether this general migration is a good or an evil is not for me to inquire. I only testify to the magnitude of the great social relief which is afforded the country by this transformation of the peasant into a proprietor.”

* * *

It was in the Senate above all that the struggle was exciting. All I care to record here is the magnificent speech of Baron Haussmann himself. A leading clause ran: “Lastly, being selected through the confidence of the

Emperor to superintend the vast work of the remodelling of Paris, that magnificent idea of which the credit belongs to His Majesty, should I have risked lessening the value of it in the present and in the future by methods of carrying it out likely to wound the feelings, so keen in our country, of respect for form and congruity which are never flouted there with impunity ?

“As the Prime Minister has justly said, since the population of Paris increases normally every year by 30,000 souls, the augmentation of the revenues of the City does not seem likely to fall off at any early date, since, for a long while to come, thanks to the road-making works which have rendered accessible and habitable all the area comprised within the circuit of the fortifications, there could never be any want of space to accommodate the new-comers. But so as not to have to rack one's brains every year to house them and supply their wants, which would have necessitated continual modifications in the plan of the City and the organization of its services, it was necessary to adjust everything beforehand to the probable total of population that the inhabitants would reach in the near future.

“That is why the two last networks of the new roadways of Paris include main lines of communication radiating from the centre to the circumference of the enlarged City, and secondary lines linking each with each the various districts, even the most remote.

“The Municipal administration has not taken thought only for the immediate present ; it has taken heed to the future, and this is the reason why it has felt itself entitled, —and most justly entitled—to lay on the future a share of the burden entailed by the remodelling of Paris.”

CHAPTER XIII

YEAR 1870

The Baron d'Ambès enjoys a confidential talk with his old friend Napoleon III.—Cares of State—The Emperor's Will—Ollivier and the "Liberal Empire" Cabinet—Germans in France—French blindness—Bismarck—Pierre Bonaparte and the *Avenir*—Shoots Victor Noir—Rochefort and the "Marseillaise"—Funeral of the victim—Rochefort arrested and imprisoned—Pierre Bonaparte acquitted—Ollivier struggles against difficulties—Another *plébiscite*, and another overwhelming majority—Ministerial reconstruction—The "Liberal Empire" a mistake.

January 2nd.—The Emperor received me to-day in strict privacy. He sent for me, and received me in the kindest way. I found in him again my friend of yore. I had not seen him for a long time, but I knew he had not forgotten me.

"My dear d'Ambès," he said, "you are happier than I. If you have cares, they can in nowise be compared to the heavy responsibilities of power. The crown has thorns, and they often pierce the head."

"Sire——"

"No," he broke in, "do not call me by that name, which I hear every moment, and which is constantly on the lips of my courtiers. Let us for a moment return to the years of my youth, when we walked about together arm in arm in Switzerland or in London. Those memories have remained very vivid to me. I lived only on dreams then, and you shared them. Now reality lays its burdens on me, and, believe me, they sometimes gall my shoulders cruelly. I have sought, while yielding to my destiny, to remain faithful to my convictions and put in practice the ideas which were once the subject of our conversations,

and which I have expatiated on in my writings. I have met with hindrances, which grew and grew as I advanced along my path. A blast of revolt is at present blowing against all that my Government sets on foot. And I see this spirit of opposition showing itself throughout the social fabric. Yesterday it was Père Hyacinthe who, after preaching so ardently from the pulpit of Notre Dame submission to the Church, yet has parted from her in spite of all his vows.

"The ferment increases. Abroad, the violence of language hostile to the Empire redoubles. You have read what was said at the Congresses of Lausanne and Bâle. I know well that the denunciations of a Victor Hugo or a Liebknecht find no echo save within a very limited circle, and that no one seriously follows in the train of these courtiers of popularity. Yet I cannot help realizing that the malcontents are astir around me. Did not my cousin Napoleon, some months ago in the Senate, while protesting his indissoluble adhesion to the Empire, call in question the efficacy of the Constitution, and call for a more definite responsibility of the Head of the State and his Ministers? These flaws alarm me. I ask myself what would happen if I were no longer here."

I gazed upon the speaker. I knew already that his health was far from satisfying his physicians—Ricord, Nélaton, Fauvel; and the last-named, with whom I sometimes talked freely, had not concealed his fears from me, saying plainly that the diagnosis was not good. I read in the Emperor's lineaments that physical suffering was undermining him. He was pale, and his eyes were dull and lifeless. He held out his hand familiarly to me, and I pressed it heartily in mine.

"You are alarming yourself without cause," I protested. "It is the pessimists who drive you to gloomy views. Make them hold their tongues."

"No, my dear d'Ambès, I prefer to let them speak freely and openly. That has always been my motto. When I know what folks think, I take my precautions accordingly. I have taken them, and Rouher has in his hands the letters-patent appointing the Council of Regency.

The Empress knows my intentions. If she wields Imperial authority during the minority of my son, the care of whom is confided to General Frossard, she will have about her counsellors who will help her out with that difficult task, and among whom I have marked down men who are trustworthy, like Rouher, Persigny, Rigault de Genouilly, and Lavalette. If, on the contrary, events decide that the Regency shall be held by Prince Napoléon, I have associated with him those on whom I can rely—the four I have named, whose devotion is entire, and along with them Jérôme David, and the worthy Laity, who has given me proofs of his affection. Others will be added to them. I am glad I have taken this measure. One must provide for everything, Baron, and remember even in times of calm the possibility of storm.”

He further told me confidentially that he has written in his own hand and signed his will.

* * *

I came away from this interview in deep thought. Clearly, the Emperor is a prey to what the English call the blue devils. Did not he cry some weeks ago, when opening the extraordinary Session at the Louvre, “Help me to save liberty!”? Why this appeal? I can only understand it in that he was speaking to men who for the most part had not as yet given him the same pledges as those whose successive disappearance has no doubt contributed to the gloom of his brow. New advisers, like Émile Ollivier, talk to him of the need for strengthening his crown, as if it were shaken, and, in order to jockey themselves into power, promise him wonders. They have devised a reconstruction with a cement which they warrant durable and christen “Liberal Imperialism.” It all seems to me just a trap to catch fools. I have no faith in it, and I have told the Emperor so. He smiled his soft, optimistic smile and answered: “It is a novel experience. Why should I not try it? If it succeeds, they can only thank me for it. If it fails, I shall have demonstrated my good intention by not rejecting it beforehand.”

Then he added: “I am not putting myself in Ollivier’s



LA FIN DE LA LÉGENDE

Caricature of Napoleon III.

From the collection of A. M. Broadley, Esq.



hands. I know his past, and I know that he used to boast he would become the spectre of the 2nd of December. He has learned that spectres do not frighten me, and has thought better of it when realizing that the country cannot be saved except by rallying round the dynasty. He has admitted so much clearly, and parted from the Left Centre to come to my side. It is a prudent course, and I wish to profit by it. He will form, as I have commissioned him to do, a homogeneous Cabinet representing faithfully the majority in the House and determined to carry out in the letter as in the spirit all that may constitute the regular and orderly working of the constitutional system."

* * *

January 3rd.—The Cabinet of the "Liberal Empire" is complete. Ollivier takes, together with the Presidency of the Council, the portfolio of Justice. He has gathered about him Chevandier de Valdrone (Interior), Daru (Foreign Affairs), Buffet (Finances), General Lebœuf (War), Admiral de Genouilly (Navy), Segris (Education), Louvet (Commerce and Agriculture), Talhouet (Public Works), and Maurice Richard (Fine Arts).

Duvernois is not included, and is said to be deeply disappointed, though he puts a good face on the matter. I like him no more than I do Ollivier. Such folks are to me like the rats that harbour in cheese and squeak when they find no room left for them.

* * *

Undated.—Have we all grown short-sighted? There are people then who will not or cannot see. We have at our doors some millions of souls rife with animosity, and all agog to avenge the disaster of Jena. Bismarck promises them this satisfaction, and nobody in France troubles about it. I see bursting into bloom a whole German literature of warlike songs, odes, poems and hymns, which inflame the dwellers beyond the Rhine. They read these calls to arms in the schools, the children learn them by heart, they are recited at table. A while ago I spent some time in Berlin. The air there is

highly electrified. You feel the Gallophobia smouldering under the ashes. You breathe a savour of powder. I should not be astonished to see a conflict break out at short notice. These pretended dreamers are at bottom practical men. Their hazy philosophy, Kant, Hegel, and Fichte, in which their brains have been steeped, does not prevent them from working hard, in order to ride roughshod over us when the time comes. In reality we do not know the Germans, the Prussians least of all, and they have studied us thoroughly. I read in a book yesterday: "The German is tied to his own village steeple." Not a bit of it; he has become cosmopolitan. He travels, he filters into other countries; while we have very few Frenchmen settled in the Prussian, Bavarian, or Saxon centres, Berlin, Munich, or Dresden. Our business houses have opened their offices to legions of young Teutons, who are all at work for their Chancellor. I do not say they are all agents or spies, but they look about them, they prick up their ears, and they know enough French to take in what is said and make their profit of it, if need be. I came across one in a *brasserie* on the Boulevards. He had been a tour in the East for his master, a dealer in colonial goods. I was astonished at the extent and the exactness of his topographical knowledge. He mapped out to me on the table with a bit of chalk his itinerary, and there was not a village wanting, with the roads round about, the population, all the details that may come in useful at a given moment. You should hear them discuss us—the defects of our armour-plating, our want of forethought, our guns, our arsenals, our military system, of which they know the weak points perfectly well. Not one of our Generals is unknown to them, while we know none of theirs. They all desire unity, but fear being absorbed by Prussia. Nevertheless, they would take the field with her, if it was a question of check-mating France. Such is the general feeling. The success won by Prussia at Sadowa heartens all the German hopes.

Bismarck is now the man who moulds and carves Germany to his liking. I have under my eyes this well-defined picture of him.

“He is the perfected pattern of the Prussian statesman. Never was there a man more devoid of all pedantry or traditional conservative scruples : he is ready, if need be, to make common cause with the Revolution, feeling strong enough to make it pull the chestnuts out of the fire and munch them for his benefit. What his peculiarity is, is the astonishing frankness and marvellous freedom of his language. He despises petty pretences ; he has invented a new species of diplomacy, which lies in winning the game by showing your hand. He talks, talks at large, and expounds his intentions to all the universe, which does not believe him for an instant. He says : ‘On such a day I shall do so and so,’ and he does it.

“In the days when the Revolutionary party was cock of the walk, Bismarck, then a mere member of the Right, went one day into a *Kneipe* where the Radical leaders used to assemble. Our friend sat down, called for a mug of beer, lit a cigar, and took up a paper. Meanwhile they were venting round about him all sorts of abominable and seditious opinions. He stopped reading, looked the most heated of these pot-house orators between the eyes, and said coolly to him : ‘Sir, if you have not cleared out by the time I have emptied my tankard, I will break it over your head.’ So said, so done. And while the affrighted customers were exchanging glances : ‘Waiter, what do I owe you for the mug I have just broken over this gentleman’s head?’

“Such was always this great man’s way. He never broke glasses or windows without having first warned all the world beforehand. Hence for a long time they refused to take him seriously, called him a chatterbox, an empty pate.

“At Paris they likened him to the pike which sets the fish scurrying, and said to themselves : ‘It is we will do the fishing.’ They have had, methinks, to lower their tone since then. It is often a great help to mastery for a statesman to possess qualities the most widely at variance with the temperament of the nation that he governs. What service has it not done Bismarck in a country so

reticent, moderate, well-drilled, and straight-laced as Prussia, to be the possessor of that extraordinary recklessness, that supreme insolence of behaviour and language, which proclaims the perfect liberty of a mind abounding in ideas and rich in combinations, a mind which, sure of its goal, is ever ready to adopt a novel course, which binds itself to no system, seizes the opportunity by the forelock, lives from hand to mouth, and, so to speak, invents expedients on the spur of the moment, according as its means permit—a mighty *maestro*, a great virtuoso, whose political course is one perpetual improvisation! ‘That head is stuffed full of plans!’”

* * *

I do not think that incidents such as that of Auteuil are of a kind to keep the ship afloat. The cry is: “It is a crime!” It is difficult to hold otherwise. In the papers they tell the story in different fashions—as many versions as there are reporters. Here, it would seem, is the true one. Pierre Bonaparte works on a Corsican paper, *L’Avenir*, a very militant one. In it he attacked the Republicans in a very outrageous tone, threatening to have their guts cut out of them. He was answered, and the leader of the Bar at Bastia reminded him that in 1848 he sat among the “Mountain,” accusing him of shameless tergiversation. Hence a bitter polemic in Corsica. It found an echo in Paris in Rochefort’s *Marseillaise*. Pierre thought he would please the Emperor by sending the representative of the famous *Lanterne* a challenge in outrageous terms. Rochefort accepted the meeting and sent his seconds to Auteuil. In the meanwhile another Parisian journalist, Pascal Grousset, himself a Corsican, had commissioned two of his friends, Ulrich de Fonvel and Victor Noir, to go and demand explanations of Pierre. The latter received them with contumely. An altercation ensued, and Bonaparte, in a fury, could not keep from slapping Victor Noir, though others say it was the latter who dealt the blow. At the same moment Bonaparte fired at Noir point-blank and killed him.

The former was arrested by order of the Emperor,

but a perfect whirlwind of indignation has been let loose in Paris. I very much fear this revolver-bullet has struck the Empire itself, and I hear revolt muttering already.

The Emperor is very angry with Prince Pierre. He was not a man the Emperor received, but he opened his privy purse to him, and this the cousin drew on with both hands. His allowance rose between 1868 and 1869 to 100,000 frs. The Emperor was, indeed, generous to all members of the Imperial Family. Princess Anna Murat, Duchesse de Mouchy, received very large sums of money from him.

* * *

January 11th.—The *Marseillaise* has appeared bordered in black. In it Rochefort issues a call to arms. Uproar in the House.

* * *

January 12th.—I have just witnessed the funeral of Victor Noir. There were 100,000 spectators. They sang the "*Marseillaise*." Anger played in the looks of all. The troops had to interfere at the Champs-Élysées. Rochefort, less bold in the street than in his paper, made off; but Paris remains in a ferment.

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January 22nd.—Rochefort is sentenced to three months' imprisonment for inciting to a breach of the peace.

* * *

February 7th.—Rochefort arrested and taken to Sainte-Pélagie.

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February 8th.—Yes, I was right. A storm is brewing. Blanqui, Eude, and Granger have tried to provoke a rising. Happily, few joined them, and the affair failed. Over three hundred rioters have been arrested. I cannot help seeing that the people are only waiting for an opportunity for a general insurrection.

And Ollivier, what is he doing? What irony! He is canvassing for his election to the Academy! He is wholly taken up with visits to this end.

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February 11th.—Another symptom of ferment. A demagogue, a workman named Mégy, whom they were going to arrest for taking part in the riot, I believe, killed an Inspector of Police with a pistol-shot. Plotting still goes on.

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March 25th.—Another false step. The judges at Tours have acquitted Pierre Bonaparte. As a counter-blast, Gustave Flourens has proclaimed the Republic at La Villette.

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Undated.—Ollivier is struggling in the midst of difficulties. The measures he takes to secure public tranquillity are abortive. His edifice of the Constitutional Empire is cracking and crumbling before ever it is finished. In the House he has against him not only the avowed enemies of the Emperor, but also the Moderate Liberals. Thiers is playing a dangerous game. He does not take sides with the Revolutionaries, but he works for their success: let him take care! Revolution is a slippery thing. Ollivier is also at grips with the Press. Strange to say, instead of muzzling it, he lets it bark. The papers may say what they please. All they are forbidden to do is to attack the Emperor personally, to become the apologists of crime, to foster insubordination to the laws, or incite the Army to breaches of discipline. They forget that to give an inch is always to tempt people to take an ell before long.

* * *

March 28th.—The Emperor wishes to get a fresh hold. All the better. He has determined to retemper his strength in a fresh *plébiscite*, which shall confirm the

verdict of that of 1852. In the House the opposition is becoming more and more marked. Picard, Jules Favre, Jules Simon, Jules Grèvy (all the Juleses), and Léon Gambetta are its principal champions. The Ministry still has command of a crushing majority—225 votes to 43; it is sure of passing the Orders of the Day, which conduce to its policy, but it feels itself disunited. Buffet and Daru kick against discussing all and everything that Ollivier plans. I am expecting them to resign.

* * *

Undated.—A *senatus consultum* has determined the attributes of the Executive and the sanctions which should dictate their action. The *plébiscite* which is to ratify this *senatus consultum* will be held on May 8th. The Emperor has issued a fresh Proclamation to the country. I pick out this passage: "You will conjure (by giving an affirmative vote) the threats of Revolution, you will establish on a firm basis Order and Liberty, and you will make more easy in the future the demise of the Crown to my son. You were all but unanimous, eighteen years ago, in conferring on me the most extensive powers: be not less so to-day in remaining faithful to the transmission of the Imperial order of things. As for me, true to my origin, I shall imbue myself with your thoughts, I shall strengthen myself by your will, and, trusting in Providence, shall not cease to labour without remission for the greatness and the prosperity of France."

Yes, I love such language, and I protest that it is sincere. The pamphleteers rally him, but Napoleon III. can say, as did Napoleon I.: "I may be fated to supply scribblers with daily bread, but I have little fear of being their victim." He is right—to work for the greatness and prosperity of the country is his task; he has no other, and he performs it.

* * *

May 10th.—The *plébiscite* has resulted in a compact and solid majority for the Emperor—7,257,379 votes for, 1,530,000 against. These latter for the most part

voice the feelings of the great cities, Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, and Nantes, where hostility is fostered by Republicans, Socialists, Orleanists, and Legitimists. Agitators are at work among the people, and even the troops. A fresh conspiracy has been discovered, which is known to be the work of demagogues. A certain number of soldiers have gone to the polls at the prompting of these fellows. These defections are known to the Emperor, but they do not change his feelings of affection for the troops, and he has openly declared so in a letter to Marshal Canrobert. There was an attempt at raising barricades. They were quickly carried by General Lebrun, who has been congratulated by the Emperor.

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May 20th.—To-day were handed to the Emperor the official results of the *plébiscite*. The ceremony took place with due solemnity in the Salle des États at the Louvre. The Place du Carrousel presented a dazzling and impressive spectacle. All the dignitaries of the Empire in full gala, Generals, Judges, High Officials, all were assembled there. The Emperor was greeted with acclamations. When he had taken his place under the canopy, the President of the Corps Législatif, M. Schneider, harangued the Monarch to this effect: "Sire, France is with you; she places the cause of Liberty under the protection of your House and the Estates of the Realm." The Imperial Speech in reply produced a great effect. People admired its simplicity and good sense. In declaring that he desired no policy save that which lies in showing strength by moderation, in not deviating from the Liberal course he has marked out for himself, and rallying round the Constitution, which the country has ratified afresh, the honest men of all parties, he has traced a programme which should give satisfaction to all well-disposed minds. This declaration found its approval in the unanimity of the plaudits.

* * *

The *plébiscite* is without doubt a triumph for the

Empire, but it has likewise another significance. It betokens the defeat of all those who had cherished the hope of making their polemics and their incitements to violence prevail. They may realize now how little effect their machinations have on a people careful of its true interests. They are beaten and deserve this decisive check in all respects. Now, though defeat is not always a proof of error, when it is well deserved it becomes significant. I notice meanwhile that the wind is blowing a gale in the Liberal camp, where all agree in saying that Ollivier is not the man for the situation. It is very certain that the Ministry lacks method and authority in the House, and that abroad the public loudly condemns it.

* * *

Undated.—I come back of necessity to my idea that "Liberal Imperialism" is a mistake. A Parliamentary Constitution will bring the Emperor to ruin. Our master has let himself be caught by the reasonings of Ollivier, and closed his ears to the prudent and wise counsels of Rouher, when the latter pointed out to him that concessions made to the Opposition were likely to dishearten those whom the growing prosperity of the country had won over to the régime in force from 1852 to 1860. Another voice, that of Persigny, whose devotion to Napoleon cannot be disputed, was raised to lay before him the fact that, in laying aside the policy followed since the new birth of the Empire, they could not fail to entangle themselves in a blind alley. The Emperor chose, none the less, to persevere in his optimism. I remember that expressive phrase of his: "I do not mean to shake the ground which so many years of quiet and prosperity have rendered firm. I only make it the more solid by drawing closer my relations with the great Estates of the Realm, by providing my fellow citizens with fresh guarantees, and, lastly, by setting the coping-stone on the structure raised by the will of the Nation." A noble saying which interprets the constant thought of Napoleon, and emanates from his kindness of heart. For he is sovereignly kind-hearted, and it is this kindness which urges him

to conciliation. He desires to govern by appeasing, and thinks he can base his administration on what he calls civil largesses. I am on free enough terms with him to have drawn his attention to the fact that such tendencies can only exist in theory, and that to wish to apply them in practice is pure phantasy. While he restores to the Press the privileges of the Common Law, and lets any harangues whatever be delivered as the spirit moveth at "meetings," he does not notice that his enemies continue to wage unrelenting war and sharpen their hatred against him. All that he really does is to supply his opponents with weapons. I have visited the clubs of the Salle Molière and the Vieux Chêne, I have heard their orators, I have seen fists brandished, and I know against whom. I have read all the articles in the newspapers, all the pamphlets. These scribblers are grown doubly daring. All pour out their invectives without restraint or moderation. "Vilify, vilify," said Basile. "You may be sure some of the mud will stick." What Peyrat writes in *L'Avenir*, Rochefort in the *Lanterne*, Hugo or Vacquerie in the *Rappel*, and Pelletan in the *Tribune*, is commented on at Belleville, La Chapelle, and Montmartre. They let it all pass, and they are wrong—wrong, I repeat. The Emperor's good nature hurries him along a course where all is peril. Yes, it is right that France should enjoy her will—that means the liberty of the Nation and that of the Emperor; but there are two liberties—one that is based on the warranty of duties as well as rights, that which expands without threatening the keystone of the edifice, and which acts honestly in the general interest; then that which attacks, reviles, blackens, sows disorder, and stirs up the mud that it may fish in troubled waters. From this evil liberty we were freed by the Constitution of 1852; the new Constitution can only reopen the gates to it. The Liberal Ministry, by lending it a hand, is turning the engine on to a broken rail. I am afraid, aye sore afraid, that the boiler may burst. I have frankly expressed my fears to the Emperor. He only gazed on me without answering, with the gentle glance which reflects so well the depth of his soul. And I did not venture to insist.

CHAPTER XIV

WAR AND DISASTER

A retrospect: Marshal Niel—An historic sitting—*Alea jacta est!*—To Berlin! To Berlin!—Popular enthusiasm—Street scenes; an unlucky remark—Marshal Lebœuf: "Ready to the last gaiter-button"—The Emperor goes to the front with the Prince Imperial—He looks depressed—Hopes and fears—First news of the war: the victory of Saarbrück—At the Sorbonne—Bismarck, the Prussian Machiavelli—Weissenburg! Wörth! Forbach! Reichshofen!—Fall of the Ollivier Ministry—Violent attacks on the Empress—Smith—Talk with a wounded officer—Causes of the French disasters—Sedan, and after—The truth about the capitulation.

June 1870.—A sympathetic face rises before my memory. I dream of Marshal Niel, who passed away last year. His was a great mind unhappily misunderstood. He had from his youth employed his rare abilities in studying what is all-important to a great Nation—the preparation for war during peace. At the Ecole Polytechnique and the École d'Application at Metz his attention was especially fixed on the works of Jomini, Stein, and Scharnhorst. His campaigning in Algeria, Italy, and the Crimea, the part he took in the battles of Magenta and Solferino, his inclusion in the Ministry, where he replaced Marshal Randon, had enabled him to get a very close view of our military resources, and what measures were needed to secure their superiority over those of other countries. The Emperor well knew the patriotic enthusiasm of this chosen spirit. He knew that Niel was guided by nothing but clear realization of the facts, and he took delight in working with him. The two planned together the reorganization of our complements, the shrinkage of which was incontestable.

He held that we needed to raise our Army with the colours to 1,200,000 men, fortify the Eastern frontier for defence, arrange the transport of troops by railway, provide the men with the excellent "Chassepots" which had done such wonders, manufacture mitrailleuses—in a word, neglect no single precautionary measure. All this was merely prudence of the most rudimentary kind. But his voice only cried in the wilderness. The Opposition smothered him under paradoxes. They revived the commonplaces about the uselessness of standing armies, the danger of turning France into one huge barracks. Niel said, though to little purpose: "Beware you don't turn it into one vast cemetery." And he added: "An army cannot be improvised. When you come to want one, you may chance to look for it too late." He knew that Prussia could muster 1,300,000 men apart from Landwehr and Landsturm, and not counting the contingents of the other German States. Rouher confirmed his figures, but the House was deaf to these statistics, and cheered the rejoinders of Thiers, who kept crying: "You must not trust the phantasmagoria of figures. France may breathe freely behind her Army of 440,000 men." Niel showed the necessity of voting a war estimate of 15,000,000 frs. They voted 4,000,000, and the papers laughed heartily at the alarmist prognostications. Alas! Niel is dead, and who will have the courage now to speak as he did?

* * *

July 6th.—I have just been present at an historical sitting. Within the memory of man there was never one more thrilling or more poignant, so how understand this blindness in the face of grim realities? So no one knows what Prussia is, and what we must expect from this war!

* * *

July 19th.—*Alea jacta est!* The die is cast! In a few days our brave troops will encounter the German hordes. This very day the ultimatum sent by the

Emperor to Prussia will reach its destination. The popular enthusiasm is tremendous. Several times over I have passed on my way bands of workmen or small shopkeepers drawn from the very antipodes, from all sections of political parties and all creeds, and all unite in one impulse of ardent patriotism. The demonstrations to which this frenzied populace gives vent, the enthusiastic cries that it utters, "To Berlin! To Berlin!" are a clinching proof of the vitality of French energy, which is there maugre the reckless campaign of destruction carried on for some years by the Picards, Favres, and Gambettas, and other detractors of the governing faction.

The good sense of the people soon prevails over the clumsy attempts of these "disarmers," of these shameful advocates of peace at any price. With a masterful sweep of the broom it has swept away, to the last and most contemptible vestige, whatever had debilitated its vigorous constitution. "To Berlin! To Berlin!" This shout, which a moment ago broke out under my windows, fills me with delight. Not that there is in me that warlike ardour that dreams of nothing but wounds and bruises. Alas! with me the heroic age is no more than a memory. I am growing old, my strength deserts me, and of my truculent youth, with its bold and rash exploits, there remains with me nothing but the memory.

* * *

The demonstrations in the street only grow more frequent and more uproarious every day. The petty tradesman does not disdain to hob and nob with the horny-handed working man, and the privileged classes feel that a like ardour prompts them to join hands with the members of a lower social caste; folks forget differences, they level the barriers raised by custom, to give themselves up solely to the need of displaying to the country and the Sovereign the ardent patriotism which stirs their hearts.

* * *

The Opposition has run to earth. There are no counter-demonstrations. Lucky for them; else they would be torn to pieces! At most, certain papers, unworthy of the French names they bear, venture to speak of "vamped-up demonstrations" and "police manœuvres." The soul of the true France, which throbs in unison, is there to give them the lie direct.

* * *

I was present this morning at a scene never to be forgotten. I was on the knifeboard of an omnibus. Everybody was speaking at once. There was only one subject of conversation. A gentleman said: "The war! Supposing it was to end in a defeat for France?" There was but one shout: they seized the man and threw him from the top of the moving omnibus on to the pavement. I can quite believe it killed him.

* * *

Undated.—The Corps Législatif, which gave its voice all but unanimously for war, has deserved well of the country. It has not allowed itself to be caught in the clumsy trap laid for it by the alarmists; it has mocked at the hypocritical and cowardly pronouncements of the unreasoning advocates of a shameful peace.

The military frankness of the Minister of War easily triumphed over the interested warnings of those sowers of panic. "We are ready, and more than ready," declared Marshal Lebœuf; "not a gaiter-button is missing."

As its wont is, the Opposition seized hold of this expression of a soldier—the last man in the world to blink the truth—and tries to turn it into ridicule. For my part, I hate these idiotic attacks. Apart from their discrediting a man of worth, and serving no good purpose, they more often than not result in giving an ill name to our leaders and ourselves.

But there is no arguing with fanatics. The Opposition acts up to its character; it falls on men when it cannot attack measures. As it could not, without losing the little prestige it has, make head against the opinion

of the great majority of Frenchmen, it contents itself with discharging its venomous arrows at the Minister of War. The sarcasms which greeted Marshal Lebœuf's dictum can do him no harm. France and the Emperor trust in him. I doubt not that he will show himself fit to cope with events ; and, just as he has played his part in making ready for war, will continue to do the same in organizing victory.

Without being a strategist or such a master of method as Niel—whom we all regret at this fateful juncture—Lebœuf, with the Macmahons, Bazaines, Canroberts, Failyys, and Frossards about him, and with the Emperor for adviser, may rest assured that victory will smile on the deathless cause of France.

* * *

July 29th.—Yesterday the Emperor took leave of the Empress at Saint-Cloud. With the Prince Imperial he betook himself to the head of his troops, ready as ever to do his duty to the utmost.

* * *

I had a good opportunity of seeing him close, but could not speak to him. He seemed anxious. It is in vain that I have tried to blind my powers of seeing. No matter what pains I have taken to constrain myself to fancy the contrary, or find a plausible pretext for the Emperor's melancholy, always that piercing thought recurs to my mind, always that beloved countenance is before my eyes again, always I see his dimmed with an air of profound melancholy.

It is no use my telling myself that the grief of parting with the Empress, the increasingly violent attacks of the Opposition, Rochefort and Victor Hugo, are reasons sufficient to harass him ; I cannot succeed in reassuring myself.

* * *

I would fain have seen a Napoleon full of life—defiant, sure of the morrow. I only saw a man weighed

down by the burden of responsibility, and, it may be, of domestic troubles. Or rather, I suppose I saw the Emperor through the prism of my own thoughts. Hence this deceptive image. I am nervous and irritable, to be sure; the Republican papers, by their incessant attacks and innuendoes, cause a certain confusion in my soul. Ollivier, Marshal Lebœuf, and the Duc de Grammont are subject every day to more furious onslaughts. Letters are published which go to prove that the Minister of War, in his famous speech, went counter to the truth. It would seem there is more than a gaiter-button missing.

But these are mere polemics. I know not why, but I trust that God will smile on our armies—yet more and more I deplore the death of Marshal Niel.

* * *

August 3rd.—At last! The first news, and that of victory! I feel as if an immense weight has been lifted from me. I breathe more freely. The French forces have behaved well in presence of the enemy; the Emperor and the Prince Imperial set the troops an example of valour and courage which will win them the ever more and more sincere and lasting affection of their subjects.

This first encounter was awaited by all with harrowing and feverish suspense. The slowness of the mobilization seemed to afford some confirmation to the opponents of this Empire, who sought repeatedly but vainly to shake and undermine the edifice built up by the will, the unbiassed will, of the French people.

The telegram in which the Emperor announces the victory of Saarbrück has evoked the keenest excitement in Paris and throughout France. Popular enthusiasm has given free rein to overflowing rejoicing. Strangers meeting in the street drink to the good news and the hopes of future victories; literally intoxicated, this crowd exults over the triumph of our arms.

* * *

A perfectly authentic story has been told me. At the Sorbonne it was examination day for the *baccalauréat*.

Two candidates sat facing the examiners. They were not answering satisfactorily. Suddenly the Secretary burst into the Hall. He held a telegram, which he read out in a shaking voice. Enthusiasm among all present. And then the Chief Examiner said to the candidates : "Gentlemen, you have passed !"

* * *

In face of this outburst of popular enthusiasm the detractors of the Imperial Family have had to content themselves with recording the victory without comment. At most, this paper or that says something about exaggeration or mystification.

What a sad business politics are ! So here are Frenchmen who, through party hatred, come not to share in the general joy, because the victories won by our arms will lend fresh lustre to the Imperial Crown.

I love my country too well to suppose there is a Frenchman abject enough to call down upon us the Divine malediction ; but does not the fact of remaining indifferent in face of a triumph achieved by our gallant troops afford proof of a special perverseness ?

And Bismarck, that Prussian Macchiavelli, did he not take it into account, was he not cognizant of such perverseness, when he made his King say he had "not declared war against France, but against the Empire" ? As if the two were not one and the same thing ! No ; our political differences will not get the better of our patriotism, and to-morrow, maybe, in face of a victory more dearly bought, our gratitude will go out as a matter of course to our valiant soldiers and their gallant chiefs, and above all, to this Emperor who does his duty so simply and so grandly, yet without a trace of empty ostentation.

* * *

August 10th, 1870.—Weissenburg ! Wörth ! Forbach ! Reichshofen ! All of them Prussian victories, dearly bought as those of Pyrrhus, but victories none the less ! French soil invaded, our soldiers in retreat ! This is

what a few months of the Ollivier Ministry have brought us to. It is always childish, and often unseemly, to choose out a man as scapegoat, and put on him all the disasters that may befall. Hence I have, consistently for my part, repudiated that sort of excuse, which lies in saying: "It's so and so's fault," or "It's so and so else's fault." But in face of the cruel fact, which lies patent under our eyes, and which we find it hard to believe, so undeserved is it, I do feel myself constrained to recall the presentiments I always harboured against that bastard system which they pompously and mendaciously christened "Liberal Imperialism."

More than once, with the candour of an old sharer of good and bad fortunes and battles, I took the liberty to confide my distrust to the Emperor. It was no use my repeating to him that this "whited sepulchre bodes no good in my eyes." Napoleon did no more than smile that tender, indulgent smile of his, and by a kind word put a check on my anger.

He desired the good of his people. He artlessly believed that, by letting the attacks of the Opposition have more play, he would gradually win back to his side all those "black sheep." He did nothing but lower his authority, and dim the real prestige that his acts and words exercised over public opinion.

The phrase is only an ill-chosen expression, which none the less is apt to lead the ignorant herd to believe that between 1852 and 1869 the Empire was the reverse of "Liberal." Nevertheless, there are few epochs in history when France has shone with a like lustre, and in which the general prosperity has been greater.

Without having recourse to the nostrums of an Ollivier, he had fully succeeded in compassing the happiness of his people. His evil star willed that he should come to doubt it, and think it wise to call in a Minister chosen from the Opposition of yesterday. As I foresaw, this Ministry was bound by too many ties to its followers of the day before, and it lacked authority to carry to a conclusion the great work of reform so worthily initiated by Marshal Niel. In spite of his most urgent

representations, the Minister of War was never able to obtain from this degenerate House the credits essential to the national defence.

* * *

It is too late at the present hour to remedy the disabilities resulting from such a state of things. Recriminations are of no use. We must, with a single impulse of self-abnegation, call a truce to our political struggles. United in the bonds of an enlightened patriotism, our duty, the duty of each one of us, is clearly marked out. Let us rally in serried ranks round the tricolour and those who defend that precious emblem. Let us forget our differences, set our ideal higher, and manfully repel the Barbarians that are knocking at our gates. There is yet time to forget our barren bickerings and retemper our metal in the vitality, the lightning energy, that is the true heritage of our race.

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Undated.—The Ollivier Ministry has fallen. Thus, instead of giving it time to recover the blows it had suffered, a coalition of self-seeking opponents has driven it from power. This office-hunting, which at the best of times has something shameless and scandalous about it, assumes at a juncture like the present a still more sinister aspect. It reveals in us a morbid condition of mind, a moral collapse, which is well calculated to astonish—I might even say, to scandalize. I have always been a determined opponent of this Ministry, but I should think shame if I sought to oppose and harass it at a time when the enemy threatens us, and has one foot in our beautiful land of France.

The Opposition did not realize how odious was the part it played, and it profited by our discomfiture to climb to power. Will it bring victory back to us, and will Palikao indeed prove equal to his task? These are momentous questions.

* * *

It is consoling to know that the situation is not as

desperate as the alarmists would assert. The army is effecting its retreat in good order, and the enemy only advances very cautiously and slowly. This will give us time to mass all our forces and make them ready to withstand a fresh shock—a decisive one this time, and one on which the issue of the whole war will turn.

* * *

Undated.—The great “Republican” politicians are reproaching the Emperor now with not managing to avoid the war; again, they reproach him with having failed to nurse the Italian and Austrian alliances, with having kept troops in Rome and posed as the champion of St. Peter. The attacks on the Empress are, if possible, still more violent. They like to dub her contumeliously “the Spaniard,” just as a century ago they reviled another queen, whom they venomously styled “the Austrian.”

* * *

Paris is beginning to be uneasy about the lack of news from the theatre of war. Is something being hidden from us? A fresh disaster? The Government is very ill-advised in playing thus with public opinion. It is better to tell the truth plainly and squarely than to allow the falsest rumours, rumours that breed panic, to circulate.

* * *

Yesterday I met Smith, and we had a chat. I confided to him my fears, my forebodings. I told him how much the appointment of Trochu had astonished me, and that I did not think much either of the military abilities or the moral qualities of that courtier.

Smith contented himself with smiling in a knowing way, called me pessimist, and told me they had the best news from the army, that it was full of dash, that MacMahon was an eagle, Bazaine a thunderbolt of war, and Trochu a magnificent fellow. Then, suddenly remembering an appointment, he left me with the smile still on his lips.

* * *

This conversation annoyed me deeply. I should like to believe what my informant said, and would give much to smile as he does ; but something dim, vague and secret tells me that my pessimism is justifiable.

I remember, in spite of myself, the reception the Emperor gave my words in days gone by. He too smiled. He believed in his advisers ; the subtle rhetoric of Ollivier and other Court pedants had got the better of his consummate goodness of heart. Led away by flattering speeches and unmeaning phrases, the Emperor let himself be lulled to sleep, and—painful though the admission is to me—neglected to watch the doings of his Ministers. He who for years had kept a firm hand on all that concerned the defence of the country let himself be deceived by the honeyed promptings of the men on whom the shame of the present hour will devolve.

To make a Lebœuf succeed a Niel, an Ollivier a Rouher ! God grant that the Emperor may not have to regret the error too deeply.

* * *

August 15th, 1870.—Yesterday I had a visit from Colonel Fréchaux, his arm in a sling, for he was struck by a splinter of shell which inflicted a deep flesh wound. He came to give me news of the war, quite fresh. I drank in his words eagerly, and literally hung upon his lips. He has the bluff frankness of the soldier, and did not fail to post me up about everything, with tears in his voice. My grief increased to see the sorrow of this old fire-eater, and together we wept over the woes of our country.

Without sparing the persons he arraigned, yet without malice, the gallant Colonel told me some grievous secrets. According to him, our first reverses were due to the slowness of the mobilization, to the almost entire want of method in the supply branches of the Service, the weak complements of the units, and the total lack of, or poor quality of, all munitions of war. Moreover, a great number of young officers know nothing of their profession,

they have no training in their own particular branch, and for the most part have no merit of any sort, save knowing how to die bravely.

Lastly—and this is still more serious—comes the suppressed ill-will which obtains in high military circles. That is a repulsive fact and one which will do us more harm than five German army-corps. Fréchaux quoted instances to me : the want of unanimity of co-operation which exists among our Marshals brought on us, he says, the reverses of Weissenburg, Forbach, and Freschweiler. He quoted to me—under the seal of secrecy—the observation attributed to a certain Marshal whose aide-de-camp asked whether they ought not to go to the support of Frossard, who was attacked by greatly superior forces : “Bah ! Let him be. He’ll get out of it all right by himself.”

I should like to be able to doubt the authenticity of these scandalous tales, and so would the Colonel. But I must yield to the evidence of well-vouched facts which demonstrate as clearly as the day the lack of cohesion and unity among our leaders. Where will their jealousy and selfish ambition not lead them ? And in all these rivalries between individuals and cliques, what becomes of the Emperor and France ?

As my informant took leave of me, he informed me that beyond a doubt the guns were going to thunder this very day . . . and we both of us offered up to God a fervent prayer for the success of French arms.

* * *

September 7th, 1870.—It is with a sore, sore heart that I write these few lines. For a fortnight I have refrained from setting down all the turmoil of my heart ; my pen refused to detail the painful feelings which overwhelm us. What has happened these last few days far surpasses the most gloomy forebodings.

Who could ever have dreamed that in a single day a crown as firmly established as that of the second of the Bonapartes would come tumbling down before the mere onrush of a few fanatics ? How could it have been

supposed that of the eight millions of Frenchmen who but a few months ago gave proof of their fidelity to the Emperor, not so much as a few paltry hundreds would be found to withstand the audacious effort of the Opposition?

Even after Waterloo the great Emperor had a few days' respite, and, if against his will he had to resign himself to an abdication, at least he was only compelled to do so by the pressure of foreign armies. France never denied him, and if there were defections and treasons among those about him, the First of the Name could at least in his secret heart cherish the conviction that the French people would never forget him. His glory was bound up with that of France, and his misfortunes cannot but wound to the quick that high-minded, enthusiastic and haughty Nation.

How, then, account to myself for that sudden abandonment which the day after Sedan assumed such proportions as we know?

My master restored to France that warlike glory which it had been weaned from during the Restoration and the July Monarchy. The campaigns in the Crimea, China, Italy, and Mexico will ever have their place in military annals. The well-being of the agricultural and working classes, the favourite care of this high-souled Sovereign, is it all clean forgotten?

* * *

A month ago an enthusiastic crowd was acclaiming and swearing fealty to him. The war with Prussia is not, whatever they may say, his personal work. It was desired by the whole nation, which saw with alarm the predominating part that Kingdom sought to play in Europe. The Emperor in defending the just cause of the maintenance of the balance of power only made his own these guiding ideas which were astir in the breast of every Frenchman.

And it was enough, then, that an unforeseen defeat should come and cause confusion in their minds, for this people to rally to the standard of the demagogues and

overthrow with headlong precipitation a past compact of heroic traditions and happy fortunes, and rich in abundant promises for the future!

I am paralysed in face of such a cataclysm. The expression is not too strong. To witness thus, within three days, and that, alas! helplessly, the defeat and capitulation of Sedan, the captivity of my master, the overthrow of the existing Power, the flight of the Empress, and the proclamation of this Republic of rebels and intriguers!

* * *

The most preposterous stories, adroitly put about by the Revolutionary Press, have been current as to the fighting at Sedan. MacMahon and the Emperor have been torn to pieces by the scribblers of the new dispensation. There has been talk of treachery, the words "poltroon" and "coward" have been bandied. No more was needed for the people of Paris, suborned by traitors and incapable of appreciating the true situation, to give way to those frantic outbursts of violence which have become familiar to it, and of which it seems to make a sport.

The insurrection might have been speedily put down and order re-established but for the hideous treason of that ill-omened Trochu, who has made a mock of his word and his oath with a recklessness inconceivable in a man of honour.

But what is the good of arguing? We are face to face with a state of things on which it is impossible to go back for the present. The Government of National Defence takes up henceforth the heavy task of defending our soil in face of the invader. Our liberties and our future are in its hands. It would be too much to hope for an energy that might evoke new forces, and one can only see in this agglomeration a crowd of politicians on the make, thirsty to satisfy their own selfish appetites! Verily the hour for dividing the spoils has struck! Poor France! the rulers thou hast chosen thee in an hour of madness and despair will not be long ere they have

brought thee to thy final ruin ! The jackals have scented the savour of blood, and have gathered to the feast of death !

* * *

Undated.—The truth is beginning to gain currency, and soon no more will be left of the foolish and calumnious fairy-tales that the Governmental Press were for ever concocting at their good pleasure touching the noble prisoner.

It is now fully vouched—and the testimony is indisputable—that Napoleon bore himself more than gallantly at Sedan. Always in the breach, keeping his saddle for hours in spite of terrible sufferings, he never ceased to set an admirable example of bravery and resolution above that of party.

Contrary to what I feared, the Provisional Government has not capitulated in face of the German threats, but has proudly unfurled the flag of France, and a fresh tide seems to swell throughout the country, and to carry before it almost everywhere a revival of patriotism and energy. Fresh hosts spring out of the earth ; from all parts they gather in haste to enlist, and sell the national honour dearly. The soul of our France is not yet dead, and the oppressor may in no long time to come witness with alarm this sudden reawakening of French vitality.

* * *

A mere fabrication, likewise, is the legend which makes of him the one person responsible for the capitulation. It is now beyond dispute that it was on the opinion, unanimously expressed by thirty-two Generals who were present at the last Council of War, that the supreme decision was arrived at.

And if the Emperor, on the other hand, declined the offer of General de Wimpffen to make a road for him through the enemy's ranks, it was purely in obedience to the dictates of a noble and disinterested humanity. He did not wish thousands of men to be slaughtered to

ensure him a safe retreat. He preferred captivity to a holocaust of hundreds upon hundreds of his subjects.

* * *

Ah! how well I know the leading sentiment that has ever inspired the Emperor in all the actions of his heroic life—to wit, goodness of heart. He had far rather lose his popularity than cause noble blood to be shed.

Moreover, he no doubt believed in the good faith of a Bismarck and a Moltke, and thought that, once he was a prisoner, France would thenceforth be relieved from the hateful yoke of the alien.

“We are not making war against France, but the Emperor,” was an expression of William’s that, it would seem, had great weight in the balancing of Napoleon’s decision. Alas! he was soon to realize Prussian duplicity, and that his sacrifice was to bear no other fruit but giving rise to a change of Government. I must on this head make the *amende honorable*. I do not hesitate to do so, having always set the principles of justice and equity above all others.

CHAPTER XV

CHISLEHURST—"ULTIMA VERBA"

The Emperor arrives at Dover—Camden Place, Chislehurst; tender associations—The Baron d'Ambès visits the fallen Sovereign—Gloomy thoughts; he finds distraction in study—Reminiscences of Wilhelmshöhe—Illness increases—The Baron sees his friend for the last time; "the shadow of himself"—An operation—An alarming telegram—A house of mourning—The Emperor is dead!

March 20th, 1871.—I have been waiting three hours at Dover. Smith had written to me that the Emperor had left Wilhelmshöhe, bound for Cassel. From there he would make for Ostend and embark for England. "You would not know him again," he said. With my eyes fixed on the horizon, I questioned some sailors—they are men who understand the omens of the sea. "Not a bad passage," was their answer; "but they will be late." Then I uttered a cry of joy. Here was the packet. I caught sight of the Imperial family, which had just arrived to receive the exile. The Empress and Prince Imperial ran forward to meet him. A vast crowd had collected on the landing-stage. There were cries in French and English of "Vive l'Empéreur!" "Vive l'Impératrice!" Old friends gathered round him. I drew near. He held out his hands to everybody. He caught sight of me, and our glances crossed. I read his looks—we do not need words to interpret our thoughts. The Empress and Prince Imperial embraced him passionately. He pressed them to his heart, but was silent. An eloquent silence!

A special train was waiting for them. They are bound for Chislehurst.

Chislehurst—the very name tells of romance. It was

there, at Camden Place, that English maiden of the Books of Beauty lived, Miss Emmy Bowles, who once upon a time, years ago, had touched his heart. Who knows what goes to frame men's destinies? When he came to see her four-and-twenty years ago, when in graceful idyll they outlined there together a love poem that only lacked its closing canto, could they foresee that this very drawing-room, so rife for him with memories, would one day harbour him in his downfall?

I have been told that an eccentric gentleman bought the house at Chislehurst under a sort of prevision or premonition of what was to happen. He felt sure that Napoleon would end, like his predecessor, by being dethroned, and would come, like him, to seek an asylum in England.

He was not mistaken. And, that nothing might upset or belie his calculations, he sold the house a fortnight ago to the Empress.

It will not be an Imperial residence, but faithful friendships will be a consolation for reverses of fortune. The bare reality will be glozed over by the attendance of a suite. Maret, the Duke of Bassano, Corvisart, Clary, and Piétri remain about their Sovereign. A phantom of Sovereignty!

* * *

April 5th.—I have seen the Emperor twice. He still feels the wound at his heart which so saddened me in these interviews. His soul is deeply lacerated. What he feels most bitterly is his disillusion as to the sincerity of men and nations. He believed that the free suffrages of France several times renewed with the same enthusiasm were the expression of an imperturbable conviction, that the demonstrations of foreign Governments and the protestations of their representatives were prompted by genuine good-will, and now he has before him nothing whatever but the sickening spectacle of treachery and desertion. To be sure, Queen Victoria came and paid him a visit yesterday; but the English Cabinet, forgetting all the obligations of the alliance entered into with the

Empire, has instructed the Ambassadór of the United Kingdom to follow Gambetta, Crémieux and the other delegates of the Republic to Tours. What more especially makes him indignant is the attitude of Trochu. Not only has this "comic-opera general," as he calls him, gone over to the camp of the most bitter opponents of the Imperial cause, but he deserted the Empress when she left Paris—and that the Emperor cannot forgive a French officer for doing.

I had no difficulty in realizing how cruelly all that was written in the papers on the capitulation of Sedan and what ensued wounded the Emperor.

"My conscience is clear, my dear d'Ambès," he said to me. "No doubt they can throw on me the burden of responsibility for what happened. It is always the way with angry people—they know no bounds.

"But History will set right the injustice of these personal incriminations unsupported by proofs. When the witnesses have spoken out frankly, the truth will leap to light. We had our backs to the walls of the town and were hemmed in. There were fourteen thousand killed and wounded on the field, and to have held out longer could only have been a counsel of desperation, serving no useful purpose. Our men had fought gallantly, all had nobly done their duty.

"Honour was vindicated ; what else could be done ? Not to yield to the iron dictate of Fate would have meant giving up sixty thousand men to simple massacre, and then the holocaust would not have saved France. Officers and men would have sacrificed their lives only for a sublime piece of Quixotry. There was nothing for it but to submit to necessity. I submitted. Wimpffen declared that we could make a road for ourselves through the German ranks. He was mistaken—no such gap was practicable. I refused to let thousands of brave men be slaughtered. I consulted all the Corps Commanders. They were convinced that there was nothing for it but to hoist the white flag. I did so, and I repeat that my conscience dictated the course. It does not prick me ; I may die heartbroken, but not condemning myself."

After this lengthy confidence he relapsed into silence. I know from those about him that he shuts himself up in his silent sorrow. The Empress alone can sometimes chase the gloom from his brow.

They say that intrigues are afoot there, and that the Empress is the soul of them. Their principal aim is said to be securing the crown for Napoleon IV. I don't believe a word of these stories. The Empress has always had enemies. They accused her of having desired the war with Germany—"my war," they said she called it. Those who talk in this strain either do so in bad faith or from ignorance. I have already said by whom the war was made and with whom the fault rests. For years past, de Musset's lines had been vibrating in all French hearts, "'Tis we have held your German Rhine," and folks persuaded themselves that they needed only to give the spur to their horses for them to be wading in German blood up to the girths. It was not Ollivier only who showed a light-hearted irresponsibility. All France, through the mouth of its representatives whose votes it applauded, joined in the cry "To Berlin!"

* * *

To drive away such reflections the Emperor works. Rising before daybreak, he studies and writes. I have been allowed to see some pages of his work on the military forces of France from 1852 to 1870. He also carries on his studies on artillery, making a more precise exposition of his early views. It was with the same occupations he filled up his time at Wilhelmshöhe.

Moreover, as he has always done, he concerns himself with the improvement of the lot of the lowest classes. He has reminded me how he once spoke to me of the possibility of utilizing, to warm the garrets, the heat generated in the more favoured regions of the lower floors. The lot of the disinherited of this world is ever in his thoughts, and in the most methodical and practical shape. One more proof of the great kindness of his heart.

* * *

They assure me that at Wilhelmshöhe the Emperor, calm in the midst of adversity, never lost his self-composure for an instant. He spent his days in studying and writing, as if nothing had disturbed his peace of mind. He resumed his labours on the organization of the Army and reforms in the Artillery. He discussed the disastrous campaign of 1870 with a number of officers who were allowed to visit him.

* * *

April 10th.—I have had a fresh talk with the Emperor. He remains convinced that the millions of Frenchmen who gave an affirmative answer to the *plébiscite* of 1870 are still faithful to him. He thinks his sojourn at Chislehurst is purely temporary, and that he will soon be going back to Paris with his wife and the Prince Imperial. The duration of the Republic, he believes, will be very brief. Nevertheless, he has been keenly moved by the results of the elections after the Peace of Frankfort. For several days he brooded over them in silence; but you could guess what thoughts were astir in his brain.

* * *

April 25th.—The Emperor's complaint is becoming more serious. He is feeling the effects of the fatigues of the campaign, above all, the days he passed on horseback. He only goes short drives in the neighbourhood of Camden Place, and, on coming back, sits in an armchair by the fire, for the cold soon takes hold of him, and then he shivers. His intimates, Bassano, Corvisart, the Clarys, Conneau, and Filon, in whom he has great confidence, try to turn his thoughts by talk, in which the Empress takes a share. Sometimes visitors come from Paris—among them Rouher, who flits to and fro between France and England.

The Emperor listens, and only intervenes to correct. He loves to read over again his family papers, mainly Queen Hortense's letters. He speaks almost every day enthusiastically of Napoleon I., and blames Thiers

for having drawn an incorrect portrait of him. What angers him is the effacing of the Napoleonic emblems on the monuments in Paris, whilst those of the Bourbons have been left.

"I did not act in that way," he said. "It was by my order that the Louise-Philippe Bridge, which I replaced by a splendid stone one, was still called by the same name."

Then he added : "They hope to blot the Bonapartes out of History. It is as senseless as striking out of a text the sublime Name of God."

* * *

The Emperor often recurs to an idea which he cherishes, that of an International Congress of Arbitration. He laid down the bases of this project at the Tuileries in 1863, and submitted his wishes on the point to Queen Victoria, who approved of them. "The Tsar gave his adherence to them at the Paris Congress. I believe that this dream will become a reality.¹ Meanwhile, Palmerston declared the scheme an impossibility. But what can his opinion avail to check a flood which no dyke will stay?"

I know that the Emperor has been urged to embody his idea in a book.

"Shall I have the time to write it, my dear d'Ambès?" he asked me with a sigh. "And yet I firmly and devoutly believe that Europe will have the wisdom to listen to me one day. There has often been talk of the United States of Europe. The Arbitration Congress will bring this to pass."

* * *

September.—The doctors are uneasy. The Emperor's symptoms are more and more grave.

* * *

October 1872.—I am back from Chislehurst, where I went to perform at once the most sacred of duties and

¹ It has become a reality ; the Peace Congress of the Hague has given it form and substance.

the most harrowing of pilgrimages. I have seen the Emperor once more. He is now only the shadow of his former self. Our meeting was affecting : I shed heartfelt tears, and, in spite of superhuman efforts to control my feelings, I only succeeded with great difficulty.

When the first moments of unchecked emotion were over, the Emperor drew me gently to him ; his face was suddenly lit with an unwonted fire, and he talked to me at great length of the past. The years of his childhood, our youthful recollections, our common thoughts, and the joys we had shared—such was the main subject of our talk. You might have thought the Emperor sought to intoxicate himself by recalling his youthful ardour. For the most part I did not know what to answer, and only incoherent mutterings passed my lips : “ Oh Sire ! ” “ Ah Sire ! ” But he paid no heed to that. He talked and talked, engrossed in what he said. At times I sought to turn the discussion to the disastrous war, and uttered, in spite of myself, the names of Ollivier, Lebœuf, or Trochu ; but he left my questions unanswered. Never a word of recrimination, never a semblance of reproach, from the Monarch who in a single day lost his throne, his liberty, and his immense and fully justified popularity.

But time was passing, and already his intimates were getting surprised at the unusual length of our interview, and I had to take leave of him without having been able to tell him of the plans for the future that we, his devoted adherents, were all of us busy making to bring him back from exile.

I left Chislehurst with my heart a prey to deep dejection. I slowly came to the conviction that our idol was now no better than a sick invalid, incapable of placing himself at the head of the Imperial party. The woes of exile, added to those of captivity, had quickly triumphed over that energy that had ever shown so high a mettle. As I bowed a last time to the Emperor, suddenly I saw a vision of his approaching end, and it was with great difficulty I suppressed an agony of deep-drawn sobs that hurt me dreadfully.

* * *

January 8th, 1873.—I have not been able to see the Emperor. I was suddenly recalled to Paris. As soon as I was back in London I hastened to Chislehurst. "The Emperor receives no one," was the answer given me. I asked questions, and learned that there had been two operations. They were successful, but his state left room for uneasiness. Yet I was assured that there was a turn for the better.

The Emperor has had a good night. Conneau, Filon, Clary, and the Englishmen, Sir Henry Thompson and Sir William Gull, watched by his pillow. He asked to get up, and they seated him in an armchair, but he had to go to bed again directly. A last operation was to be performed to-day. Gull, being afraid that the patient could not bear it, ordered chloral. The Emperor refused to take it. He only consented in answer to the Empress's entreaties; but the operation is put off till the 13th.

* * *

Morning of January 9th.—I have received an alarming telegram. Clary wired me just the words "Come. Very serious." I flew to Chislehurst. I learned that the Prince Imperial, who was at Woolwich Academy, had just arrived. The whole household was in tears. I asked questions, but got no answers. I insisted, and at last got to know that the Emperor was sinking.

A sudden change took place this morning. The doctors noted a marked weakening of the pulse. The heart has almost stopped beating. They have tried all sorts of restoratives in vain. The Empress thought it necessary to send for the Abbé Goddard, who administered the last Sacraments. I did not ask to go in. Conneau came out of the sick-room in tears.

* * *

January 1873.—The Emperor is dead! My forebodings, alas! did not deceive me. That great figure is no more. So now there has passed into the domain of History the Sovereign whose chiefest quality was kind-

ness, the Emperor who gave a fresh glory to our France, the man who was untiringly pursued by the hatred of a relentless and fruitless Opposition.

He is no more, the playmate of my childhood. My friend and Sovereign alike has disappeared for ever. There are such injustices in life : would it not have been a thousand times better had it been I that was called upon to face the Divine tribunal? The Emperor had a sacred task to perform. Will his son be able to keep these obligations, which so closely bound together the fate of France and that of the Bonapartes?

THE END

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The Doll: A Happy Story.

VIOLET HUNT

Author of "White Rose of Weary Leaf," "The Wife of Altamount."

This is a story of a woman who, having been divorced once, and having lost control of her child, invents a stratagem by which, upon her re-marriage, she thinks she will be protected from a second loss of her child should she again be divorced. How the stratagem fails and how the first child that she had lost comes into her life again, and how in the end, though her stratagem has failed, she is successful all along the line owing to the employment of purely feminine weapons, it is the purpose of this novel to show.

A Prisoner in Paradise.

H. L. VAHEY

The scenes of this story are enacted in the Malay Islands and Singapore. A British agent, after years of residence on the South Sea Islands, pines for civilization, and decides to quit. The appearance of a beautiful half-caste reconciles him to remaining. Complications with the natives arise, and flight becomes the only safety of the lovers. They fly by different routes, and the man arrives at Singapore, where the vessel carrying the woman is reported lost with all hands. The tie that bound him to the Malays thus broken, he seeks the solaces of civilisation by marrying a widow. Disillusioned, after two months he quarrels with the widow, and ships back to barbarism. Unexpectedly, he finds the Malay wife returned and awaiting him, and considers himself absolved from his recent unsuccessful marriage. The book is said to possess something of the glitter and colour of Conrad's tropical tales.

When Satan took Flesh.

A. J. ANDERSON

Author of "The Romance of Fra Filippo Lippi," etc.

In this story Satan takes flesh that he may plot a second Fall. By means of Clairvoyance he bargains for possession of a young man's body, and discovers in the doctrine of the limitation of the family a new and powerful temptation by which to wreck the human race. Mr. Anderson writes with sincerity of purpose and has a thorough knowledge of his subject, and his story is worthy of the careful attention of every thoughtful mind.

The Children of Alsace.

RENE BAZIN

Author of "The Nun," "Redemption," etc.

A story of Alsace full of this famous Author's penetrative charm. It is of Alsace conquered, of those who remain loyal to France and those who compromise with the victors. Obeile is the name of a prominent Alsatian family, the head of which goes over to the winning side. Love complications arise among the younger members of the family, such as occurred in English History in the time of the Cavaliers and Roundheads. The atmosphere of Alsace under the new government is skilfully reproduced, and the conflict of racial feeling engendered admirably portrayed. The story is full of interest and excitement, and has the added charm of historical accuracy.

Between Two Stools.

RHODA BROUGHTON

Author of "Red as a Rose is She," "Cometh up as a Flower," etc.

This story deals with the situation of a man and woman—he single, she married, who have had a liaison of ten years' duration, while the woman's husband has been lying hopelessly crippled by an accident which happened before the opening of the narrative. The interest lies in the effect upon their characters, and in the emotions of hope, fear and remorse which agitate them. The situation is complicated by the apprehensions aroused by suspicion that the heroine's half-grown daughter divines something of the truth. The introduction of an unmarried girl to the hero entangles the knot still further—a knot which is untied only on the last page.

Camilla Forgetting Herself.

H. L. VAHEY

Author of "A Prisoner in Paradise."

Novels which 'lift one out of oneself,' which are not gloomy or sordid, and are not concerned with matrimonial failures, 'problems,' and the seamy side of marital life, are none too common; so that the refreshing and stimulating story of 'the incurably romantic' Camilla and her lover-husband will be hailed with delight by those who have not come to look upon marriage as a 'doubtful adventure characterized by the total surrender of freedom.' It is a humorous, 'lovely' and wholesome story, without a 'sugary flavour.' From the first page to the last line—in which Camilla tells her husband 'a great secret'—there is a spirit of Joy and Happiness pervading the book. To those of us who are still sufficiently old-fashioned to have matrimonial ideals, and a genuine belief in the existence of enduring, all-conquering love, Camilla will make a strong appeal. Though written in a light, bantering vein, the story contains an idea—a great idea, it may be—which is nothing more or less than a plea for *real* marriages; made in Heaven or otherwise, but founded, not upon legal forms, conventions and sacrifices, but upon a union of hearts. To those who found the psychology of Mr. Vahey's last book, 'A Prisoner in Paradise' (Stanley Paul) too strong, the present volume will come as a pleasant surprise.

The Bride of Love.

KATE HORN

Author of "Edward and I and Mrs. Honeybun," "Mulberries of Daphne," "The White Owl," "Lovelocks of Diana," "Ships of Desire," etc.

A love romance full of the charm which won for "Edward and I and Mrs. Honeybun" so many admirers. Psyche is a delightful heroine, whose fate is her fortune. The story tells how Psyche and her little sister, Pomander, under trying circumstances battle their way to success, and will interest all who know what it is to cherish ideals which lie outside the sphere of their environment, and who ultimately win their own reward.

The Marriage of Lenore.

ALICE M. DIEHL

Author of "A Mysterious Lover," etc.

Lenore has married more than once, and thereby hang numerous complications. Her first husband is an elderly roue, and the second, who is present at her first marriage, restores to her the bouquet which she drops, and in this act and its recognition eyes and souls meet. There is a rumour that the first husband was a bigamist. Thereupon Lenore marries her second, only to find that her first husband's *mésalliance* was no marriage and that she herself has committed bigamy. The old husband dies, and so matters are set right. The story flows on through troubles and distractions, raptures and pains, to its happy ending.

God Disposes.

PELLEW HAWKER

A novel of quick changes, rapid movements, and striking dramatic situations, which opens with the description of a dead man sitting at his library table, his hand resting on his cheque book. The surreptitious visitor who makes the discovery secures the cheque book, forges the dead man's signature, and succeeds in cashing a cheque for a large amount. On the strength of the money he poses as a rich man, pushes himself into country society, and wins the heart of Lady Angela Dawson, who is affianced to Viscount Woolmer, the son and heir of Lord Bletchford, and the elder brother of the dead man. Later he claims to be the heir to the property, but in due course is discovered and exposed. The characterisation is good, the narrative interesting and the *dénouement* all that can be desired.

The Watch Night.

HENRY BETT

A story of adventure in the exciting years of 1741-1746. The hero, when a young man in London, comes under the influence of Whitefield and Wesley, and joins the Methodists. Later he becomes involved in Jacobite plots in Lincolnshire and Northumberland, and falls in love with a lady who is acting as one of the Pretender's agents in England. The Jacobites suspect that he is a spy upon them, and he is kidnapped and carried to Holland. There his life is attempted, and he learns that the English Government has offered a reward for his apprehension. Since he cannot return, he journeys to the borders of Bohemia to visit Herrhut, the headquarters of the Moravian Brethren. Here he finds himself in the midst of the second Silesian war. He sees Frederick the Great, and meets the heroine once more unexpectedly at Dresden. It would be unfair to unravel the complex plot with all its surprises, it will suffice to say that while this is a lively narrative of love, intrigue, and adventure which hurries the reader on from page to page, it is also a serious attempt, the first in English fiction, to give a faithful picture of the life of the Eighteenth Century Moravians and Methodists. There are vivid glimpses of many famous men, especially John Wesley.

Stanley Paul's New Six Shilling Fiction—continued

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In characterization, in dramatic force, and in artistic treatment this is the best story Miss Ray has yet written. It deals with the married life of a strong, successful, self-willed man of affairs to a girl who has tried to support herself by her pen, and in failing has retained her high ideals and her respect for her own opinions. The story is so full of the life of to-day that it stirs our emotions while it delights us with its absorbing plot. People of rare quality and reality are portrayed, vital problems are inspiringly handled, and a love story of power and originality is developed to its logical conclusion.

Love's Old Sweet Song. CLIFTON BINGHAM

Mr. Clifton Bingham, who, thirty years ago, wrote the words of the famous song bearing this title, which is known and sung all the world over, has in this new novel—the first he has written—woven his sympathetic verses into a most interesting and human story, both dramatic and pathetic. Though containing only five characters (excepting the dog) it touches lightly and tenderly the chords of human life in a manner that will appeal, as in Molloy's song, to every heart. It is a book that will be appreciated by everyone who has heard or sung "Just a Song at Twilight, when the Lights are Low," and should make an appropriate gift book to lovers of music.

The Activities of Lavie Jutt. MARGUERITE and
ARMIGER BARCLAY. Author of "The Kingmakers," "The Worsleys," etc.

Lavie, the heiress of a millionaire, is taken into society—for a handsome consideration. She is resourceful as well as charming, and when she falls in love with the impecunious Lord Loamington, who keeps a hat shop, she is able to tender very valuable advice. But Lavie is not satisfied with talking; she is full of activity and inventiveness, and she "makes things hum." This story of her many activities is bright and out of the common.

Opal of October. JOY SHIRLEY

For those born in the month of October, the opal is said to be a lucky stone, and this novel is based upon the assumption that it is so. It is a story of the times of the soothsayers and the witches, when people were all more or less trying to discover the philosopher's stone which turns everything to gold. The witch in this case is a young girl of great beauty, who narrowly escapes the stake.

The Mystery of Red Marsh Farm. ARCHIBALD H. MARSHALL. Author of "The Squire's Daughter," "Exton Manor," etc.

This novel deals with the mysterious disappearance of a child, who is heir to a property consisting of an old Manor House and a large marshland farm, which has been in the family for generations. Many people are concerned in the mystery, and suspicion falls first on one, then on the other, but the police fail to clear it up. The mystery is solved by a young squire who is in love with the sister of the missing child, but not until he has travelled half round the world in search of the solution.

Two Worlds: A Romance. LIEUT.-COL. ANDREW C. P. HAGGARD. Author of "The France of Joan of Arc," etc.

Colonel Andrew Haggard, so well known for his clever and amusing histories of French Court Life, is no less known as a novelist of distinction. In this story he introduces the reader to life in Vancouver Island, the scene opening in that gem of the Pacific, the beautiful city of Victoria. The heroine is a lovely young unbeliever, whose naturally generous and ardent temperament has become warped by the perusal of atheistic literature. The hero is a manly young Englishman, himself an agnostic but a seeker after the truth. They have some weird adventures in the realm of the occult. Then the scene changes to Europe, where we meet with a generous-minded and somewhat eccentric peer given to Christian Science, who has a great effect upon the subsequent development of the plot, and the many exciting incidents by land, sea and aeroplane with which this unusual romance is filled.

The Three Anarchists. MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON
Author of "A Lady of the Regency," "The Stairway of Honour," "The Enchanted Garden," "The Easy-Go-Luckies," etc.

The Three, who dominate alike the romance of the world and the plot of this new story from the pen of the author of "The Enchanted Garden," are Love, Death, and Birth, and the title is based on a phrase in Mr. C. F. G. Masterman's fine volume of essays, "The Peril of Change." The puissance of this triumvirate is unfolded in the story of a simple woman, born nameless, and of no position, whose life, at first uneventful, is suddenly engulfed by social eminence, sensation, temptation and a dangerous love. The Three come to her aid in each crisis, and each leaves her stronger and more competent to hold the heritage of peace and happiness which eventually becomes hers.

Maids in Many Moods. H. LOUISA BEDFORD
Author of "His Will and her Way."

This novel shows the feminine temperament and the feminine temper in its various and discordant phases, but it is a novel of incident rather than of psychological analysis, and will appeal to all who like a genuine unsophisticated love story.

The Second Woman.

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Author of "Josiah's Wife," "Mirry-Ann," "On Etna," and "The Pagan Woman," etc.

Tells of a woman married to a man younger than herself (not so much in years as in temperament), haunted by the fear of his awakening one day to the fact that his love for her has never been what he thought it was, but has only been affection. The plot is worked out on original lines, and the book is full of novel situations, unexpected complications and pungent dialogue.

Veeni the Master.

R. FIFIELD LAMPART

Readers and admirers of Marie Corelli's romances of the supernatural will find congenial excitement in following the fortunes of "Veeni the Master" in Mr. Lampart's romance of two worlds—the world Earth and the world Zan. The story of the dissolution of the world Earth is full of human interest, and that of the reincarnation in the world Zan is fired with real imaginative power. The book is full of surprises, in which love interest and passion play a prominent part. It should cause somewhat of a sensation.

Their Wedded Wife.

ALICE M. DIEHL

Author of "The Marriage of Lenore," "A Mysterious Lover," etc.

This is the story of a tragic misunderstanding and its consequences. Nora le Geyt is happily married to Paul Wentworth, who adores her with a jealous adoration. Believing a slander against her, he leaves her. Years pass; Nora, believing him dead, marries again; then she discovers that Wentworth is still alive; she loves him still. With the skill of a deft artist Mrs. Diehl brings the story to a close on a note of happiness that will please the large and growing circle of her admirers.

Swelling of Jordan.

CORALIE STANTON AND

HEATH HOSKEN. Author of "Plumage," "The Muzzled Ox," etc.

Canon Oriel, an earnest worker in the East End, loved and respected, had, years before the story commences, while climbing with his friend Digby Cavan in Switzerland, found in the pocket of his friend's coat, which he had accidentally put on instead of his own, evidence that his friend had robbed his, the canon's, brother and been the cause of his committing suicide. Oriel in a struggle which took place between the two men hurled his friend from the precipice. Now the glacier gives up Cavan's rucksack, and any day it may yield up his body. To reveal subsequent developments would spoil the reader's enjoyment of a thrilling plot.

The Red Fleur De Lys.

MAY WYNNE

Author of "Henri of Navarre," "Honour's Fetters," etc.

A thrilling story of the French Revolution presenting a little-known phase of that great social upheaval. It tells of the nobles of the White Terror who rose to avenge the atrocities of the Reds, banding themselves together, and wearing as their badge a Red Fleur De Lys.

The City of Enticement.

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Author of "The Grass Widow," "The Blood Tax," etc.

Mr. Spiteful visits Vienna with much the same results that follow the fly that visits a fly-paper—he sticks there till he dies. Two English sisters, his cousins, follow him in search of his fortune, and find the fly-paper just as attractive. An art-loving cousin despatched to fetch them home sticks fast also, as does a schoolboy who despatches himself, and others who follow with the same view. They are all held fast by the City of Enticement, which has a separate appeal for each of their foibles. An extremely entertaining novel.

Love in Armour.

PHILIP L. STEVENSON

Author of "The Rose of Dauphiny," "A Gallant of Gascony," etc.

Major Stevenson's new historical romance, long announced, and eagerly awaited by many readers who enjoyed "The Rose of Dauphiny," is at length in the printer's hands. It is a long novel, dealing with love, intrigue and adventure, and the abortive conspiracy of Mardi Gras, just before the death of Charles IX. of France.

Major Stevenson writes historical romances with a vigour, verve and enthusiasm which have led several critics to compare him with Dumas. *The Times* critic, writing of his last novel, "The Rose of Dauphiny," said: "Mr. Stevenson is winning an honourable place among the school of Mr. Stanley Weyman."

Madge Carrington and her Welsh Neighbours.

"DRAIG GLAS." Author of "The Perfidious Welshman." 9th Edit.

In this story of Welsh village life "Draig Glas" employs his gift of satire in depicting various types of Welsh character, and gives incisive portraits of Welsh men and women, and graphic pictures of Welsh scenery. No visitor to the principality should fail to procure a copy of this novel. Tourists especially will find much interest in endeavouring to trace the original of the Welsh village, and its vicinage, which "Draig Glas" delineates in his volume.

Our Guests.

ST. JOHN TREVOR

Author of "Angela."

The guests referred to are the paying guests of two impecunious young gentlemen who, finding themselves in possession of a dilapidated ancestral mansion, conceive the brilliant idea of running the place as a hydropathic establishment. The idiosyncracies of the guests, and the adventures of the two bachelor proprietors with love-lorn housekeepers, refractory charwomen, and a penniless nobleman, who is hired as a "decoy," provide Mr. Trevor with excellent material for a delightfully diverting story.

The Retrospect.

ADA CAMBRIDGE

Author of "Thirty Years in Australia," "A Little Minx," etc.

The many admirers of Ada Cambridge—the old generation and the new—will appreciate this homely volume of reminiscences, which exhales a quiet charm. It is an intimate, confidential narrative, setting forth recollections, comparisons of past times with the present, accounts of homes and friends and relations. It takes one into the Seventies, and Sixties, and Fifties, and recreates the England of those times.

The Three Envelopes.

HAMILTON DRUMMOND

Author of "Shoes of Gold," "The Justice of the King," etc.

In this story Mr. Hamilton Drummond breaks fresh ground—there is the thrill of the weird and supernatural. It tells of one, Corley, who, weary of a humdrum existence, makes the acquaintance of a strange society—"The Society for Promoting Queer Results." He is given three envelopes, each of which sends him forth on some lone, weird mission—in one instance he is sent to a small German town, Solzeim, where he has a remarkable experience connected with a very ancient house. This is but the beginning of adventures. How Corley goes to the Devil's Mill, where he is involved in a weird love tragedy, in which the old Mill plays a part, and how he meets Mary Courteleigh, whom he ultimately marries, we must leave the story to unfold.

The New Wood Nymph.

DOROTHEA BUSSELL

In this work the author sets forth something of the dangers and problems which confront a girl whose senses and intellect are both keenly awake. To her the beauty of the forest speaks insistently, and with it she comes to identify her life. She meets with adventures and love interests, and goes to London, but the forest is always with her, and when the climax comes she finds the answer to perplexities therein.

A Modern Ahab.

THEODORA WILSON WILSON

Author of "Bess of Hardendale," "Moll o' the Toll-Bar," etc.

Readers of Miss Wilson's former novels will need no urging to make their acquaintance of a new work from her pen. "A Modern Ahab" deals with modern life in a Westmorland dale, and is a tale of keen local dispute, love, passion, hate and humour.

A Star of the East: A Story of Delhi.

CHARLES

E. PEARCE. Author of "Love Besieged," "Red Revenge," etc.

"East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." This is the theme of Mr. Pearce's new novel of life in India. The scene is laid in Delhi, the city of all others where for the past hundred years the traditions of ancient dynasties and the barbaric splendours of the past have been slowly retreating before the ever-advancing influence of the West. The conflict of passions between Nara, the dancing girl, in whose veins runs the blood of Shah Jehan, the most famous of the kings of Delhi, and Clare Stanhope, born and bred in English conventionality, never so pronounced as in the Fifties, is typical of the differences between the East and the West. The rivalry of love threads its way through a series of exciting incidents, culminating in the massacre and the memorable siege of Delhi. "Nara" completes the trilogy of Mr. Pearce's novels of the Indian Mutiny, of which "Love Besieged" and "Red Revenge" were the first and second.

The Celebrity's Daughter.

VIOLET HUNT

Author of "The Doll," "White Rose of Weary Leaf," etc.

Life-like portraits, a tangled plot, only fully unravelled in the last chapter, go to the making of Miss Violet Hunt's stories. "The Celebrity's Daughter" has the humour, smart dialogue, the tingling life of this clever writer's earlier novels. It is the autobiography of the daughter of a celebrity who has fallen on evil days.

The Promoter's Pilgrimage.

C. REGINALD

ENOCK, J.R.G.S. Author of "The Andes and the Amazon," "Peru," "Mexico," etc.

This is a thrilling tale of London and Mexico. A young prospector discovers a site rich in mineral wealth in South America, and obtains from the Government a concession with a time limit. He puts the matter before a syndicate in England, who, believing in the value of the speculation, delay coming to terms with the prospector in the hope that he may be unable to keep his engagements until the expiration of the time limit, and two of the directors ship for South America to be on the spot and secure the property when the prospector fails. The prospector hears of their departure and follows them by the next boat, and the story of his chase across the world is told with much spirit and vivacity. There are some brilliant passages of local colour, and the description of the cave of repentance is worthy of Edgar Allen Poe.

Red Revenge.

CHARLES E. PEARCE

Author of "Love Besieged," "The Bungalow under the Lake," "The Amazing Duchess," "The Beloved Princess," etc.

Another of Mr. Pearce's absorbing Indian romances.

"The story is a stirring one, full of emotion, and the course of events it depicts, the various personages that figure in it, with their actions and their surroundings, are all vigorously drawn to the life by a master hand."—*Academy*.

"Mr. Pearce gives a vividness and reality to the whole story which makes it of breathless interest."—*Morning Post*.

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Paul Burdon.

SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY

Author of "A Prince of Lovers," "The Long Hand," etc.

This is a strong story full of exciting incidents. The hero is a farmer crippled for want of capital, which he finds quite unexpectedly. A thunderstorm and an irate husband cause a young banker to seek refuge at the farm, from which a loud knocking causes further retreat to a big family tomb, which becomes his own when the lightning brings some old ruins down and buries both. The banker's bag of gold falls into the hands of the farmer who profits by its use. Other characters play important parts, and love interest adds its softening charm.

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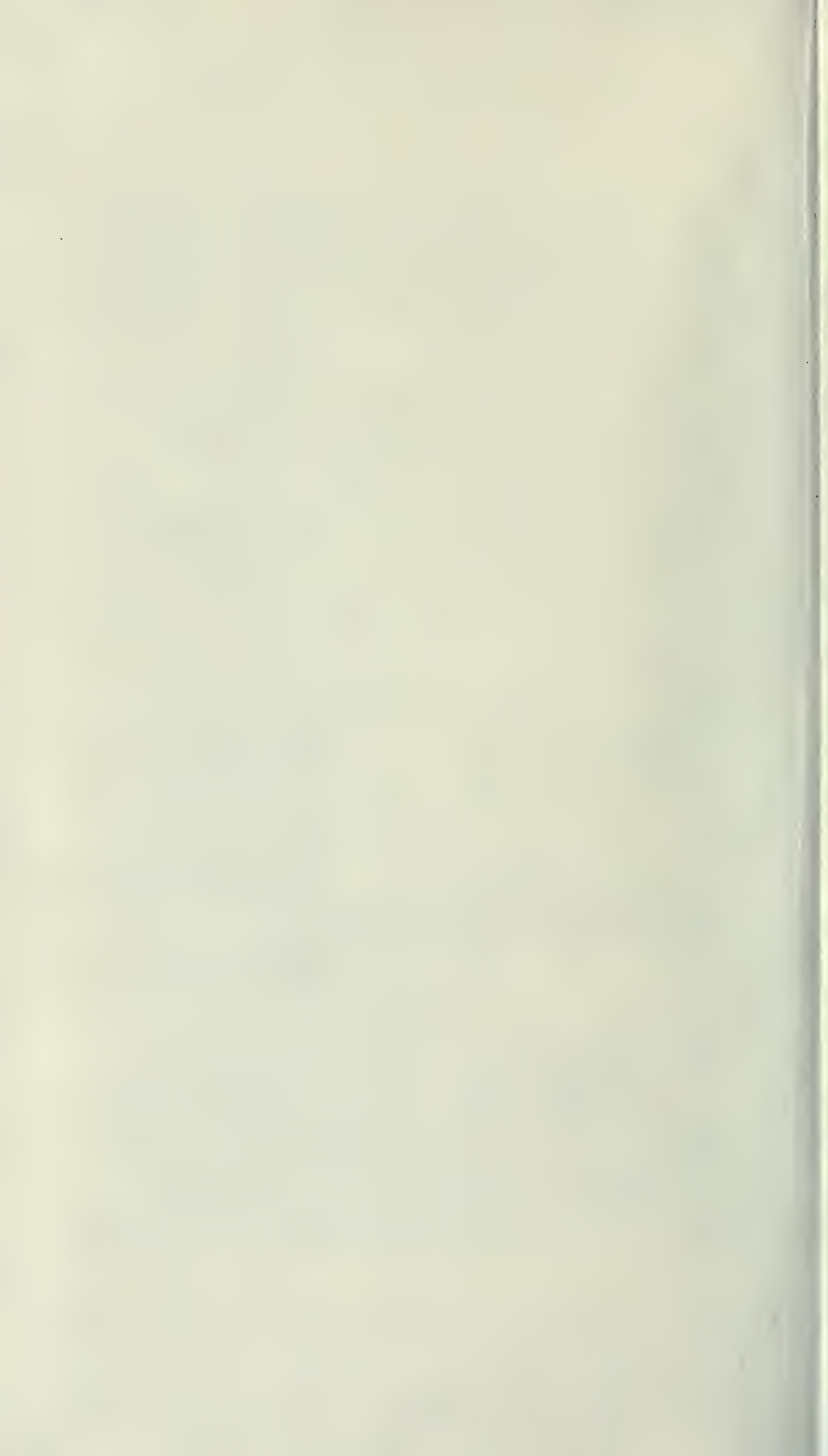
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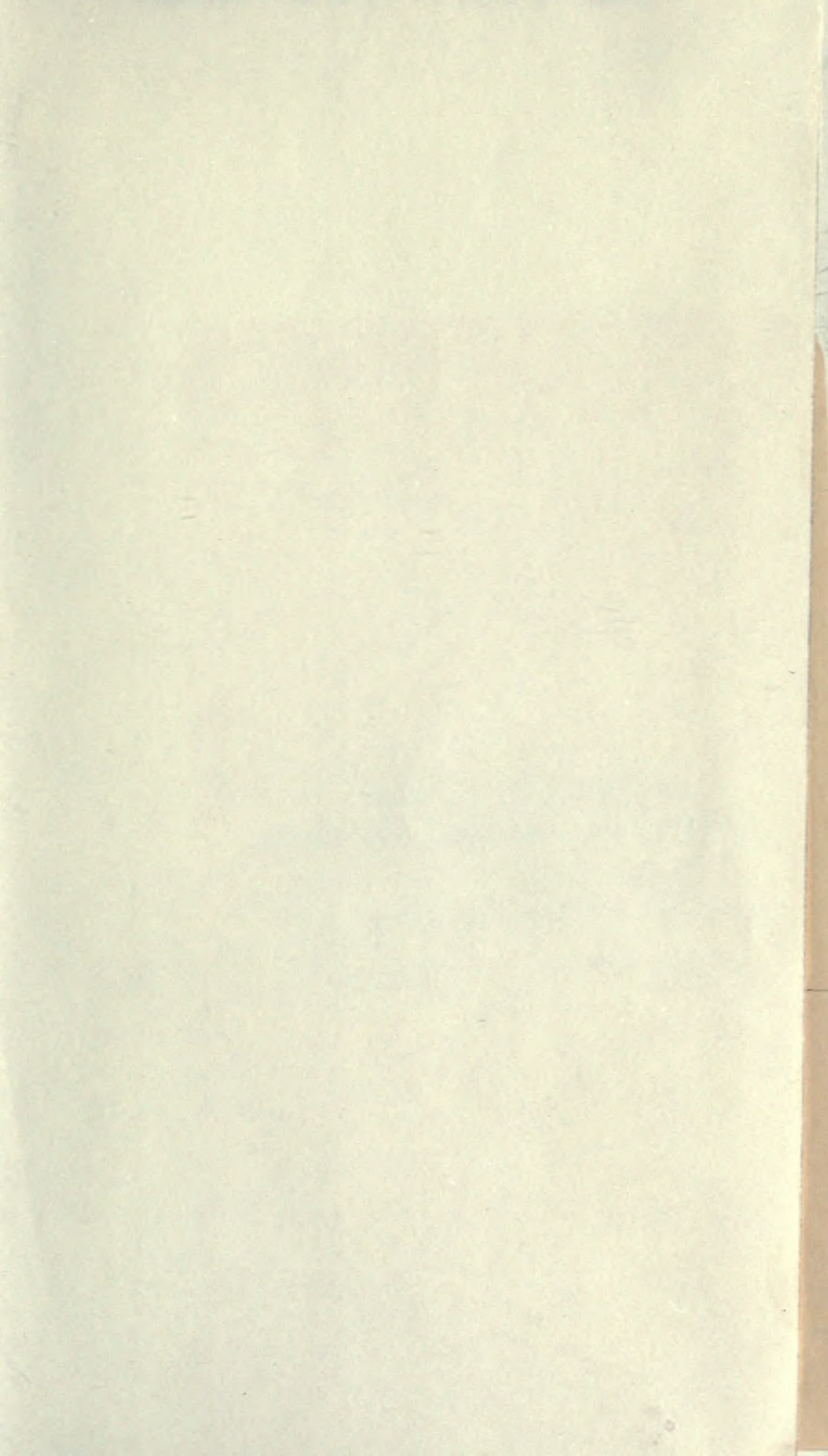
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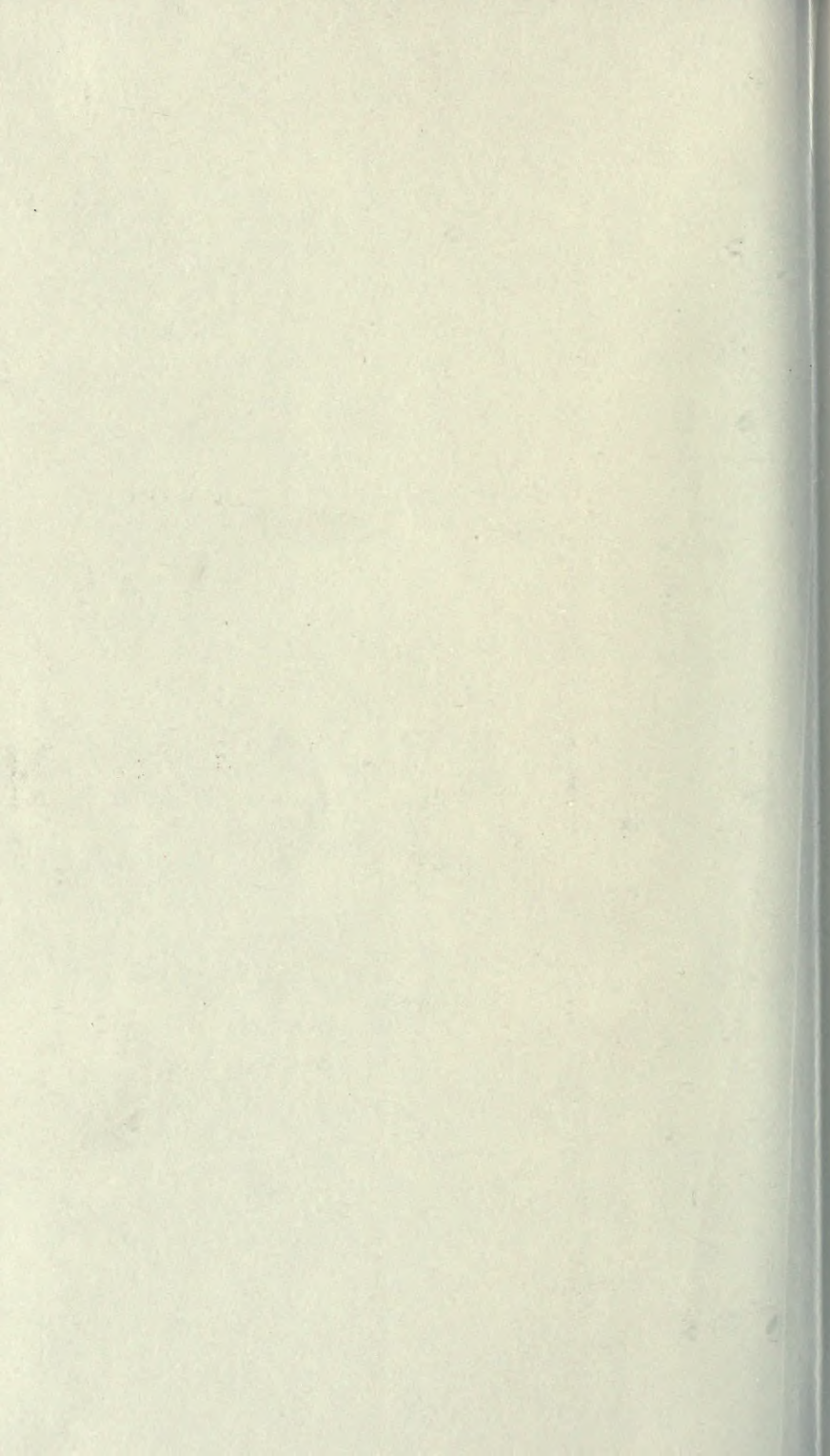
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